

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1979 • \$2.00

A FIRST LOOK
AT JOSEPH HELLER'S
FUNNIEST NOVEL
SINCE "CATCH-22"

WHO ARE WE?
THE PLAYBOY
REPORT ON
AMERICAN
MEN

ALEX HALEY:
"MY PROBLEMS
WITH 'ROOTS'"

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL:
**THE
CHEERLEADERS
WHO WERE TOO HOT
FOR THE N.F.L.**

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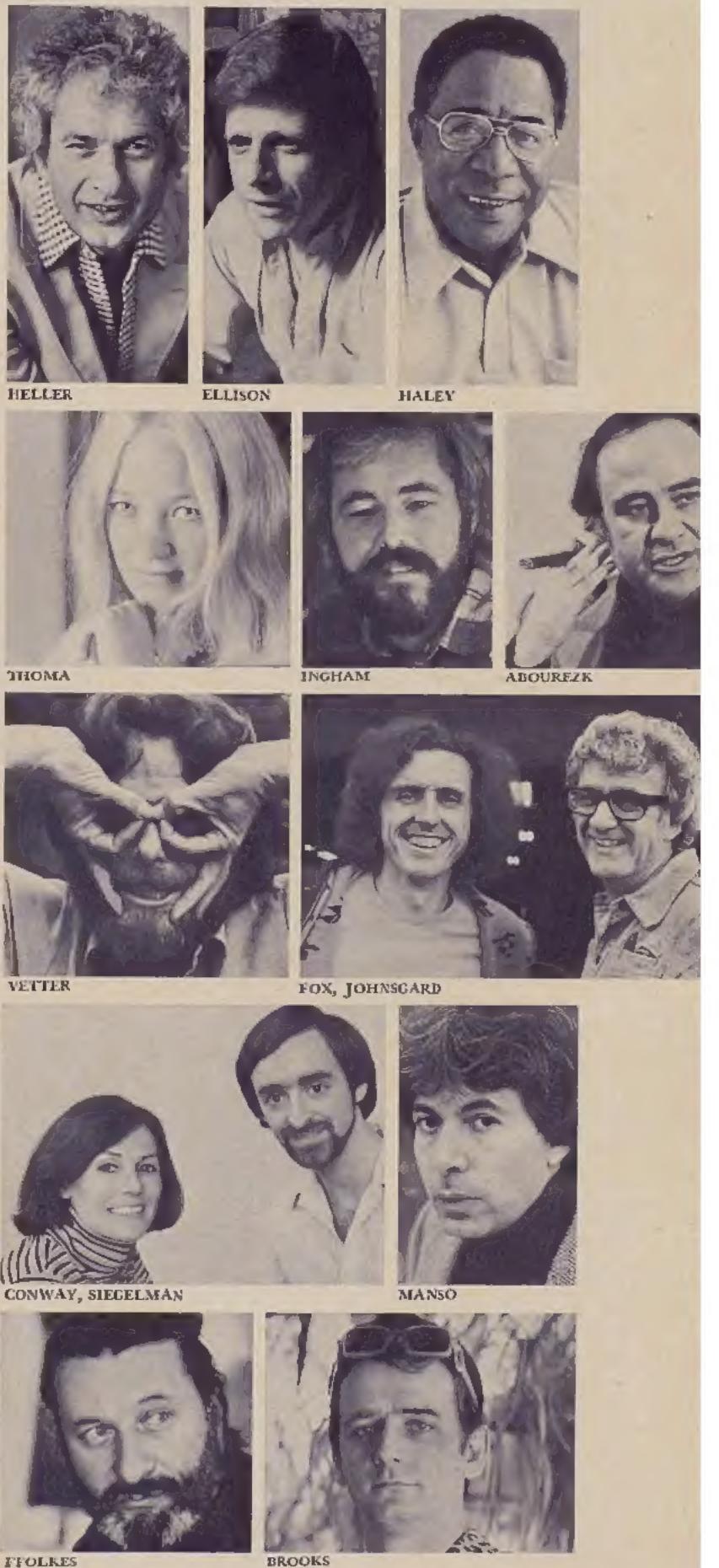
LEADING OFF OUR March line-up is an interview with **Ted Patrick**, deprogramer and one-man inquisition. The events in Guyana last fall drew attention to the world of religious cults. Patrick has been engaged in a war against true believers and converts for the past eight years. His techniques have been called illegal, his cures as dangerous as the alleged illness. Executive Editor **G. Barry Golson** worked with free-lance writer **Jim Siegelman** and researcher **Flo Conway** (co-authors of *Snapping*, a book that deals extensively with the cult phenomenon) to explore the world of the religious fanatic, the lunatic fringe and the self-appointed crusader.

Joseph Heller, the author of the legendary *Catch-22*, might be able to make sense of all this madness, but he's been busy on a new novel, *Good as Gold*, part of which we publish here. It's an irreverent look at Washington, D.C. We'll preview a second excerpt next month. The complete novel will be published by Simon & Schuster in the U.S. and by Jonathan Cape, Ltd., in England this spring. Retired U.S. Senator **James Abourezk** reveals that truth is as strange as Heller's fiction in *Life Inside the Congressional Cookie Jar* (with a sat-cat illustration by **Tom Ingham**). Says Abourezk, "After six years in the Senate, I realized that I had spent my years there trying to block passage of the most venal laws proposed by my colleagues." **Alex Haley**, the author of *Roots* and a long-time **PLAYBOY** contributor, also found that nothing succeeds as planned, especially success. In *There Are Days When I Wish It Hadn't Happened*, he tells of the trials of the sudden celebrity. Again on the fiction front, **Harlan Ellison**'s *All the Birds Come Home to Roost* (with an illustration by **Marto Thoma**) is a horrific remembrance of flings past. Ellison's work is most familiar to science-fiction fans—he's a winner of several coveted Hugo and Nebula awards—but this story is comparatively down to earth. Ellison's collection of distressed damsels is matched by cartoonist **Folkes**'s tribute to *More Damsels in Distress*.

It's only natural that **PLAYBOY** present the definitive statement on the American man. *The Playboy Report on American Men* is a startling insight into what the man in the street thinks, feels and does. If the man in the street is **Mario Andretti**, he does about 180 miles per hour. **Peter Manso** cornered the world champ for a candid interview, *Mario Andretti Opens Up*, as a high-speed accompaniment to *The Psyche and the Starting Grid*, by **Keith W. Johnsgard** and **Charles Fox**, which presents a psychological profile of the drivers Andretti had to beat to get to the top. Johnsgard turned to racing after a near-fatal sky dive. He should talk with **Craig Vetter**. Last year, we sent Vetter on a series of perilous assignments (including sky-diving), but none of his adventures compared to his stint as a stand-up comic in a California comedy club. As he proves in *You Gotta Have Heart*, an open stage on amateur night can seem as brutal as the Grand Prix circuit. Vetter also compares notes with one of the survivors—**Robin Williams**, star of ABC's *Mork & Mindy*. *Mork* is the only sitcom on TV that could benefit from some form of instant replay. For a not-so-instant replay, check out *What Do You Say to a Naked Cheerleader? Goodbye!*, our follow-up on the N.F.L. pro cheerleaders who bared all for **PLAYBOY** in the December issue and were thrown out on their pompons.

Comedy is enough to drive a man to drink. Artist **Lou Brooks**—a regular contributor to *The Playboy Funnies* and the illustrator for **Emanuel Greenberg**'s drink piece *Bloody Revolution*—is currently doing a stand-up comedy routine in New York.

How's that for tying everything together? We've probably left a few things out. A dynamite centerfold. Several surprises. You'll have to discover them for yourself.



PLAYBOY



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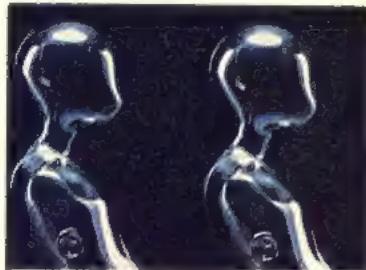
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COVER STORY

March is a windy month and, as January 1978 Playmate Debra Jensen discovers, it's no time to stand in front of an open window, playing the piano with one's feet. Or maybe the sudden breeze is photographer Phillip Dixon sighing as Debra coyly adjusts her shoe.

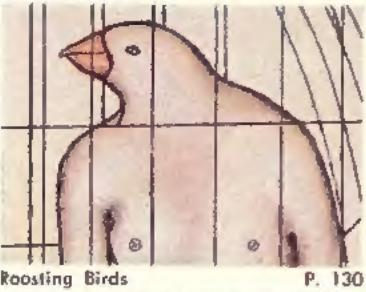
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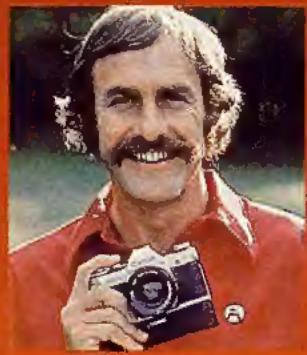
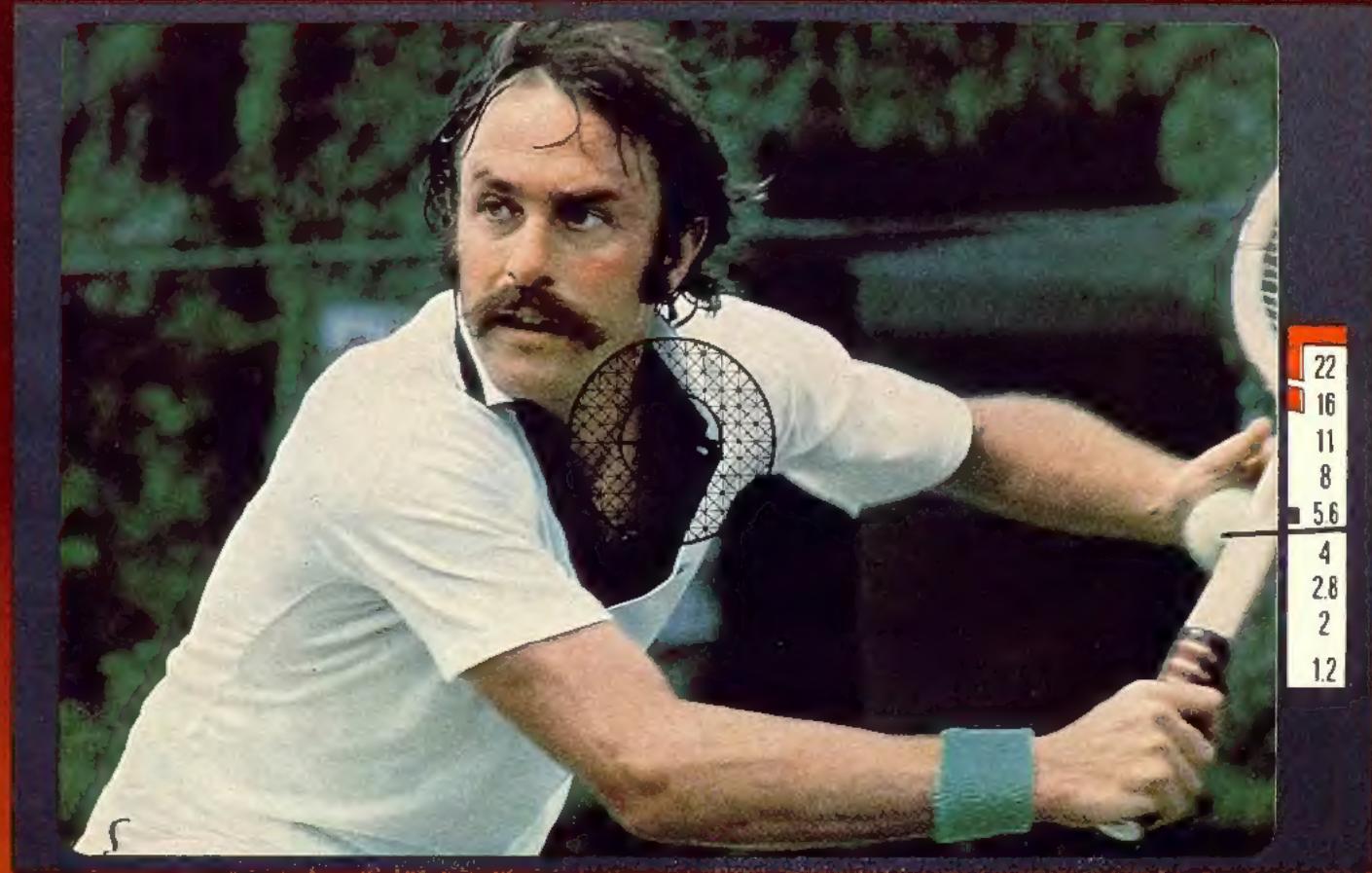
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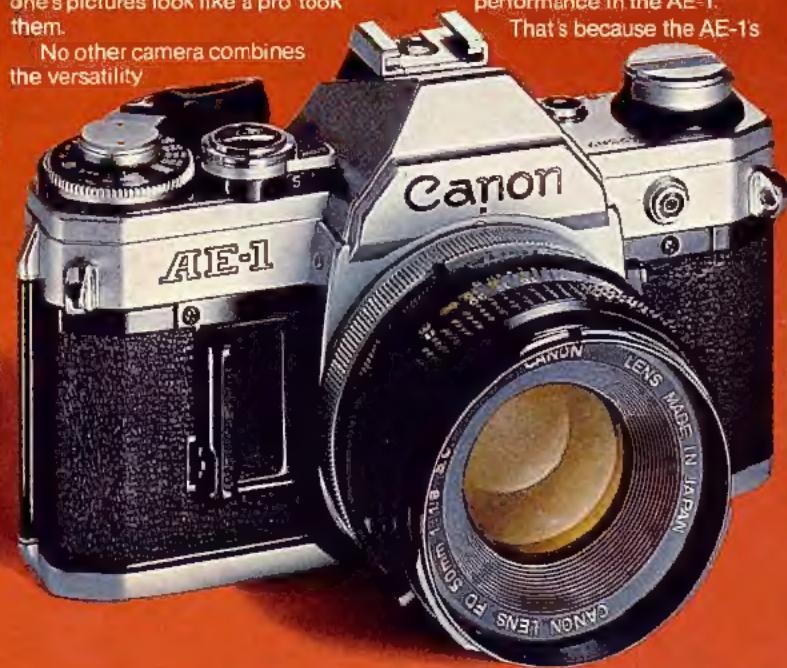
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

HEFNER, FRIENDS UNMASKED

There's a vaguely Darth Vaderish air about Sondra Theodore's dance partner (below), but . . . could it be? Yes, it's Hugh M. Hefner, wearing the space-commander suit from his *Saturday Night Live* appearance, at a Mansion West Halloween party.



Actresses Linda (*Avalanche Express*) Evans (above left) and Ursula Andress—both, coincidentally, ex-wives of and models for actor/photographer John Derek—pose with Hef. Note Ursula's chic sling.



Hef with (above) the Marjoe Gortners (Candy Clark), stars of *When You Comin Back, Red Ryder?*, and (below) film maker Richard Patterson, whose H.M.H. impersonation won the prize for best costume.



Joyce Williams, who came outfitted as a collared cat, talks with actor Burt Young (above); below, Arthur Godfrey and handwriting analyst Evelyn Budd Michaels talk with actor Chuck McCann. At right, the guys sporting those snazzy World War One flying-ace costumes are singer Mel Tormé (left) and actor John Phillip Law.



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SONDRA BECOMES A COVER GIRL

Recognize that girl in the second film clip (above)? It's July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore, chosen as cover girl for an issue of *Madison Avenue* magazine, which featured special coverage of the West.



REGGIE JACKSON, EDY WILLIAMS VISIT HEF

Actress Edy Williams (*PLAYBOY*, February) followed up on her streak before the Ali-Spinks fight by taking baseball superstar Reggie Jackson (also, coincidentally, featured in February) of the world champion New York Yankees up to meet Hefner (below).



DAINA, ROSANNE ON FILM, TV

That's January 1976 gatefold girl Daina House at left, in a touching moment with John La Zar from the forthcoming film *Every Girl Should Have One*. At right, September 1978 Playmate Rosanne Katon escorts comic Rip Taylor, one of the celebrity presenters in the First Annual Zany Awards, a madcap show that had its premiere on cable TV on January 14. The award winners included Arnie the Pig, who plays piano, and Lyle Waggoner, who plays the fiddle.



GLOBE GIRDLER VISITS CLUB

New Zealander David G. Buckley, hitchhiking the globe, stopped in Chicago and got an honorary Key from Bunnies Susan (left), Carla,



SPANISH PLAYBOY MAKES DEBUT

Spain's top comedy team, Tip and Coll, entertain at the gala Barcelona party honoring the launching of *PLAYBOY*'s Spanish edition (above). Also on hand were *Playboy* executives and a bevy of British Bunnies.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



PINBALL WIZARDS

Rocker Ted Nugent (left) and Stern Electronics liked the artwork for Nugent's October 1978 *Oui* profile so much they put it on a pinball machine. Below, Sondra Theodore autographs a poster taken from the back panel of Bally's Playboy pinball machine for guests at the Amusement and Music Operators Assn. show in Chicago.



ABORTION RIGHTS LEAGUE BACKED

Hefner, Sondra Theodore and actor Ed Asner confer at the National Abortion Rights Action League's first national fund raiser in support of women's right to choose, held at Playboy Mansion West (above).



OLYMPIC GAMES GET A BOOST

Playmates Lisa Sohm and Rosanne Kalon flank Olympic swimming gold medalist John Naber (above) in a warm-up for the Athlete's Foot/Playboy Celebrity Road Race to be held in Los Angeles in March. Below, Playmate Marcy Hanson presents award to the winner of one of ten Runs for the Money sponsored by Playboy. San Diego's Ed Mendoza. All of the races will benefit the Olympic Games.



BRANDEIS HONORS CHRISTIE HEFNER

Christie Hefner became a Brandeis University President's Councilor at a dinner in New York's Plaza Hotel. Above, from left: dinner co-chairman Sidney Stern, Ms. Hefner, chairman Dwight Yellen and fellow honoree Ivan Ludington, Jr., vice-president of Ludington News Co., Inc.



PLAYBOY CITES WOMEN EMPLOYEES

Playboy Enterprises President Derick J. Daniels presents Tiffany bowls to three outstanding women employees—(above, from left) Senior Accounting Clerk Cleo Wilson, Office of the Building Manager Carole Rosenberg and *PLAYBOY* magazine Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese.



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COVERING FARRAH

Fantastic would be an understatement in describing the cover of your December issue! Much credit should go to Kerig Pope and Claude Mougin for capturing the beauty and splendor of Farrah. I don't think you could have found a more beautiful or a more classy woman to grace the cover of your classy magazine. I think I can speak for a lot of your readers when I say that Farrah is still number one! I'm sure she'll make the cold December days a lot warmer for all of us. Thank you very much!

David P. Backstrom
Richfield, Minnesota

Gorgeous, fantastic, extremely sexy. I can think of no words appropriate to describe your December cover of the most exciting woman in the world, Farrah Fawcett. Certainly your best cover ever. My hat's off to photographer Claude Mougin.

Darrell Bieneman
Allison Park, Pennsylvania

You guys never cease to amaze me. Your cover shot of Farrah is by far the best I have ever seen. There are thousands of pictures of Farrah that have been taken by hundreds of photographers, but all of them take a back seat to your cover shot.

Richard DeWald
Austin, Texas

I have just finished browsing through your Christmas issue. Your *Born Again Farrah* article and pictorial is stupendous; your choice of photos is also commendable. But, as you well know, the real winner is your cover photo.

Jared Ashley
Auburn, Alabama

You destroyed your December issue by having that girl on the cover. Farrah reminds me of a Fawcett that just won't stop running. Having all those fan

magazines helping to build her up, including yourself, is getting to be a drag.

James Quittenton
Garberville, California

Yes, FF M makes a great model, but sex symbol? Alas, men's taste has gone to waste!

P. Tracy
Winchester, Kentucky

What's this, an innovation? Two Rabbits on the cover? No, you say! Well, obviously, foxy Farrah is holding one of them, but look at the side of her chair. About halfway down, if you turn the picture upside down, lo, you will be amazed to find Rabbit number two.

Charles Cusumano
Sterling, Colorado

Is Farrah Fawcett's blouse on the cover of your December issue intentionally in the shape of a Rabbit head?

Scott and Dick
Petaluma, California

Frankly, our fury friend just sneaked in on his own. We had nothing to do with it. Honest!

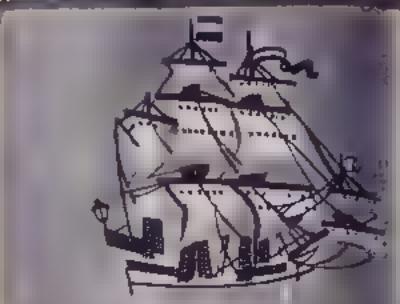
TRAVOLTA'S THE WORD

I would like to congratulate Judson Klinger on the fine interview he did with John Travolta in your December issue. It just confirms what I had hoped Travolta to be—an intelligent, dedicated young man. I saw *Saturday Night Fever*, never having seen *Welcome Back, Kotter*, and I found this young man's performance sensitive and believable. I then watched *Kotter* to see more of his work. He has all the makings of a superstar. I certainly respect his taste in co-stars. Lily Tomlin is one of the best.

Barry B. Taylor
Petersburg, Virginia

I just finished reading your great interview with John Travolta. It is superb and it brings out the fact that John is a truly

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fine and talented artist who has his act together and knows where he is going and what he wants to do. I personally met and spoke with John while he was on location at Huntington Park High School to shoot scenes for *Grease*. After talking with him, I was greatly impressed with his humbleness, his friendliness and his self-confidence. He spoke with me as a friend rather than just as a fan. Because of that, the man will have my utmost respect and admiration for life.

Michael S. Miles
Bell, California

For the past four years, I've considered Travolta not worth anything. Now I see I've been overestimating him.

David Quattro
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

THE RIGHT SWITCH

I enjoyed Trevanian's witty and urbane *Switching* in your December issue. Finally, we have an artist willing and able to sufficiently deal with the hypocrisies and shallow value judgments inherent in the singles-bar milieu. In addition to the fine treatment of the theme, I was impressed by Trevanian's clear, lucid style. Evidently, the author is well versed in the mechanics of good old-fashioned storytelling, something that has become a rarity these days. I hope to see more of Trevanian.

Denny Daley
Chicago, Illinois

NO CLAIMS ABOUT QUIST

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that the Brown University chapter of Phi Psi has elected December Playmate Janet Quist honorary president of our distinguished fraternity. Phi Psi, a fraternity of Ivy League men with an unparallelled reputation for campus studliness, rendered this decision after carefully reviewing the vital information concerning the appointee.

The Crope Committee
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

Playmate Janet Quist (from Austin, Texas), Farrah (from Corpus Christi, Texas) and the Texas Cowgirls illustrate the fact that Texans and a few out-of-staters have known all along: Texas has the best girls anywhere. I thank you for exposing our Texas beauties to the rest of the world. You are to be commended.

Mark A. Ochoa
College Station, Texas

I can't believe what you did to one of the softest, most elegant pictures I've seen in this magazine. I'm referring to the beautiful image of Janet Quist on page 192 of the December issue. I see the picture, I see her beautiful eyes and hair, I follow every curve and lovely shadow till the way down to the crack between her

pages—is there any way I can see that picture in one piece?

Sam Roberts

College Station, Texas

Only if you pull yourself together, Sam.

Thank you for the Quistmas present you gave your readers. Janet, your December Playmate, is a vision of loveliness. Now, please, can you publish another picture of her and give me an early birthday present? Keep up the good work.

Terry Rohr

Orefield, Pennsylvania

Now, wait a minute, Terry, we can't publish a picture of Janet every time one of you guys has a birthday. We'll do it



just this once, but next year you'll have to find your own girl.

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE

I have just finished reading your December article titled *Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do!*, by Asa Baber. As a practicing attorney who has handled many divorces, I can say without equivocation that the article is the best guide for a layman through the jungle of divorce that I have ever seen.

Frank L. Thompson
Attorney at Law
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Your article on divorce, by Asa Baber, is a real mind blower! I had no idea there was so much added pain and hassle to a legal breakup. But, more important, it made me realize what I've figured all along. God, I'm glad I'm gay!

(Name withheld by request)
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Baber's full page "Divorce Manual for Men" is particularly apropos since many divorcing men simply collapse emotionally and lose everything to wives and lawyers who then become the aggressors. Many a good, caring single dad would be

happily living with his children if he'd had the kind of forewarning Baber's manual provides and, especially, if the efforts of the growing father's-rights movement begin to affect old, worn-out judicial attitudes.

Bob Hirschfeld, Editor-Publisher
Single Dad's Lifestyle
Scottsdale, Arizona

I know of no scientific literature that makes out women as better parents, but from the statistics, one would be inclined to believe that that is, indeed, the case. Here in our nation's capital, the courts regularly give our children away to our former spouses, along with a substantial portion of our income under the guise that "children are better off with their mothers." Parenting is a big responsibility and is too much for one person to shoulder. Let's give our kids custody of their parents and stop this judicial nonsense once and for all.

Reuben W. Moore, Jr.
Fathers United for Equal Rights
Washington, D.C.

Asa Baber's article on divorce should be in every guy's safe-deposit box! I wish I had had it five months ago, when my ex retained the most prestigious criminal lawyer in the South (a real-life Perry Mason). His reputation scared the fight out of me. I bent over and let them ram it to me where the sun never shines. I honestly think I could have saved \$30,000, along with my dignity and self-respect, had I read his article prior to my divorce. Keep up the good work.

R. L. Hall
Birmingham, Alabama

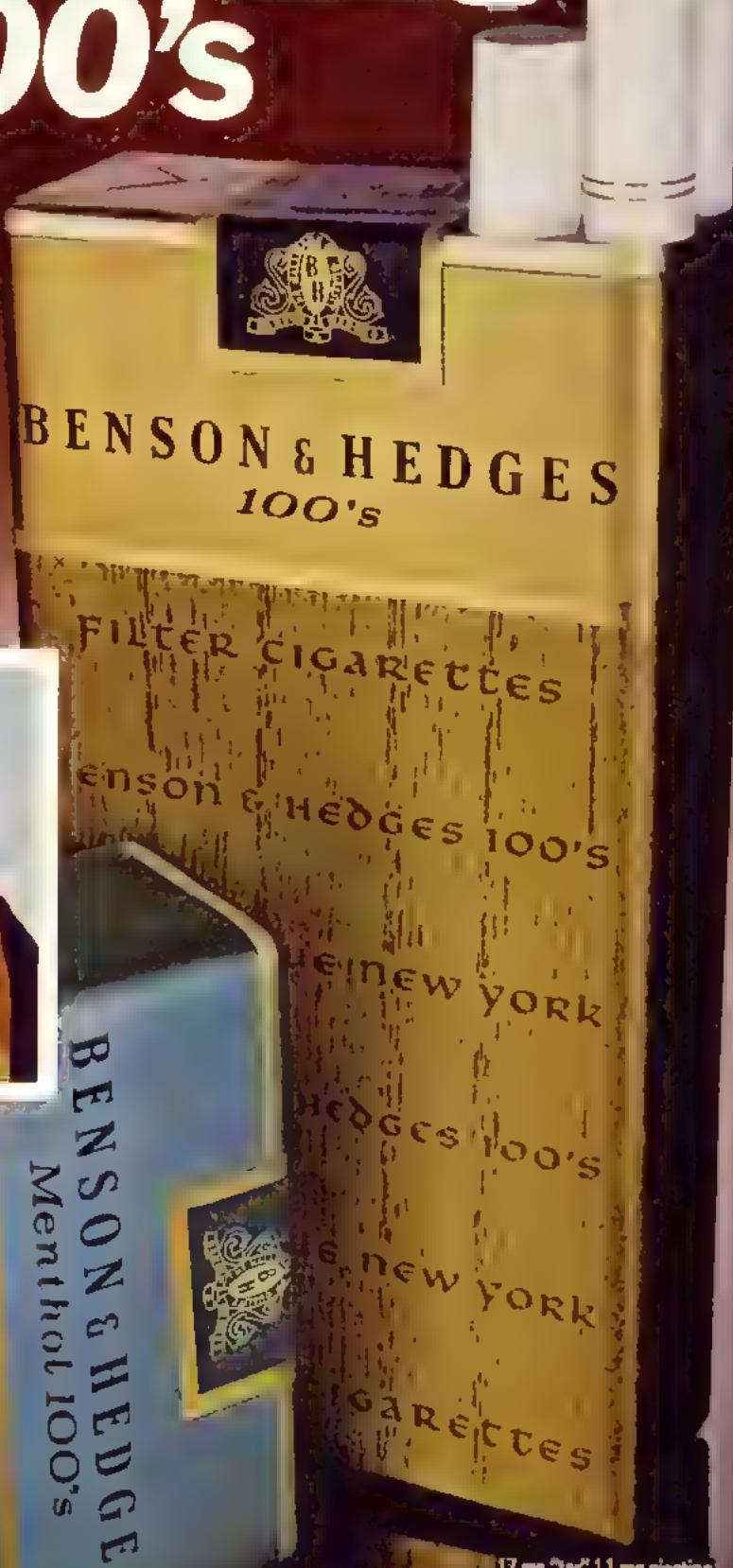
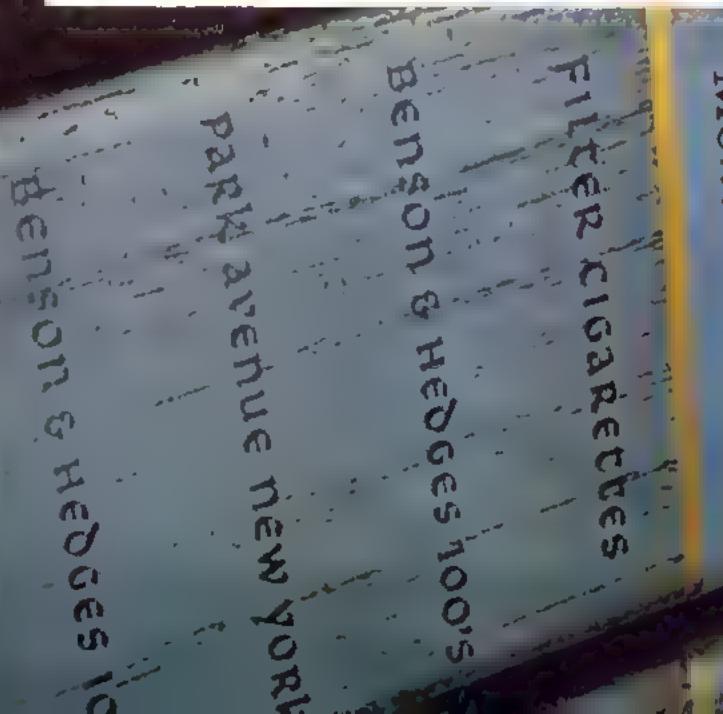
PLAYBOY has outdone itself! Reprints of this masterpiece by Asa Baber must be read by each and every breathing citizen of these United States. The Alliance of Divorced American Men, with national headquarters in Atlanta, responds to pleas for help from men and their children in 42 states. Our track record for winning is outstanding, in spite of the insurmountable odds.

Mike DeMara, Executive Director
Alliance of Divorced American Men
Atlanta, Georgia

In preparing for his article, Baber should have done his groundwork properly. For his information, there is a coordinated men's-rights/divorce-reform organization that was founded May 1, 1974. The fact that Baber is ignorant of that fact should in no way be a discredit to us. He is the one who is incorrect and by making his statements, he has done us a great disservice, for many people who first read his incorrect statements will never read a correction or retraction. We also protest remarks about the flighty leadership of the organizations. A few of us have been in this for a while and those

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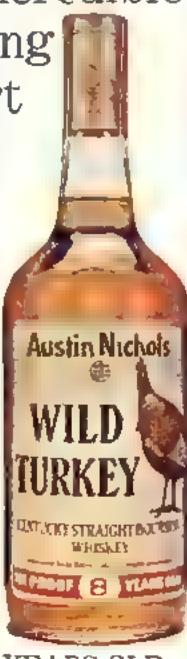


For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send \$2 to Box 929-PB, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

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of us who have given a portion of our very life to help our brothers on our own time, and also without pay. As far as I know, no one gets paid a cent. What really holds us back is the discrimination in news coverage. If the print media had to give equal cover, go to men as they give to women, things would be more advanced. Who is Asa Baber, anyway?

George F. Doppler, Coordinator
National Council of Marriage and
Divorce Law Reform and Justice
Organizations
Broomall, Pennsylvania

Baber replies.

'The fact is that I talked with one of their Chicago representatives, Lou Fifer. He would not give me any information or time until (1) I joined their organization and paid dues, (2) I made an additional contribution. I explained that I was a journalist doing an article for PLAYBOY and that I could not accept his conditions. So we did not talk in any detail, and he claimed at the end of the conversation that writers like me were trying to rip off the movement.'

THE POINT AFTER

Your pictorial essay *Pro Football's Main Attractions* (PLAYBOY, December) is another example of the hypocrisy of most people with power, this time the owners and PR men of pro football teams. They let "their" girls dance around scantily and suggestively dressed in front of a crowd of all ages, from babies to old ladies, but "pitch a bitch" when their girls pose for an adult, or "classy magazine," as Andrea Mann put it. This is just another example of the American way in action. If it is nice to look at (unclad males or females) or fun to do (smoke marijuana), they will try to stop you. Whatever happened to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

F. M. Kendzierski
Cedar Hill, Tennessee

As they say, you're not guaranteed happiness, just the pursuit of it.

I would think that the exposure the girls received in PLAYBOY will do them more good than their appearances on the side lines.

John Savino
Sarasota, Florida

Come on, N.F.L., grow up a little. Such pictorials as the one in December's PLAYBOY only add more interest to watching the games, and as far as some teams (and television commentators) are concerned, the gals are the *only* interest and diversion.

Ernie Short
San Carlos, California

Touché—you people have won the coveted gold medal for shooting the N.F.L. right square in the balls! Just goes

to show what kind of insane people are running the so-called sacred ground of pro football. It seems that they are only a bunch of leery old men who thrive on prostitution. Yeah, pay those women \$15 per game just to show some leg and jiggle their breasts on the side lines only to get canned when posing for a great magazine. Those N.F.L. team administrators ought to have the title of "pimp."

J. Dan Young
Salem, Oregon

HIGH-BALLING

Your article *Future Highs* by Howard Rheingold (PLAYBOY, December), seems no more than an exposé of the typical daydreams of a pharmacist. There is no ecstasy in a bottle; getting high is the expanding of awareness. Most religions began as a way of getting high, but they managed to keep a sense of mystery about it. Swallowing a pill that gives an instant orgasm would eventually hold no more meaning than shaking hands. And "when the state of your mate's nervous system can be read off a screen," it will be like making love to a computer.

John Graywood
Mountain View, California

IN PRAISE OF GAHAN

Having been avid readers of PLAYBOY for a couple of years, we've come to realize that cartoonist Gahan Wilson is a sick, disgusting degenerate. His sense of humor is totally bizarre. The man must have brain damage. We love him!

Barry Evans
Anthony Fabbriano
Les Hine
Don Romancluk
Waterloo, Ontario

THE SKIN TRADE

I am disgusted by your article on "How to Buy a Man's Fur Coat" (Playboy's Pipeline, December). PLAYBOY's attempt to extend this vain and pitiful fashion to menswear is unconscionable. You advocate the wearing of otters, raccoons, foxes, coyotes, etc., and support a fashion that encourages the poaching of rare and endangered species. For example, in 1973, 33 New York furriers were caught trafficking in endangered and near-extinct species that were illegally killed and smuggled out of their native countries. The trapping and slow, painful death of an animal for the sake of "fashion" is the epitome of human greed and arrogance. To top it off, PLAYBOY claims that men's furs have sex appeal. If I were to meet a man wearing a fur coat, it would turn me on, all right—turn on my impulse to vomit all over him!

Beth Newton
Davis, California

None of the species named is either rare or endangered and, if it were, its sale would be specifically prohibited by law.

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English Leather® Soft After Shave treats your face softly. So different from after shaves that slap and sting! This smooth, moisturizing conditioner comforts and soothes skin that's sensitive from shaving.

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FUTURE TECH.

7

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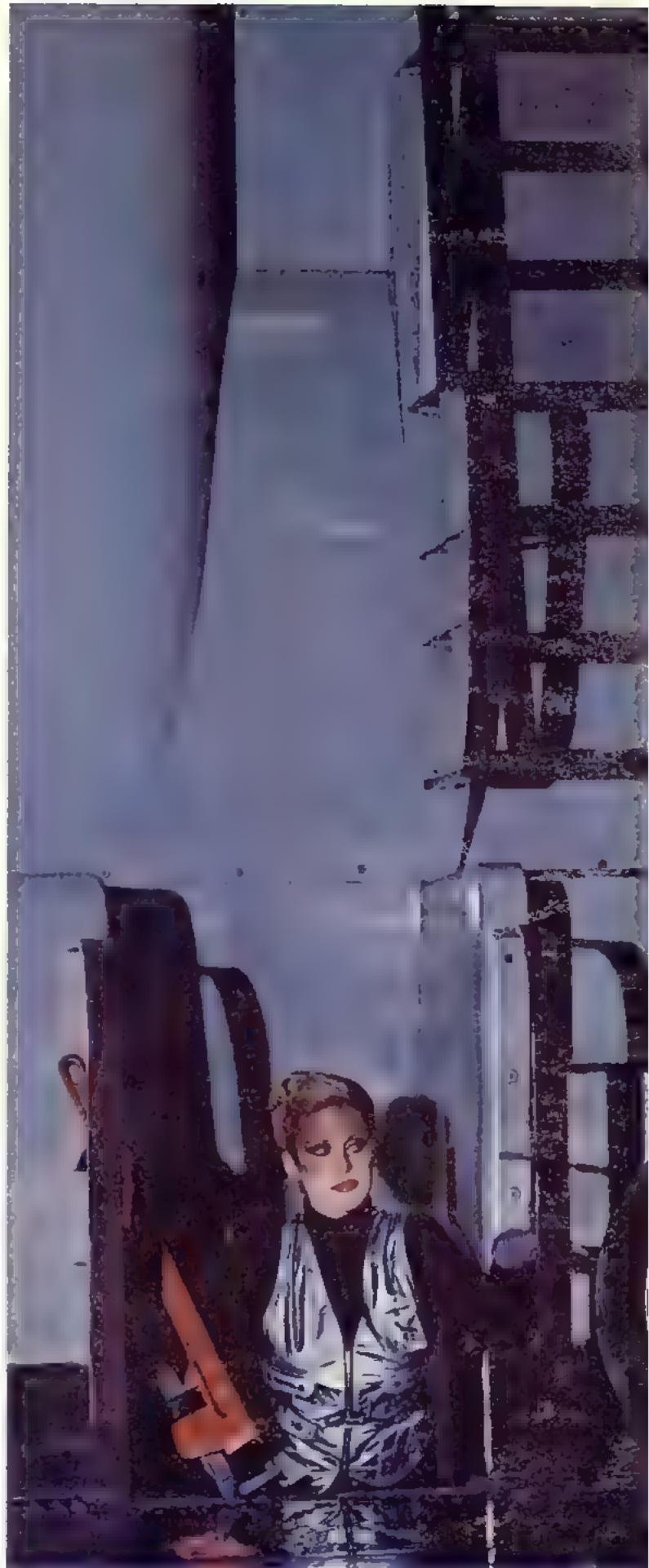
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The ride of the CB750F we can't show you. But, we can tell you what to expect. It's a ride far out of the ordinary, far ahead of the pack. Are you ready for the future? First step is a visit to your Honda motorcycle dealer for a closer look at the CB750F.

Always wear a helmet and eye protection. For free brochure, please write American Honda Motor Company, Inc., Department PL39F, Box 50, Gardena, CA 90247. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest Honda dealer. ©1979 AHM.

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GOING STRONG!

THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS. EARLY TIMES.



1870. The first transcontinental train trip.

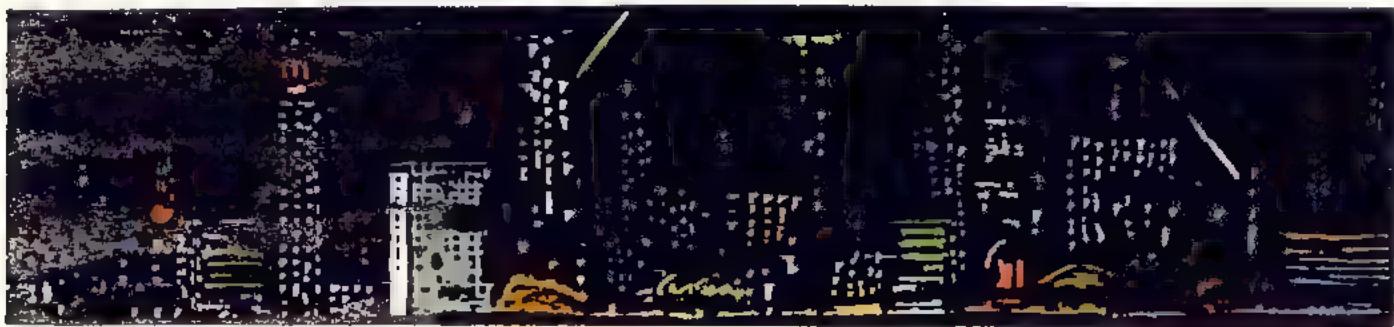
On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

And when they gathered to celebrate in the mahogany-paneled smoker, what other Kentucky whisky would have been more appropriate than Early Times?

Today, its smoothness is just as prized. Because we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did in 1860. So you don't have to look back to the good old days. You can look forward to its great taste tonight.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A CHORUS LINE-UP

A lawyer friend of ours told us about a suburban Chicago couple who went home one day to find that their car had been stolen. They reported the theft to their insurance company and the local police. The next day, they awoke to find their car back in their driveway. In the car, they found a note that said, in essence, "We're sorry we had to steal your car. A personal emergency came up that is too complicated to go into right now, and we needed your car to attend to it. We would have brought it back yesterday, but we saw the police hanging around your house and became frightened. In any case, we took good care of your car, and as a token of our appreciation, here are two tickets to *A Chorus Line*." The couple were very impressed by the thieves' sincerity, and they went into the city to see the musical on the appointed day. When they returned, however, they discovered that their house had been burglarized.

AD MADNESS

From the classified-ad section of the University of California's *Daily Californian*: "One bedroom, parking, semifurnished. Warning, security, sunny kitchen. See naked man out window!"

HERE TODAY, HERE TOMORROW

We've discovered that there are a growing number of full-fledged adults who have taken to collecting the printed and handwritten oddments that the rest of us throw away. They call themselves ephemerists and their specific fascinations run to draft notices, laundry lists, construction permits, summonses, candy wrappers, menus, pink slips given to the laid off and the fired, timetables, score cards and you name it.

There is now an International Ephemeris Society based in London, with a North American office (c/o 124 Elm Street, Bennington, Vermont 05201) that not only has its own journal, *The Ephemerist*, but sponsors conventions,

lectures, sales sessions and public exhibitions and is now working on its own permanent archive.

The rationale for all of this is rather neat: tying up elements of social, commercial and typographic history that the big-picture historians have long neglected. It also represents collecting for the sheer joy of it, as ephemerists are not normally into the investment kind of acquisition that turns collectors in other fields into portfolio managers. (That is not to say that there are no blue-chip ephemera—ticket collectors, for instance, covet the 1868 Senate gallery ticket to witness the impeachment proceedings against President Andrew Johnson.)

All of this is rather appealing. Part of this appeal, we suspect, is the scale of the thing: doing something relentlessly minor, such as amassing one of the world's finest collections of shinplaster labels. We also thought it would be nice to boost the ephemera movement by suggesting some ideas of our own for the man

who would someday like to be known as the Frick or Mellon of firecracker wrappers or parking tickets. Here are some of the things we thought it might be fun to collect: those little INSPECTED BY slips that show up in all new shirts, the come-on leaflets given out by hawkers for massage parlors and peep shows, automobile-recall notices and evidence of things that seemed like a good idea at the time (e.g., a Billy Beer can).

CLASSIFIED SOAP

The Ashbrooke Pembleton-Frenches are alive and well and nonexistent in England. The A-P-F clan—which started out simply as the Ashbrooke- (sometimes even Ashbroke-) Pembletons—is the creation of person or persons unknown and appears, quite frequently, in the personal columns of the London *Times*.

It all started a year ago, when, sandwiched between legal notices and real-estate blurbs, this cryptic announcement appeared: "The Ashbrooke-Pembletons would like to apologize to everyone for their absence from the Badminton horse trials this month."

Two weeks later, the A-P-Fs again showed up, this time with the plea: "Mrs. Ashbrooke-Pembleton would like to ask the young man who attended their party on Friday immediately to return the Land Rover and kindly remove the Lamborghini from the croquet lawn."

Immediately thereafter came the reply: "Ashbrooke Pembleton—kindly remove Land Rover from our duck pond and return our Lamborghini." Since then, the ads and the replies became more and more frequent and more and more outrageous.

Entranced *Times* readers were soon treated to the magnificently cockeyed exploits of the A-P-F entourage. They threw bashes at Bembury, their mythical country estate, dined at the finest restaurants, embarked on one-sided love affairs and even had a party celebrating Princess Caroline's wedding, "but failed to avoid an invasion of helicopters."

Just as A-P-F fever reached its zenith,



GUEST LECTURE

JAMES MASON ON ROMMEL, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN AND COUNTRY MUSIC

The Desert Fox was the first attempt to make a sensible film involving the enemy in World War Two. There was a limit to what we knew about Rommel when we made the film in 1951. Desmond Young's book on which it was based was the only book in English about Rommel at that time. The Germans themselves had not gotten around to writing much about him, because they were a little shy about the whole subject.

Although some have remarked that my portrayal was the quintessential Rommel, I wasn't physically perfect to play him. He should have been played by a slightly shorter man. At the time, Gary Merrill was also up for the part, and he was physically absolutely ideal, and a good actor, too. I remember my heart sinking slightly because I thought that he was so suitable for it.

People have said that I looked so resplendent in those German uniforms that one wondered whether I had them made on Saville Row, but I don't agree. I think I was a little too stocky to look really terrific in a uniform. You have to be long, rather tall, with a long neck and all that, to carry off a German uniform. But Paul Scofield in *The Train* and Peter O'Toole in *The Night of the Generals* looked absolutely spiffy in German uniforms. Scofield had the ideal shape to wear German army uniforms.

I tried to portray Rommel realistically and naturally. I watched a lot of newsreel footage of Rommel before I got into that picture. I tried to reproduce Rommel's strut—a kind of strut that you very often get with men who are a little short. He was probably only 5'9 1/2". Anyhow, he looked like a small man among all the rather hulking German soldiers who were around him. And therefore, he sort of strutted around like a Bantam cock, which didn't give him the impression of arrogance but of a small man who was used to the habit of command. And that's something I never could quite acquire.

I get a lot of letters from people congratulating me on being one of the last, obsolescent English gentlemen. But I don't consider myself the quint-



essential gentleman. Well, it depends, of course, on your definition of a gentleman: whether it's a question of morals or rules of behavior, or whether it is gentleman in the sense of English gentleman. An English gentleman is a man who speaks like an English gentleman and who probably has a background of army. He has very shiny, well polished shoes, his hair is neatly cut, he has clean fingernails and perhaps a slightly frayed shirt. It doesn't matter whether his shirt is frayed or not. He's easily recognizable. He usually has rather conservative opinions. But, nevertheless, there are certain standards that he's very loyal to, which include the environment and, of course, sport—either wholesome sport or unwholesome sport.

Other people use the word gentleman in another sense altogether. A person whose actual code of behavior is very strict and whom you would not necessarily recognize as a gentleman from his exterior.

•

Rock music is dreadfully monotonous. It's dreadfully loud. The lyrics are practically nonexistent, because you can't even hear them. And even with a much vaunted lyricist such as Bob Dylan, you can't even hear what he's saying. And if you can't hear his lyrics, why go and see him? His music is nothing. There's another thing I detest about rock music—and this applied more in the Sixties than it does now, perhaps—all the songs are complaints.

I like country-and-western music. That speaks to me. The only thing in favor of rock music, though, is that some of its orchestrations are interesting. But then, interesting orchestrations can appear in the best of any class of music.

I must say that country-and-western does not have fascinating orchestrations, but I like the simplicity and variety of the songs. You can hear the lyrics. I like the spirit of the performers very much. While I don't spend many hours listening to it, when I do hear it, I'm very delighted by it. The performers have such appealing personalities. —AS TOLD TO FRED ROBBINS

the ads disappeared from print. Three months of silence elapsed and then, last fall, the family returned under the headline: "HOW NICE TO BE BACK IN ENGLAND." Penned by Mrs. Ashbrooke-Pemberton French, the note went on, "It seems such a long time since we used these columns for our messages, but, of course, many of our friends know the reason. Sadness can touch everyone's life."

And sadness, as well as melodrama, is what the new adventures of the A-P-Fs are about. Further announcements concerned "poor Julian's plight." "Does anyone have a brilliant scheme that Julian could immerse himself in? A veil had best be drawn across the Cirencester episode."

And so the Ashbrooke-Pemberton Frenches continue their epic tale of upper-crust woe in the *Times*, with thousands of eager readers wondering just who is behind the serialized affair. *The Times* knows, of course, but is keeping mum. Whoever is responsible must have both a good sense of humor and a goodly sized wallet. The newspaper charges five dollars a line for its personal column.

SLIME TIME

It's not easy to reach a new low in modern media. But somewhere, usually in California, someone is always trying. Every now and then, all that effort pays off in a quantum fall in sophistication and taste.

Enter *Hollywood Slime*, America's newest, most honestly titled gossip sheet. Bureau chief Bobby Starr promises, "We will print all the 'good stuff' that the newspapers and magazines are afraid to touch. I have over 500 informants in Hollywood, New York and Washington, D.C. [Some will] use any means necessary to gather information—eavesdropping, blackmail, you name it. If there's hot, juicy news out there, we'll get it."

Eagerly naming names, spelled right and everything, *Slime* tells which starlet is suing her shrink for hypnotizing her, tying her to his couch and sodomistically raping her. Which other starlet dearly loves her highly trained German shepherd. Which other starlet displayed her highly trained beaver on whose talk show.

Slime takes pains not to get caught in a one-topic bind, however. There are items on flatulence, right-wing terrorists, human ashtrays, star puking and beating the elderly. Our favorite, though, is an item about a well known announcer who supposedly attacked a woman in a phone booth, tore open her blouse, bit her nipples, threw her to the sidewalk, then apologized, claiming he'd mistaken her for someone else.

Unfortunately, the monthly newsletter never achieves the camp bitchiness of its granddaddy, Ken Anger's cult gossip bible, *Hollywood Babylon*. This kind of material deserves to be illuminated in a purpler light than *Slime's* flat



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press-release prose gives off. And at six pages an issue, two bucks may seem a steep price. But if *Hollywood Slime* makes it, the inevitable imitators are going to have a hell of a time figuring out how to outgross the original.

PICKUP LINE OF THE MONTH

Overheard in a crowded Texas bar "Honey, as long as I got a face, you've got somewhere to sit."

CHECKING IN

Last summer, Harvey Rosenberg started to market his idea: a doll named Gay Bob. Bob is sold in a cardboard closet and comes dressed in jeans, a plaid shirt open to the waist and cowboy boots. Except for the blue-plastic earring in his left ear, Bob resembles a prototypical Midwestern cowboy. Over 100,000 dolls have been sold. We asked Kathleen Ann Hughes to interview Rosenberg and find out what had made him do it.

PLAYBOY. What gave you the idea for Gay Bob?

ROSENBERG: A lot of things were going wrong in my life. I was working in corporate advertising and wasn't particularly happy. Then I discovered that someone close to me was dying. I knew I wanted to do something with my life that mattered to me. I just knew that I wanted to make dolls.

PLAYBOY. Who's buying the doll?

ROSENBERG. Gay Bob has been bought by gay people—business executives, football players, baseball players and union men—who naturally want to have a play toy like this. And then a lot of lonely girls buy Bob because he's a great dinner date. He's a great conversationalist and he's well hung. He has a great sense of humor and he knows all the latest dance steps, so you can take him to Studio 54. Also, because he has impeccable taste, he'll give you an honest appraisal of what you're wearing, which is important for a woman to have today. But most important, he's great to take home to meet your folks, if your folks are concerned about who you're going out with. To them he looks like a very normal, healthy Aryan-type guy who has a strange habit of wearing an earring. How are they going to know he's gay?

PLAYBOY: Were there problems in having the doll made, since it's anatomically correct, as you've put it?

ROSENBERG: Of course, they had never made this type of thing in Hong Kong before. I had to make very specific drawings for those guys. We had a few problems in getting the size of the hand to match the size of the penis.

PLAYBOY: What's next for Gay Bob?

ROSENBERG: Women's clothing. I'm also designing the first gay bar for a doll. It's for Gay Bob on Saturday night. You build it yourself. It will be filled with

transvestites, police officers, gay dwarfs and gay truck drivers. So there are a lot of exciting things in store for Bob this year. His parents, Heavy Harry and Fat Pat, will come packed in refrigerators. Bob's brother Marty Macho is going to live in a garage with a four-wheel drive truck. Executive Eddie, another brother, will come with an attaché case and a drink. The third brother, Straight Steve, lives in the suburbs and wears a baby blue leisure suit.

PLAYBOY. Anyone else in the Gay Bob family?

ROSENBERG: Sure. He has three sisters. Fashionable Fran comes in a pocketbook filled with credit cards. Liberated Libby reads *Cosmo* and Nervous Nellie vibrates with agitation.

PLAYING WITH A FULL ROLODEX

Rolodex is a brand of desktop card filing systems that has virtually become the generic name for all such products.



much as Xerox has for electrostatic photocopying machines. But a Rolodex is far more than just a desktop filing system. It is as individual as a fingerprint and serves as its owner's *Standard & Poor* rating of professional and social status. What more accurately reflects a person's position than an up-to-the-minute index of everyone who is willing to speak to him on the phone? Rolodex suits our contemporary lives of perpetual transition. We celebrate new relationships by filling out new cards. When an acquaintance diminishes in interest or flavor, his card is demolished, certainly a neater and more final exorcism than anything possible with primitive address-book software. Around here, we are proud of our card collections—particularly home numbers and private lines—and swapping is not unknown: a Streisand for a Nixon, a Dylan for a Heller, a David Rockefeller for an Orville Redenbacher. (Discretion occasionally begets deception—for

months we protected Alex Haley from unwarranted intrusion by filing him under the code name *Comet*.) And when the time comes to move on, the Rolodex is that piece of office equipment that is the last to leave and the first to arrive.

To comprehend the true Rolodex experience, we visited corporate headquarters in Secaucus, New Jersey, where executive vice-president Joe Crowley proudly displayed the company scrapbook. We were shown glamor photos of Rolodex with Suzanne Somers, Abigail (Dear Abby) Van Buren and Lou Grant. Jack Anderson exposes delineating the consequences of Rolodex thefts to business and government; a "Now Society" cartoon depicting a man shouting into his phone, "That's it, Harrison. I'm taking you off my Rolodex"; promotional Rolodex cards listing American Airlines' toll-free numbers; and Rolodex used as literary metaphor: "Klein says . . . that his memory is faultless. And now in his office, the Rolodex whirling in his head he saw Ira Wasserman in his mind"—Jimmy Breslin, *New York Daily News*. Not all references are favorable. At a party honoring the late Totie Fields, entertainer Jan Murray reportedly declared, "This isn't a Rolodex party. These people are friends."

Founded in 1938 to manufacture the now laughably obsolete telephone list finder, Rolodex currently offers 47 different units. Along with the familiar rotary and V files, we saw files that can be locked, swivel files, files adapted for microfiche, photographs and business cards, and an imposing model we call the Truman Capote—a 30-pound, three-wheel, 6000-card-carrying rotary file equipped with Torque A Matic Control and Custom Capstan Wheel, a unit so thorough and meticulous it classifies cards by their first three letters.

Crowley told us, "Rolodex can be used to the limits of the imagination." Those limits must have expanded last year when artist Jane Greengold displayed 30 units at a New York City gallery in an exhibit titled "The Baroque Rolodex." Greengold, who is also a lawyer, created Rolodex files of colors, pillows, rubber stamps and toilet papers. She classified friends by footprint, lip print and self portrait. Her ultimate tribute was "The Rolodex of Rolodexes," photographs of Rolodexes in 60 galleries and museums. "I wanted to exhibit an object from everyday life and I have admired the attractiveness and utility of the rotary Rolodex, a beautiful open circle storing small bits of information. I like to spin my Rolodex and listen to the clicks. It is the only office machine that is also a toy." Did her exhibit produce any insights into the way we live now? "In the executive world, there's status in not knowing who's on your own Rolodex, because it's not on your desk, it's on your secretary's."



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MOVIES

When advance word about a movie is as glowing as it was for *The Deer Hunter*, there's a tendency to feel cheated whenever the film falls short of one's high expectations, which this one does all too frequently. But the flaws should not deter you from seeing this powerfully acted humanistic drama about man and war and blue-collar camaraderie. Except for a few searing scenes from the debacle in Vietnam—highlighted by an unforgettable torture sequence, in which arrogant Viet Cong officers break the minds and spirits of their American captives by forcing them into a friendly life-or-death game of Russian roulette, with side bets encouraged—*Deer Hunter* says very little about war as an issue at a particularly volatile moment in U.S. history. Most of the action is set in and around a bleak Pennsylvania steel town populated by first- and second-generation Russian immigrants who appear oblivious to antiwar sentiment, which they would probably ascribe to Commie agitators, anyway. Working, drinking, fighting, hunting, making out with girls and eventually settling down to raise a family are their sole concerns, at least on the evidence shown. There doesn't seem to be a real world beyond the belching smokestacks of Clifton, Pennsylvania, until the late Sixties, when three guys (volunteers, apparently) go off to fight in Vietnam with some trepidation but hardly a clue to the dues they'll have to pay before coming home as heroes.

As Michael Vronsky, Robert DeNiro is *The Deer Hunter*'s bankable star and stoutest heart, playing a coolly controlled, idealistic loner whose personal code demands that "a deer has to be taken with one shot." Although he is magnificently confident and a commanding presence, DeNiro breaks no drastically new ground in this role. Christopher Walken is the scene stealer, dynamite as the neurotic Army buddy who survives every other horror only to be swallowed up by the postwar decadence of Vietnam. John Savage, as a lad cruelly wounded in both mind and body, rounds out the trio to perfection. On the home front, the late John Cazale (*The Godfather*'s weakling son) makes another nobody look significant, while Meryl Streep (from Broadway, TV's *Holocaust* and a modest screen debut in *Julia*) is a sweet, stunner actress whose future should be practically here after her winsome performance as the girl Walken leaves behind for DeNiro to comfort. God knows, there's plenty for a girl to feel down about in Clifton, cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond's eye-catching composite of an armpit town.

Too much of everything takes the fine edge off *Deer Hunter*, for even the best of it goes on too long under the wobbly



Deer Hunter DeNiro.

Flawed Deer Hunter fails to live up to its promise; Navarone is jin-dandy escapism.



Barbara Bach in *Navarone*.

direction of Michael Cimino, whose second feature film (his first was *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*) runs for three hours plus—like one of those Cassavetes exercises in self-indulgence, where a scene never stops while the actors are still hot. Cimino can't seem to say no to himself or to a strong script (by Deric Washburn from a story by Cimino, Washburn and two collaborators) that might have grown stronger with a bit of judicious pruning. There's too much *macho* horseplay to emphasize what we already know about the characters' immaturity and latent homosexual impulses. Cimino tips the lifeblood of Clifton in a vivid, brilliant opening montage climaxed by a raucous Russian marriage fest, then spoils the first important hunting scene with music from a heavenly choir. It's as if he didn't trust the wind and trees and snow-capped

mountains, or his star or his audience, to put across the awesome message that the hunt, for DeNiro, is a spiritual kind of thing. And are small town folk, simple as they may be, so simple-minded that they get together after a funeral to sing *God Bless America* as a tribute to the dead, the maimed and the disillusioned among them? That's the director singing a song of irony. Cimino obviously aims high but often hits low, which makes *Deer Hunter* a memorable movie marred by mediocrity, missing greatness in every round.

Not so deep within me lurks the soul of an irresponsible escapist (or maybe an inverted snob) who would gladly trade the downbeat self-importance of *The Deer Hunter* for the roiling shoot-'em-up excitement of *Force 10 from Navarone*. To avoid the derision so often heaped on sequels, *Force 10* retains nothing but the two characters portrayed in *Guns of Navarone* by Gregory Peck and David Niven—with the late Robert Shaw and Edward Fox doing the Peck/Niven parts—plus Harrison (*Star Wars*) Ford as an impatient American colonel who is ordered to fly them back to enemy held Yugoslavia. The colonel's primary objective is to blow up a bridge, while Fox and Shaw are supposed to eliminate a German spy in the partisans' camp. Franco Nero, Richard Kiel and Alan Badel appear shortly, either to help or to hinder the missions, and, of course, there's a beautiful battle-worn Yugoslav peasant girl—played with conviction and surprisingly little romantic nonsense by beautiful Barbara Bach (*The Spy Who Loved James Bond*). Robin Chapman is credited with the screenplay from a story by Carl Foreman out of Alistair MacLean's novel—which has to bend a bit to make room in the commando unit for a token black GI (Carl Weathers) who is proud, brave, A.W.O.L. and highly improbable in the un-integrated U.S. Army of World War Two, circa 1943. Despite some straining and tugging to find the formula for success, director Guy Hamilton builds *Force 10 from Navarone* into straightforward man-sized adventure—a nostalgic toast to the good old war years when we unequivocally rooted for Our Side to win.

Expanded for the screen, Neil Simon's *California Suite* is an affectionate, episodic comedy about five couples staying at the Beverly Hills Hotel. They all sound like delegates to a gag writers' convention, but that's the Simon style, love it or leave it. With a slew of engaging stars on the premises to volley wisecracks, director Herbert (*The Turning Point*) Ross functions more or less as overseer of a talk show. The



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conversation crackles, however, particularly between Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, as a long-divorced couple thrashing out their differences about the future of a teenaged daughter. Jane leavens leisit wit with warmth, playing a stubbornly New Yorkish *Newsweek* editor who loathes California *in toto*, and is apt to say "Hardy" Canyon when she means Laurel Maggie Smith, as a brittle British superstar in town for the Oscar awards, and Michael Caine as her husband the bisexual antique dealer (a provocative change of pace for Caine) move from nonstop bitchery to ruelul tenderness without missing a beat. Old reliable Walter Matthau and Elaine May muddle through a more conventional sketch about the aftermath of his night with a callgirl. The one bit in which the seams show features Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as a couple of Chicago doctors, on vacation with their wives and beginning to hate one another. Both are funny, but their slapstick sequence (tacked on since *California Suite* left Broadway) is pretty obvious bait for black audiences and seems out of sync with Simon's essentially verbal humor. The movie's main fault is summed up for me by Simon himself in a line he gives to Alda. "Your mind clicks off bric-a-brac so damned fast it never has time for an honest emotion to get through." Not entirely fair, yet sometimes *California Suite*'s characters seem to have been programmed by computer.

Are eerie special effects, fine acting and flashy cinematography reason enough for remaking a science-fiction classic? Not necessarily. Director Philip Kaufman's brand-new *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* should attract the attention of teenyboppers who have been culturally deprived—tucked away at boarding schools in northern Tibet, maybe, without benefit of TV *Late Show* or movie revivals. Everyone else must have been exposed at least once to Don Siegel's subtle 1956 version of *Body Snatchers*, with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, an unerringly expert thriller that has stood the test of time. An updated screenplay by W. D. Richter brings forth nothing very new from Jack Finney's original novel. Donald Sutherland and Brooke Adams, as a San Francisco public-health investigator and a leaching biologist, go for stark realism, and get it. Like Kevin and Dana (who were more easily cut off in a small town), they discover that the city is being invaded by pod people, bodiless outer-space entities who take over earthlings by producing replicas of them while they sleep. No one will believe such a story, of course, except Veronica Cartwright and Jeff Goldblum, both ashiver as a terrified married couple, and Leonard Nimoy (*Star Trek's* Spock) as a peculiar author-psychiatrist whose motives are suspect from the start. Kaufman,



May, Matthau, Denise Galik: *Suite it is.*

California Suite.
relatively simple Simon. As
for *Body Snatchers*, the
question is, Why?



Sutherland, Adams in *Body Snatchers*.

counting heavily on imaginative camerawork by Michael Chapman, does everything but stand on his head to help the movie take off. He almost succeeds, now and then, by creating a hallucinatory atmosphere in which plants, inanimate objects and empty space begin to assume a menacing life of their own. There's even a cameo by Kevin McCarthy, or his double, throwing a fit of hysteria for auld lang syne. Kaufman's surprise finish turns out to be a fairly small, predictable surprise. We have been there, remember, and pure suspense is seldom better the second time around.

More than a decade ago, playwright Frank D. (*The Subject Was Rosy*) Gilroy went to Paris to work on the screen adaptation of *The Only Game in Town*, one of his lesser Broadway efforts, which became a totally undistinguished movie co-starring Elizabeth Taylor and Warren Beatty. Now Gilroy has written, produced and directed a charming little souvenir of his sojourn abroad and titled it *Once*

in Paris—the story of a married American writer who finds relief from a tough film assignment by plunging into a heady but uncomplicated affair with an elegant Englishwoman. Wayne Rogers (among other things, he was Trapper John of TV's *M*A*S*H* series) and Gayle Hunnicut play the dallying couple against a backdrop of Parisian landmarks. Both are splendid, though Rogers has the warmer, more fully developed role as an all-round U.S. innocent whose French is as awkward as his first fumbling passes. Any red-blooded heterosexual male who doesn't relish the fantasy of a no-strings affair replete with vintage wines, candlelit hideaways and views of Paris rooftops—plus the Eiffel Tower as a symbol of eternal potency—must be either kidding himself or running out of *joie de vivre*. *Once in Paris* is the next best thing to a lusty lost weekend in the city of your choice. It all starts in a café bar at the race track, where this gorgeous, seemingly unapproachable woman of the world slips off her shoe and begins to grope you under the table. . . . Nice? Whether *Once in Paris* is romanticized autobiography or pure fiction remains Gilroy's secret. But he writes sexy, persuasive dialogue, and a key role as Rogers' chauffeur (also his guide, hustler and boon companion) is played by Jack Lenoir, a Jacques-of-all-trades and former stunt man who actually drove Gilroy around during the original trip to Paris. Lenoir does such a colorful imitation of himself that he damned near walks off with the picture, and he certainly gives a sharp, cynical edge to a movie in constant peril of succumbing to the very clichés it is trying to reinvent as simple, irresistible and true.

Director Billy Wilder's *Fedora* falls quite a few pegs below his own morbidly fascinating *Sunset Boulevard* (1950). Marthe Keller materializes as Fedora, another legendary movie star, who plays her last big scene for real by throwing herself in front of a train, like Anna Karenina. At least that's the story emblazoned in banner headlines. To say more would be to give away the simple, crucial secret of the plot taken from Thomas Tryon's best seller *Crowned Heads*. Attractive and talented as she is, Keller doesn't yet generate the screen charisma of an enigmatic superstar in the Garbo tradition, which is what Wilder's script demands of her. Although produced as a luxury item, all 18 kt. tinsel, *Fedora* becomes an instant curio for Wilder watchers who may enjoy such dated claptrap, if only for Wilder's caustic asides about the movie business. Putting words into the mouth of William Holden, as a hard-pressed producer who hopes to revitalize his own career by signing *Fedora* for a retitled remake of *Anna Karenina*, he sums up the current Hollywood scene with, "The kids with beards have taken over—they don't need

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scripts." (There's a joke within a joke even in the casting of Holden, who portrayed Gloria Swanson's hopeful, well-kept young screenwriter in *Sunset Boulevard*.) *Fedora* is a curmudgeon's complaint that they don't make movies like this one anymore, though Wilder damages his case by filling the screen with evidence of tired blood. Among the name actors recruited to save the day are Hildegarde Knef, Jose Ferrer, Henry Fonda and Michael York. Fonda and York play themselves, risking great professional embarrassment to no avail. *Fedora* keeps twitching, but she's D.O.A.

You don't need a crystal ball to see that the movie version of Peter Maas's nonfiction best seller *King of the Gypsies* has been custom-tailored to follow the *Godfather* formula as a broad family drama about power, cultural conditioning and the ties that bind. Writer-director Frank Pierson—who won a well deserved Oscar with his screenplay for *Dog Day Afternoon*, then stumbled through Barbra Streisand's *A Star Is Born*—is an erratic film maker, apt to be subdued by his material, his actors or a tendency to overreach himself. Initially, casting problems seem to put a curse on *Gypsies*, which stars Sterling Hayden and Shelley Winters as the reigning King Zharko and Queen Rachel Stepanowicz. Both are miscast, though Hayden's larger-than-life persona helps him squeeze by. Winters' queening it as a Jewish mother with baubles and bangles is something else. And Judd Hirsch, as their ne'er-do-well son and heir, does not appear to be a blood brother of anyone in this particular movie. Pierson, perhaps seduced by Swedish cinematographer Sven Nykvist's deft way of brightening up dark psychological thickets for Ingmar Bergman, also makes the mistake of treating *Gypsies* as an art film from time to time.

Otherwise—and here comes a major otherwise, so pardon my delay in getting to the good news—*King of the Gypsies* is a consistently entertaining, jaunty and colorful saga that conveys the timeless, rootless, amoral life of modern-day American gypsies in a manner never before attempted. As a bonus, several key performances are worth their weight in stolen gold—with movie newcomer Eric Roberts getting the best of it in a showcase role as Dave, the king's errant grandson, who doesn't want to be a gypsy and runs off to find a place for himself in the 20th Century. Roberts is to *Gypsies* what Pacino was to *The Godfather*, a man fighting against his inevitable destiny, and he's a handsome, sensitive young actor who, like Pacino, proves himself more than ready when opportunity knocks. Annette O'Toole is smashing, too, as a girl from the outside world; and Susan Sarandon, though perhaps a slade young to play Dave's mother, plays the



O'Toole, Roberts in *Gypsies*.

Gypsies is an entertaining family saga, but *Uncle Joe Shannon* turns out to be a tired turkey.



Young, McKeon in *Uncle Joe Shannon*.

part so well that *King of the Gypsies* would be nowhere without her. As a boozey woman fortuneteller with a lilting Romany accent and a flexible moral code, Sarandon obviously knows there's more to being a gypsy than banging a tambourine. As her daughter, who is sold off in marriage at the age of 12, young Brooke Shields (who also played Susan's progeny in the controversial *Pretty Baby*) charms her way through another potentially sticky situation. Their fruitful branch of the family should help give *Gypsies* a good name.

The mental malice behind a movie such as *Uncle Joe Shannon* is depressing to contemplate. Producers Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff, who brought *Rocky* into being and got rich in the

process, must have had a dream in which Burt Young appeared to them as another Sylvester Stallone. Burt earned an Oscar nomination as Rocky's sidekick, after all. Maybe lightning can strike twice, so why not gamble on gilt by association? Fade out, Fade in on *Uncle Joe Shannon*, written by Burt Young, starring Burt Young. Directed by Joseph C. Hanwright as if he were Burt Young. Burt plays a famous trumpet player (sign Maynard Ferguson for the sound track) who's doing a gig when his wife and son are burned up in a fire. On the boy's birthday. Bad scene. The trumpet man becomes an alcoholic bum. Mumbles a lot. Years later, meets an abandoned kid (sign Doug McKeon as the kid, he's a great little crier). The kid limps, got no home, no nothin'. Except he's got "cancer of the cartilage." The trumpet man goes down to da beach to think. His friends think he's a hopeless case till one night in a bar the kid asks him to blow *Jingle Bells*. Suddenly, he sounds like Maynard Ferguson again, so the joint starts jumpin'. But while he's gettin' his hip back, the kid loses his leg. Kid don't wanna live no more after the amputation. Whaddaya gonna do? It's Christmas in the children's ward. Try *Silent Night*. Bad scene. So many bad scenes they should give Burt's turkey a comprehensive booby prize as all ten Worst Movies of the Year. Moral: There's many a slip between blowing your own horn and putting money in the bank.

Cloris Leachman, Barbara Harris, Susan Clark, Karen Valentine, Patsy Kelly and Virginia Capers are the vigilantes known as *The North Avenue Irregulars*, a Walt Disney comedy based on the book by the Reverend Albert Fay Hill. As a Presbyterian minister in New Rochelle, New York, back in the Sixties, Hill wrote an amusing account of how he recruited a gang of suburban housewives to fight organized crime on their own turf. The way the movie version tells it (omitting a couple of murders), gang busting is a gas for ladies who discover that cops and robbers can be more fun than Wednesday night bridge. As the men behind the women behind the wheels of surveillance cars filled with shopping bags or screaming kids, Edward Herrmann (as the Reverend Mr. Hill) and Michael Constantine (as Marv, a U.S. Treasury agent who can't cope) make feeble but admirable efforts to uphold male supremacy. The gals have a field day with *North Avenue Irregulars*, which is corny, obvious, unsophisticated but oddly irresistible—topped by a bumper-to-bumper chase sequence that's as hilarious as a Marx Brothers donnybrook, and not much easier to describe. Try to imagine a Tupperware party combined with the Demolition Derby.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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Lauren Bacall's long-awaited autobiography will not disappoint her many fans, but *Lauren Bacall by Myself* (Knopf) may discourage those who are merely curious. It's clear that Bacall wrote the book herself—actually, it reads as though she talked it into a tape recorder and sanded it from the transcript. The effect is somewhat like having a 390-page lunch with a world-weary woman who's rambling on as she picks through her chicken salad. There's some good gossip, there are some great insights into Bogart, Hollywood and the film industry; but there is also much fluff. Bacall correctly assumes that we are genuinely interested in her life, but she doesn't seem to realize that that doesn't mean we are dying to find out everything that has ever happened to her. When larger-than-life personages tell us about their supposedly larger than life lives, we often end up realizing that life, after all, comes in only one size.

While the definitive volume is yet to be written, Thomas Weir's *Reaching for Paradise: The Playboy Vision of America* (Times Books) is a fair start. Of course, we admit to a bias up front: No one knows us as well as we do, so it is unlikely that any writer could satisfy our requirements for such a large-scale project. Fortunately, Weir came to the subject with few preconceptions and a thorough knowledge of the publishing history of the magazine. He is most convincing when he deals with its role as reporter—and barometer—of the past two and a half decades of social change in America. If he is somewhat less convincing (from our vantage point) about the inner workings of a very public corporation, his technique of extensive narrative interviews with the leading figures in Playboy's history allows for an informative inside look. The book is a worthy start for anyone interested in how this company—especially the magazine—gets moved and shaken. It will hold your interest—at least until He writes his memoirs.

Lawrence Sanders is a bit of a puzzle. On his bad days (and we doubt if he spends more than 24 hours on some of his books), he will turn out schlock thrillers such as *The Anderson Tapes* and *The Tangent Objective*. But then he starts worrying about his reputation as a writer and produces something as deep and dazzling as *The First Deadly Sin* or *The Second Deadly Sin*. How does the unsuspecting reader tell in advance whether or not a Sanders book is going to be a turkey? We've decided that if the title contains a Biblical reference, it's worth your money. At least the rule holds for



Bacall on Bogey & friends

When Sanders waxes Biblical, buy him; but Malamud, this time out, and Bacall are a bit—well—long-winded.

The Sixth Commandment (Putnam), Sanders' newest It is not related to the mortal-sin series, except in quality. The hero is a private investigator who screens applicants for a research-grant foundation. His target is a world-famous scientist on a quest for the test tube of youth. There is a classic cast of characters—including a beautiful stepmother, a beautiful daughter, a beautiful son and jealous, but loyal, assistants. One or two great sex scenes. A sense of atmosphere and family politics that we haven't encountered since Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep*. A good solid read.

William Dubin, the not so heroic hero of Bernard Malamud's new novel, *Dubin's Lives* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is an intellectual *phitz*. By trade a biographer of great men—Lincoln, Twain, Thoreau, D. H. Lawrence—Dubin has no idea how to live his own life; instead, his subjects' lives provide the blueprint for his own. When he feels a genuine emotion, he can't deal with it and finds himself repeatedly researching the way in which his various subjects might have dealt with a similar feeling. Happily married, pushing 60 and in the midst of a biography of Lawrence, Dubin, for the first time in his life, falls in love—with a girl barely half his age. The changes that affair puts him through are the crux of the book. Dubin suffers jealousy, self-doubt and depression. Malamud's de-

piction of Dubin's torment is precise and exceedingly perceptive—so perceptive, in fact, that one might suspect that the author himself has suffered along these same lines. The problem with *Dubin's Lives* is that the hero's long fits of depression, though torturous and eminently recognizable, are . . . well . . . boring to read at length, and his constant need to analyze every little thing becomes exasperating. But for anyone guilt-ridden about an extramarital affair, *Dubin's Lives* (a portion of which appeared in *PLAYBOY*'s December 1977 issue) will no doubt provide the best therapy money can buy.

In one of the pieces collected in John Gregory Dunne's *Quintana & Friends* (Dutton), a certain Mr. Hakimura observes to Joan Didion, Dunne's wife, "Your husband's a grouch." We agree. This is a grouchy batch of articles—and a very good one. You may be interested to know, dear reader, that Dunne believes you are "the urban consumer masturbator"; and, dear contributors, that writing for *PLAYBOY* is "as invigorating as writing a segment for *Bonanza*; the formula is set, don't mess with it." Or so he wrote in 1970, three years before we bought as our latest *Bonanza* segment an excerpt from his book on Las Vegas. We don't mind. Dunne's crabbiness puts him in places many writers never get to, in terms of both subject and point of view. Poor Hakimura was an unwitting IRS agent who crossed Dunne's path when the IRS shut down a tax-evasive laundry and confiscated all of his shirts. Dunne, instead of giving them up for lost, went out, by God, to get them back. Some of the best pieces here are from the Sixties and deal with Vietnam—with the backside, the corners, the turns in the hall of mirrors. Instead of dishing up frontline blood and guts, he takes us along for a night in the enormous Oakland barracks where recruits spend their last 24 hours before leaving the world, or hangs out in Hawaii on R&R with a young corporal and his wife. Another of Dunne's favorite locales for these pieces is Hollywood, with an ironic but definitely capital H. Dunne does like to drop a name, and we got a little tired of learning every 20 pages or so that he actually knows Barbra Streisand personally; but anyone who harbors dreams of screenwriting had better first read the section "Tinsel," among several others here. And after his pointed analysis of how producers refer to scripts generically as "a piece of shit" or "not a piece of shit," we're sure Dunne will understand when we recommend *Quintana & Friends* as some of the best John reading we've seen lately.

The current pop consciousness in Nashville—to break country acts into the vastly more lucrative terrain of Top 40—has assumed in some quarters the missionary fervor of a religious crusade. One star who has no heavy crossovers to bear for its sins, however, is **Don Williams**, the ruggedly independent Texas native with a leathery Lonesome Cowboy charisma who was named Male Vocalist of the Year last fall by the Country Music Association. Although Williams has racked up 12 number-one hits (*She Never Knew Me, The Ties That Bind, You're My Best Friend, Say It Again . . .*) and six top-five LPs, his no-profile style—he hates to participate in any kind of promotion—has kept him almost a cult secret in this country, where hype is the game. In England, though, he has developed a fanatical following, led by none other than Eric Clapton and Pete Townshend. At one time, his albums held all four top positions on the British country LP charts.

The strength of Williams' music is a starkly simple but affecting lyricism in the loving, leaving/losing, rather than the momma, trucks prisons, school. Williams himself is a steadily maturing writer, but much of his best material has been the work of Bob McDill and Wayland Holyfield, two of Nashville's finest writers.

The Williams signature sound is sinewy, uncluttered and crystalline, with plenty of understated hooks on fiddle, six-string guitars and piano and mercifully tame string arrangements—plus the masterful impressionism of Lloyd Green's pedal steel/dobro work, which coaxes a rustic succulence out of the elements of two- or three-chord patterns that frame virtually every tune.

Williams' ABC Records contract assures him total creative control to protect his sound from the Pop Plague; as one Nashville observer told me, "If ABC's pop division could get off its ass, it might just cross Don over. He's gotten too big for just country. But he's so dang stubborn he won't compromise *anything* to go pop."

Explains Williams, who lives quietly on a farm 30 miles out of Nashville with wife Joy and two sons: "As many people know me as an artist as I can really care about. It'd be a real compliment to my music—and to writers like Bob and Wayland—if we reached a broader market. I'd be a fool to be hard nosed and unreasonable, if it's *posed* to happen. But you can get buried in promotion and manipulation to get there. Greed does strange things to people. I never want to get so filthy stinkin' rich that I become a hermit who can't go out on the street."

I recently caught up with Don on the road in Knobel, Arkansas. The town's



Don Williams: stubborn.

A visit with
country's Don Williams
and a listen to a terrific
Alberta Hunter album.



Alberta Hunter: memorable.

not on the map and the population is under 400, but 2000 folks from God knows where packed the overheated high school gym. At first it was a bit baffling when Williams took the stage with just a guitar/bass/drum backup. Did the rest of the band—the pickers on pedal steel, dobro, guitars, piano, strings—go down in a light plane? Wrong. This deliberately pared-down setup is easier to balance and control, he says. And musically, the set is Williams' credo at work: Least is most.

His stage presence consists of shifting his weight from boot to boot. He hardly speaks. He leans into the mike, solemnly lowers his eyelids and sings, "I'm crowdin' thirty and still wearin' jeans" from

Amanda. Mostly, he just scans the hall with a slow, all-embracing beatific sweep of his eyes. Anyone hooked on the unrelenting effervescence of a Roy Clark or a Dolly Parton could lapse into cold turkey from such profound self-effervescence; but the Williams fans? They're riveted in trancelike communion, moving their legs, singing, humming along, launched somewhere in alpha-wave bliss. This man in denim, whose skin would likely erupt in boils if he ever put on one of Nudie's polyester-and-rhinstone leisure suits, strips away all the ego-buffering artifices of showmanship to offer up only his voice and his emotions as the ties that bind. It is an extraordinary test of both vulnerability and power; and it has gathered admirers from the noblesse of Music Row to the nobodies from Middle America, mesmerized by Williams' utterly believable intimacy.

"I put all the weight of what I do in the songs," Williams said after the show, as we were being driven back onto the map, heading toward an airfield in Walnut Ridge. "I'd rather say nothing than say something cute under pressure night after night all over the country."

Don's revulsion for PR dates back to his first brush with the big time as a member of a folkish group, the Pozo Seco Singers, whose huge and lifting 1965 hit, *Time*, hurled them out of obscurity and into sudden—but short lived—celebrity. For Don, it was a disillusioning whirl, and it left sensitive stretch marks on his psyche.

"It was real canned—the song order, what I said, how the others reacted. It just cut the *heart* out of it for me. I swore I'd never paint myself into that corner again."

Still, he's open to the idea of making changes in his lifestyle. He might, for instance, consider a follow-up to his well-received film debut, as the bass player in 1975's *W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings*. "I do need to do something with my career," he says. "I don't want to get to the point where it all sounds the same."

—JIM JEROME

Whatever the critical judgments passed on the film *Remember My Name*, there was one facet of it that rated universal raves—a glorious sound track of the 83-years-young Alberta Hunter singing her own songs. Columbia had the good sense to put it all down on an LP bearing the title of the movie, and it is terrific. Hunter came back onto the music scene about two years ago after a 20-year hiatus, but it's as if she's never been away. Her voice has a riveting husky quality to it; her music is basically variations on a blues theme and her nutty-gritty lyrics contain such descriptive

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North. I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end"

*Robert Service

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gems as "hands full of ginme and a mouth full of much obliged." If you miss the movie, don't worry; this recording will be around for a long, long time.

PLAYBOY editors have on occasion put records to rather odd uses. For years, we would rise, toss two eggs into a pot of water, turn on the stove and the stereo, put on *Sugar Magnolia* by the Grateful Dead and hit the shower. By the end of the song, we were ready for the day and the eggs were just right. When we heard Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes' latest album, *Hearts of Stone* (Epic), our first thought was that we had found a new alarm clock. Side one starts with a *hot* track, *Got to Be a Better Way Home*, that is guaranteed to get your heart started. Maybe it should be stand ard equipment in cardiac-arrest units *Zup!* You're alive. The rest of the album ain't bad, either. Producer Stevie Van Zandt (who in addition to writing half of the tunes, contributes a soaring lead guitar solo to the title tune) has finally gotten his studio chops together. His mix brings out the best in Southside Johnny's voice (which, on the first two records, sounded a little thin). The bar band R&B sound of Asbury Park's other rock group is worth a listen.

Art and Cyril Neville, best known as two fifths of The Meters, have joined forces with siblings Aaron and Charles and, as *The Neville Brothers* (Capitol), are applying their soulful instrumental and vocal talents to a surprisingly eclectic array of tunes. *Dancin' Jones* is a latter-day Leiber-Stoller essay in basic rock; it's catchy. *Washable Ink* is a country-and-western ballad with a hint of reggae; it works. *All Night, All Right* is in the familiar funk style of The Meters; it's welcome. *Break Away* breaks out the voodoo drums, Dr. John style; and when one of our ladyfriends heard the first few bars of *If It Takes All Night*, a tremulous ballad, her immediate response was that it wouldn't.

SHORT CUTS

Eric Clapton / *Backless* (RSO): Real-life criticism. A rock guitarist and longtime Clapton fan we know calls this album *Spineless*. Another, more loyal said, "But I kind of like it—it's nice as background when friends come over." Eric as Muzak? Who would have thought?

Major Lance / *Now Arriving* (Soul): Timeful, joyful, unpretentious R&B, with an occasional pentatonic touch, and just the right proportion of disco sounds.

Village People / *Cruisin'* (Casablanca): Disco at its gayest from those six *macho* men who are seldom a drag.

Ron Blake / *Rapport* (Novus): An avant garde pianist plays thoughtful duets with Anthony Braxton and other guests.

The busy sex life of England's Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, is getting such extensive, overlapping TV coverage that viewers are apt to confuse the Edwardian era with the age of consent. While *Edward the King* spells out juicy details on the current *Mobil Showcase* series, *Masterpiece Theatre's* highly praised *The Duchess of Duke Street* has devoted several episodes to its heroine's liaison with Edward. Now *Lillie* picks up where *The Duchess* left off when PBS' *Masterpiece Theatre* begins, early in March, another richly atmospheric and enlightening 13-week series based on the life of Lillie Langtry (1852-1929), an actress adventuress who collected her share of princes—Edward was only the first.

Francesca Annis (the lascious English rose who, starring in Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*, was the first Lady Macbeth to perform her sleepwalking scene in the nude) plays Lillie; in the early sequences, she's a plucky, well-bred country girl from the Isle of Jersey who marries a dullish gentleman, persuades him to move to London and quickly becomes the darling of high society. No previous series has explained the sexual protocol of those improper Edwardians with such stunning clarity. For a beautiful married belle to refuse an invitation to bed down with royalty was tantamount to a death sentence socially—it simply was not done. Lillie says no to the king of Belgium but survives the disgrace. Meanwhile, she starts to chum around with Oscar Wilde, Patsy Cornwallis-West and such illustrious artists as Whistler and Millais. It's the Millais portrait of her as *The Jersey Lily* that catapults Lillie to prominence as queen of the P.B.s—the so-called Professional Beauties whose likenesses were for sale in every card shop or photo gallery, to be snapped up by an eager public on the day of issue. The P.B.s were the period's equivalent of Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Cheryl Tiegs, poster girls par excellence.

Miss Annis' portrait of Lillie is a subtly developed character study, changing from week to week and promising plenty when the breathless social butterfly begins to emerge as a stage star on both sides of the Atlantic. One of Lillie's lesser personal triumphs was her introduction of the basic "little black dress," a gown she made famous because she was in mourning for her brother and couldn't afford anything better. That's only the beginning. Years later, she becomes an American citizen and "Hanging Judge" Roy Bean renames his Texas home town Langtry in her honor. Sharply written for London Weekend Television by David



Annis as Langtry.

Coming up on PBS:
Still more Edwardiana—
this time, a scintillating
bio of Lillie Langtry—
plus a mixed bag of
Shakespeare plays.



Mirren, Rees in *As You Like It*.

Butler and John Gorrie, *Lillie* has three directors, three designers and a scintillating cast of more than 1000 to usher in an opulent Edwardian spring. Put out your welcome mat.

Sampling the first round of *The Shakespeare Plays* over PBS, beginning with *Julius Caesar* in mid-February, it seems safe to predict that the series will offer a mixed bag of blessings and boondoggles. Since the plays themselves are a mixed bag, perfectionists may have to lower their sights in some cases out of respect for the monumental task undertaken by BBC-TV (in association with Time-Life Television)—to present all 36 of Shakespeare's

works, a half dozen per season, during the next six years. *Caesar* may not have been an ideal choice to launch the series, partly because it is the one Shakespeare classic play most likely to be the obligatory classic taught in American high schools, partly because the production itself seems plodding, or at best perfunctory. Keith Michell as Mark Antony, Charles Gray as Caesar and Richard Pasco as Brutus are solid but unfamiliar actors, none household names over here, delivering an orderly, intelligent reading that brings the piece to life without setting it ablaze. Just as advertised, this is Shakespeare to please a mass audience, not to entice elitists. The settings all look stagey and studio-bound, and except for Antony's funeral speech, many of the great soliloquies—the Shakespearean equivalent of operatic arias—are done as introspective voice-over narration, which often keeps the exquisite language earth-bound, rather like humming *Boris Godunov*.

Richard II is another matter entirely, full of star turns throughout, with such titled actors as Sir John Gielgud and Dame Wendy Hiller lending support to tour-de-force performances by Derek Jacobi (star of TV's *I, Claudius*) as the deposed weakling Richard, Jon Finch as his nemesis and successor Bolingbroke (later Henry IV). There is tragedy on the grand scale in Shakespeare's portrait of a mincing, callow monarch who becomes heroic in defeat. Jacobi, under the astute direction of David Giles, gives Richard his due and then some. This three-hour show is stunning. All the plays vary in length, so check your local guides for accurate broadcast times. In most markets, Shakespeare will be shown every other week.

Programmed between *Caesar* and *Richard II* will be two plays not available for preview: *As You Like It*, starring Helen Mirren, Angharad Rees, Brian Stirner, Richard Pasco and James Bolam; and *Romeo and Juliet*, with 11-year-old Rebecca Saire as Juliet, Celia Johnson as Nurse, Gielgud as the Chorus. The final two offerings for 1979 will be *Measure for Measure* and the seldom-seen *Henry VIII*. Obviously, someone has decided that the genius of Shakespeare is easier to sell in carefully weighted doses: tragedies, light comedies, dark comedies and histories intermingling without regard for chronology. The odds are good that Shakespeare's collected works on television will be seen by millions more people than have attended all his plays during the past 300 years. We may yet see the day when *Hamlet* and *Coriolanus* will outdraw *Mork & Mindy*.

—B.W. 37



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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Word has it that **Willie Nelson** wants **Robert Redford** to star in *The Willie Nelson Story*, which Nelson plans to exec produce for Universal. Prior to that project, Nelson will make his film debut as Redford's manager in the film *The Electric Horseman*, costarring **Diane Keaton**. . . . *Saturday Night Live's* **Don Aykroyd** has landed a three-picture deal at Universal (who hasn't?). He may co-star with pal **John Goodman** in the screen version of **Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's** *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. . . . And, speaking of Goodman, the role of Bluto in ABC's TV adaptation of *Animal House* (to be called *National Lampoon's First Rats*) will be played by **Josh Mostel**, *Zero*'s son. . . . The remake syndrome that infected the film



Nelson

Redford

industry continues to spread throughout the TV biz. Not content with simply remaking movies that don't need to be remade (*From Here to Eternity*, for instance), the nets have taken to reviving defunct series as well. The latest plan is to remake the old *Ben Casey* series, with **Vince Edwards** once again portraying the undynamic brain surgeon. That's progress. . . . **Bob Hope** is considering taking on the role of **Walter Winchell** in a film bio of the late columnist. . . . Warner Bros. has acquired the film rights to **John Fowles's** *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. **Karel Reisz** is set to direct from a script by English playwright **Harold Pinter**. . . . **Don Wakefield's** novel *Starting Over*, the story of a man and his relationship with two women, will be a Paramount picture, with **Alan J. Pakula** directing. **Burt Reynolds**, **Jill Clayburgh** and **Constance Bergen** star. . . . **Peter Sellers** will star in United Artists' *Being There*, based on **Jerzy Kosinski's** novel (Kosinski's also penning the screenplay) and directed by **Hal Ashby**.

UP IN SMOKE, PART III: Due to the unexpected success of *Up in Smoke* (the film grossed more than any other fall release), stars **Cheech and Chong** have been deluged with scripts and movie offers. "We'll do movies for sure," says Chong, "some personal appearances and maybe a few records, though I think we're sort of burned out on records." One project was for the two zany comics

to star in the film version of *El Grande de Coca-Cola*, but Chong says the script treatment they received wasn't right for them. Not that the two comedians hadn't been offered roles before the success of *Smoke*. Says Chong: "The **Belushi**



Cheech and Chong

part in *Goin' South* was offered to Cheech, and I was originally asked to play the son of **Peter Sellers** in *Murder by Death*, but we've never worked separately; we're more powerful as a team, so we turned those roles down." Apparently, the original idea behind *Smoke* was to do it as a series of films, à la Abbott and Costello, with the same characters but different plots. "We're working on a script right now," Chong tells us. "It's sort of a continuation of the two guys in *Smoke*, but this time we get more involved with the dealing—we're these dealers who smoke up all our profits and have to go out to get menial jobs to keep up." Chong says he hopes to start shooting the picture in May.

BOOK DEAL: **Bette Midler** has been contracted by Simon & Schuster (for a rumored \$100,000 advance) to write a journal of her upcoming tour of Europe and Asia. "It'll be more than just a travelog," one source assures us. "Bette



Midler

Harrison

will chronicle her feelings about herself, her thoughts, etc. And, of course, there'll be a lot of off-the-wall Midler." Can Bette write? We'll just have to wait and see—S. & S. plans to publish the diary sometime this year.

CAMEOS: **George Harrison** and **Spike Milligan** will appear in cameo roles in *Monty Python's Life of Brian*, now in post-production and set for release in June.

Harrison apparently raised several million dollars' worth of backing for the film (which was, incidentally, originally titled *Brian of Nazareth*) and Milligan just happened to be vacationing near the film location in Tunisia, so the Pythons asked him to appear. **Keith Moon** had been scheduled to be in it, too. Python fans will be interested to know that **Michael Palin** will be hosting *Saturday Night Live* very soon.

SPRINGSTEEN FOR FILM? Ever since he made it big, **Bruce Springsteen** has been hit with movie offers, all of which he's turned down for one reason or another. But recently, an old school chum, who also happens to be a writer in Hollywood, approached Bruce with an idea to do a film built around the songs in *Darkness on the Edge of Town*. "It's sort of a *Saturday Night Fever* with drag



Springsteen

racing instead of disco dancing," says the writer, **Robin Keats**. "It takes place in Asbury Park after high school graduation. A lot of the kids leave town for college, but this one guy, a loner, decides to stay, and his only escape from a routine existence is drag racing. He's King of the Strip." The idea is to have Springsteen star in the film and to use his songs in the same way music was used in *Easy Rider*. The word is that Springsteen is very open to the project, now in early development stages.

SMART MOVE: When we heard that Universal was planning to make a feature film based on the TV series *Get Smart*, our first question was, Why? "My instinct is that it's right for a very funny movie," says producer **Jennings Lang**. "I think moviegoers want funny, entertaining movies." The film, called *The Return of Maxwell Smart*, will star **Don Adams**, but the **Barbara Feldon** role will be played by a bevy of well-endowed agents. Special effects will be amply spoofed. "We've got some interesting effects lined up," Jennings tells us. "There'll be a parachute air chase, for instance, and a desk that turns into a car that can be driven out of the office."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What is PLAYBOY's position on extramarital sex? My girlfriend and I are thinking about posting the banns. Our one difference of opinion concerns fooling around. I have enjoyed a healthy series of relationships with other women and I don't want to give up that option. I'm not sure that I could, even if I wanted to. My girlfriend thinks that marriage should be exclusive. She thinks that she should be able to satisfy all of my needs. I say that her view is old-fashioned and next to impossible to maintain. What do you think?—D. W., San Francisco, California.

A recent study by Lewis Yablonsky, author of "The Extra-Sex Factor," may shed some light on your debate. Yablonsky found that over half of America's married men have sex outside marriage. The secret to success appears to be secrecy: 80 percent of the men who play around do not tell their wives and feel that their affairs do not affect their marriage. The 20 percent who practice kiss-and-tell romance find that extra sex, or the confession of it, does tend to destroy the main relationship. Yablonsky tried to find out why men crave extramarital sex. The single largest response (48 percent of the men) was: "I enjoy relationships with other women, and sex is only part of that." The rest of the top five: "I like variety" (40 percent), "I was away from my wife for a time and it was available" (34 percent), "I wanted a little adventure and excitement in my life" (31 percent) and "My sex life with my wife is fine, but I need more" (31 percent). Most of those reasons do not reflect negatively on the wife: It seems that some men have a need for the company of more than one woman. If you get married, then fool around, what will it feel like? Half of the men had positive feelings, while the rest were divided between negative and mixed feelings. Probably the one experience shared by most men is enjoyment of variety: 72 percent said that sex is different with other women, and some cited oral and anal sex specifically as things they can do with a mistress that they can't do at home. Our final verdict: We haven't met your girlfriend. She may very well be able to satisfy all of your needs. After all, at most half of the married men in America don't fool around. It's your choice.

A bunch of guys down at work like to get together for poker once a week. You know, the basic novice shoot-the-breeze game. Everything wild, and the hand goes to the guy who uses the most imagination in naming his hand. No, seriously, we are somewhat inexperienced and at the last game, we encountered an unusual



problem. The game was five-card draw, with seven players. The first six asked for more cards on the draw, and by the time the draw got to the dealer, there was only one card left. He asked, "What would I do if I wanted more than one card?" The experienced player in the group said he should gather up the discards, shuffle and take what he needed. He decided to take the one card left in the original deck. The sucker drew to a heart flush and won the pot. What is the right thing to do in that situation?—E. K., Chicago, Illinois.

Obviously, just what the dealer did. Are you sure he's an amateur? If he pulls that trick a second time, shoot him. Most poker players don't play the bottom of the deck, as the last card may have been visible during the shuffle. Your experienced friend is correct. In the future, pick up the other players' discards, shuffle, cut and bluff your ass off.

On the average of four or five times a month for the past year, my husband has been waking me two to three hours after he falls asleep by caressing my nude body and engaging in heavy foreplay. When I become fully aware of the situation, either I let him continue, which leads to intercourse, or, if I'm not in the mood or am too tired, I immediately wake him and tell him to go to sleep. He rolls over and does just that. The next morning, he has no recall of the event nor any memory of dreams. When we have intercourse, he doesn't know why he started or at what moment he became conscious of his actions. He has carried on at times for half an hour before I wake him and tell him to go back to sleep. One night I had a sexy dream and the next morning, the

thought occurred to me that it could have been the real thing. My husband had had a similar dream and we concluded that we must have had actual intercourse with neither of us gaining consciousness. He teases me that I am so sexy he can't keep his hands off even when he's asleep. I could easily trick him into becoming a father. I wouldn't plan to do that, but I may have no control over the matter if I don't wake up. Do you know of any explanation for his behavior or if other people encounter the same characteristics in their mates?—Mrs. C. Z., New York, New York

We've heard of that phenomenon before. In fact, back in college, we knew a guy who used to make it with reluctant bedmates by telling them that while he didn't walk in his sleep, he had a similar affliction, and that it was very dangerous for anyone to interfere by trying to wake him. There's no harm in it. We would recommend that you shift to a longer-acting form of birth control that does not require you to be fully conscious. Otherwise, you might become the proud mother of an eight-pound erotic dream.

In the October 1978 *Playboy Advisor*, you make the statement that drinking moderate amounts of alcohol may actually be good for one's health. I find that hard to believe. Could you go into detail and perhaps cite the research that supports that claim?—E. T., Roanoke, Virginia.

Is that a challenge? OK, as long as the loser picks up the tab. Katsuhiko Yano and two associates conducted a study in Honolulu several years ago and discovered that current drinkers had a lower incidence of heart attack than either teetotalers or former drinkers. For example, 44 out of every 1000 men who did not drink suffered coronary heart disease. The rate for former drinkers was 56 per 1000 (it's downright dangerous on that wagon), compared with only 30 per 1000 for current drinkers. Light drinkers (those who drank one half ounce or less of pure alcohol per day) suffered more heart attacks than those who drank moderately (two ounces of pure alcohol per day). It didn't matter what the choice was—whether wine, beer or hard liquor—drinkers fared better than nondrinkers. It pays to give in to temptation. Or, as they say in TV commercials, as long as you're going around once, you might as well get used to it, 'cause you're gonna be here awhile.

On the first of last month, I took the red eye flight out of Los Angeles across the country and had the following

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experiences I was sitting in the window seat with two empty seats next to me. Not for long. Two nice-looking guys traveling together took those seats. And I found myself in a common fantasy sex in the sky. Ever since I saw *Emmanuelle*, I've wanted to make love to some good-looking gent during a flight. Here were two sitting next to me. Well, conversation quickly focused on my fantasy and it turned out (not too surprisingly) that they each had the same idea. So the first guy and I went to the bathroom together. They're not as tiny as they look. We used the john for a chair for a couple of nice positions before I stood up, leaned over the sink and was beautifully attacked from the rear. A large mirror to our left made for an exciting visual addition. Then we returned to our seats. I hungrily buried my head in the other guy's lap—covered by two little courtesy blankets. Although the seats are a bit small for real comfort, giving head is always a pleasure. And especially exciting with people I could only hear walking by, talking behind us. Then—are you ready?—a guy sitting across the aisle had overheard our talk and had then seen the activity. He asked me, "Are two your limit or can you handle one more?" Well, off we went to the bathroom and I watched myself in the mirror perform oral sex. One more fantasy fulfilled. I was exhilarated. What a trip! Flying will never be the same. Question: Was any of that illegal? Could we have been busted for our high-flying antics? If not, I have found a new hobby.—Miss D. L., Los Angeles, California.

Funny you should mention it. Two *PLAYBOY* photographers were on a red-eye recently and experienced the same fantasy you write about. Are you by any chance blonde, with a small mole on your left thigh? Since we heard their story and received your letter, we've been grabbing at any excuse to fly. (Hey, boss, I can't find an airmail stamp. Mind if I hand deliver this? What do you mean the Advisor can't make house calls?) Oh, well, here's hoping we run into each other. According to a spokesman for the FAA, there is no law against airborne sex. As long as you don't try to do it in the cockpit, use firearms to coerce your partner and are relatively discreet, you should be able to fly the friendly skies forever.

On a recent trip to Mexico, I was amazed at the number of silver goods for sale, and at remarkably reasonable prices. I was about to stock up when my traveling companion warned me that the silver was of a very low quality. I thought silver was silver. Can you straighten me out?—R. D., Washington, D.C.

We suspect you'd be amazed also to find coals in Newcastle or Mormons in Utah. Mexico is the world's largest producer of silver, second only to gold in its malleability and ductility. Much of it

comes from Hidalgo, from a mine called the Real de Monte y Pachuca. The problem is that silver bullion usually contains other metals, including lead, copper, zinc and gold. Processing can remove only some of these metals. Silver's purity is usually measured as parts of silver per thousand parts. Thus, sterling silver is supposed to be not less than 92.5 percent silver, or a fineness of 925 parts. (The average teaspoon marked STERLING actually has about one ounce of silver in it.) The highest quality silver comes from doré bullion, which contains silver and gold. With doré bullion, you can precipitate a silver that is 999 plus fine. Unfortunately, silver that pure is too soft for jewelry, coins or other hard use, so copper is generally added to form an alloy that looks pure but isn't. Chances are that most of the silver you see in jewelry is only .900 fine, or about 80 percent silver and 20 percent copper.

Being a fellow New Orleans gal, I feel qualified to reply to Miss J. L. (*Playboy Advisor*, November 1978) regarding anal stimulation of her boyfriend. An Australian guy once asked me to stimulate him with my finger while we had intercourse. I was rather shocked but soon found I enjoyed it almost as much as he did. Since then, I have used this technique on about 20 guys, and only two didn't enjoy it. (One guy freaked out and never called me again.) If cleanliness bothers you, promise the guy a treat and fetch a hot washcloth. Use it on his prick, his balls and finally his anus. I guarantee he'll like it too much to be offended. Then muster up your courage and visit the area with your tongue. You'll both enjoy it.—Miss J. B., New Orleans, Louisiana

And New Orleans used to be known for finger-snapping jazz. How times change. Thank you for sharing this homemaker's hint with us.

I recently acquired a used 35mm camera and set about cleaning it. The first step seemed to be the simplest: I bought some lens-cleaning tissue and a small bottle of liquid lens cleaner. I was about to set to work when I read the label on the lens cleaner. It warned against dropping the solution directly onto the lens but said to put a few drops onto the tissue instead. Why? If the stuff is too dangerous to put onto the lens directly, why use it at all?—T. V., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

If you put a drop of lens cleaner directly onto the lens, the excess may gather around the edges of the front element and penetrate to the interior of the lens. Bummer! By putting the cleaner on the tissue, you use only what you need and have greater control for even application. However, before you use the lens cleaner,

you should invest in a soft lens brush and a small pressure can of air, or a rubber squeeze bulb with a nozzle. A jet of air followed by a gentle brushing will eliminate loose surface dirt that might act as an abrasive. The air jet can be used to clean both the outside and the inside of the camera body. If the camera has been used, it is likely that the film-feed and take-up reels are home to tiny particles of film. A few well-directed jets of air should take care of those. Do not blow air at the shutter curtains, however. Wipe the pressure plate with a clean cloth and you're ready for the front of the camera. Again, use air. The delicate surface of the reflex mirror does not take kindly to fingers or tools. That should do for now. *PLAYBOY* uses its cameras extensively, so we periodically have a factory technician perform a complete strip-down cleaning. Most camera manufacturers offer this service. Check with your camera store for the name of the local service representative.

My wife just gave birth to our first child. Needless to say, for the past months, our sex life has been in disarray. I was looking forward to taking up where we left off, but now, for some reason, my wife experiences discomfort during intercourse. She does not lubricate (which, as I understand it, indicates a lack of excitement). Is it psychological? What gives?—J. W., Chicago, Illinois.

Congratulations on becoming a father. And welcome to the world of once-and-future lovers. Pregnancy can be a trying experience for husband and wife. A woman's body plays odd tricks on her following childbirth, tricks that can confuse and interfere with a reawakening sex drive. In an article in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, James P. Semmens and F. Jane Semmens point out that for some time after birth, a woman's sex organs are slower and less active. It will take longer for lubrication to occur and the overall quantity will be reduced. Also, a nursing mother has a lower estrogen level, which further restricts her capacity to lubricate. She may suffer vaginal dryness (a probable cause for her discomfort) for as long as she nurses. Use a commercial lubricant such as K-Y jelly in the interim. If the problem persists, your wife may be experiencing complications following her episiotomy (the incision made to facilitate delivery). Have her check with her gynecologist.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

SAAB



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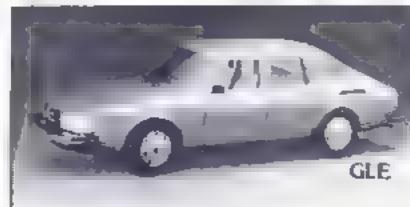


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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

A lawyer friend told me the following story, which I'll pass on to you for your crime-and-punishment file. Seems a gentleman with unusual sexual proclivities went into a local late-night grocery, picked out a good-sized can of corn, set it on the check-out counter in front of the girl cashier, and then proceeded to flop his dong on the counter beside it. The girl picked up the can of corn and calmly went *wham, wham, wham* on his privy part, causing him to leap into the air and pass out from the pain. The first cops on the scene surveyed the mangled dangler and radioed for assistance, meanwhile shaking their heads and commenting, "He shoulda bought a loaf of bread."

(Name withheld by request)
Austin, Texas

WHO'S ON TOP?

I am one of those feminists who habitually grouse about PLAYBOY and I have been trying to intelligently examine my reasons for doing so. It's not that I mind so much the traditional male fascination with pretty bodies, though those centerfolds *do* make me feel as though ordinary bodies like mine are being dismissed as substandard, and it does seem as though men, more than women, have trouble telling the difference between a gorgeous body and a good lover.

But I think what bothers me most as I read your magazine is the persistent idea that women like to be led, that a man should be in control in bed and that in order to be a good lover, a man must take the position of leadership. I don't like to be led myself, and because of my political convictions, I always have a negative reaction to the implication that I do. More than that, I think that the notion of male dominance in bed is unsound for very simple biological reasons. The mechanisms of female sexual response vary greatly from one individual to another. Some women orgasm on their backs and some orgasm lying face down; leg positions vary; the "right" places for stimulation vary and the "right" kind of stimulation varies; timing, rhythm and degree of pressure needed are individual characteristics. It almost seems as though women's orgasm patterns are like finger prints—a man must learn how to make love to each woman he sleeps with. And each of these women has to teach him how, thereby assuming a certain degree of leadership and control.

I myself was not able to have a really satisfying sex life until I learned how to tactfully take the lead at times, to choose men who did not regard this as a threat to their masculinity. I know many other women who have had similar experiences. I also suspect that a large number of cases of frigidity result from the man's not knowing what the woman wants and the woman's being too passive and inhibited for show-and-tell. A man who encourages a woman to communicate her

prerogative, but rather a deeply ingrained cultural tradition that often reduces sexual pleasure for both partners. It depends, of course, on the partners. If both enjoy only the passive role in bed, they might just drop off to sleep watching television.

MINUTEMAN MEETS ORGAN GRINDER

After reading "Return of the Minutemen" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), I decided that Lieutenant Dietrich must be the biggest asshole in the universe. Then I decided that honor should go instead to the lady who wrote the letter following it, "Packing It In." But now I'm wondering if the "shrimpie" that weird woman is married to could possibly be our lunatic lieutenant. For sure that guy has some kind of sexual hang-up.

Mark BooLoottan
Placerville, California

*"Male dominance in bed
is unsound
for very simple
biological reasons."*

needs to him is the best lover, not the masterful type who regards himself as an expert and blames his partner if she doesn't come in response to the particular performance he has to offer.

(Name withheld by request)
Takamawa, Japan

You've just hurt our feelings. For years we've been arguing that the leading role in sex is neither a man's duty nor his

Now I'm convinced that there is also such a thing as female chauvinism. Women who care only about the size of men's cocks rate a C as far as I'm concerned. If I dated someone who thought that "a big rack of meat is all you need," I'd in no uncertain terms tell her to go to another meat market. It may be hard for gals like her to believe, but men also like being appreciated for what they are inside as much as for what they have.

(Name withheld by request)
Santa Barbara, California

My problem is finding a broad who can take my 15 inch dong. It also creates other problems. My tailor has to put a triangular piece of material in the left pants leg and also sews a leather patch on the left knee to keep the head from wearing a hole in it. In public, if I'm seated and see a pretty ass, I get a hard-on and it lifts my leg out straight. Naturally, when I'm walking and the same thing occurs, I fall down. If I'm driving, it lifts my leg up under the dash and shorts out all the wires.

(Name withheld by request)
Kissimmee, Missouri

I wonder if the hole in her head matches the one between her legs.

Daniel Renner
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

She claims she doesn't waste time with "shrimp meat," but who the hell wants a bottomless pit! And, speaking of meat,



**Y
O
U
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F
E**
I know a store where she can get sausage two feet long.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Clair Shores, Michigan

I suggest she check out her local hardware store for broomsticks that would surely meet her requirements and save a lot of time and hassle. Besides, after pumping away on her broom, she could fly off on it.

Cynthia Gargovich
Sacramento, California

Poor girl. I had a friend like her once. She, too, carried a ruler with her whenever she went in pursuit of sexual encounters. It's a sad story but true. Her nickname was Grand Canyon and she ended up running off with an elephant trainer.

Tina "Schububub" St. Charles, Missouri

I wonder how she has sexual intercourse, much less enjoys it, with her head so far up her ass.

Bob Watson
Mountain View, California

Well, that was interesting. We thought the letters from the self-described Minuteman extorting women and from the woman who demands huge penises were about equally outrageous, so we published them in tandem. But the women correspondents put down of small male sexual organs inspired the far greater number of responses—from both men and women. What does that mean?

TRUE SEX

If there is ever a real sexual revolution, its most fundamental concept will be the inescapable fact that love is not an essential prerequisite to a satisfactory sexual relationship, and vice versa. It is not unusual for honest, intelligent, mature men and women to discover that in some cases, the two are mutually exclusive. Of course, when they do happen to coincide, the relationship is, indeed, a most rare and precious one. The protagonist in a recent novel observed that love is what's left when you're not horny anymore. This observation falls wide of the mark, however, in that it implies that love must somehow be tested by sexual gratification.

If our society ever becomes mature enough to stop promulgating among its children the delusion that "love" is a justification for irresponsible sexual behavior, it may be surprised to find that voluntary virginity among physically mature young men and women is not uncommon. On the other hand, if those children learn that it is not necessary to enter into, or falsely promise to enter into, a disastrous lifetime commitment in order to enjoy the ecstasy of sexual gratification, virginity beyond puberty might disappear altogether. In either case, the

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MONKEY BUSINESS

DJAKARTA, INDONESIA—A "fat monkey of still undetermined species" twice raped a 23-year-old woman tending her field near a West Java village, according to a Manila newspaper. The woman reportedly awoke from a nap to find the animal assaulting her sexually, and it



supposedly attacked her a second time when she attempted to flee into some woods. Her husband was quoted as saying he did not intend to report the assault to police, because, "after all, it was only a monkey."

CUSTODY RETAINED

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—The supreme court of Washington has awarded two lesbian mothers custody of their six children and has let stand a lower court order that allows the women to live together in a single household. The case, supported by the American Civil Liberties Union and the Playboy Foundation, arose in 1972 when the women acknowledged their homosexuality and their former husbands sought to obtain custody of the children, who range in age from ten to 15. The lower court had found that the mothers' sexual preferences and single-household living arrangement did not create a harmful child-raising environment.

"MORNING AFTER" PILL

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA—A University of Florida researcher reports that a new "morning after" birth-control pill has been found 99 percent effective in clinical tests. According to Dr. Morris Notelovitz, only one pregnancy oc-

curred among 359 women who used no other birth-control method, took the tablet within 72 hours after intercourse and continued the medication for five days. Made from estrogens obtained from natural sources, the pill is designed to prevent implantation of a fertilized egg in the lining of the uterus and is intended primarily for emergency use, such as preventing pregnancy in rape victims. The women reported some side effects, including mild nausea (52 percent), breast tenderness (37 percent) and headaches (23 percent).

COSTS VS. BENEFITS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Federally financed research indicates that law enforcement may be wasting time, manpower and money trying to combat so-called victimless crimes. The study, based on Washington D.C. arrest records during a six-month period, found that 21 percent of all persons appearing in the city's superior court were accused of victimless crimes such as gambling, prostitution and marijuana offenses. About half of those defendants were acquitted and of the remainder, 83.8 percent never went to jail. The study advised, "In setting law-enforcement policies, decision makers should be aware that the resources involved in enforcing victimless crimes are high compared with the resources used in crimes involving victims."

THE JURY IS OUT

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—Santa Clara County authorities decided not to try two men charged with soliciting prostitutes after discovering that prospective jurors were generally sympathetic to the defendants. "About 50 percent of [the prospective jurors] said they saw nothing wrong with prostitution," a vice-squad sergeant later complained, "and the other half said they don't believe in our decoy program." The case was closed when charges were reduced to disturbing the peace and the defendants paid small fines.

BOMB DETECTORS

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT—Researchers are experimenting with trained rats to replace dogs as animals used to sniff out explosives. According to Dr. Sidney Weinstein, president of NeuroCommunication Research Laboratories, Inc., a conditioned rat can be hooked up to portable microcomputers that not only

monitor its brain waves to signal its detection of an explosive but reward the rat by stimulating the pleasure center of its brain. After noting that the conditioned male rats consistently chose the electrical stimulation over all other rewards, Dr. Weinstein commented, "I don't know what they're feeling, but if they prefer it to food, water and sex, it's got to be good."

RIGHTS OF RAPE VICTIMS

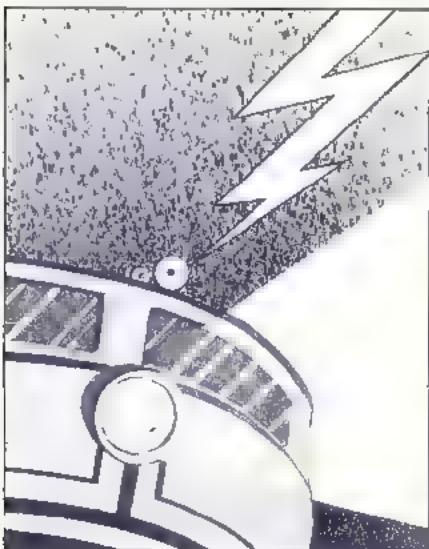
WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Jimmy Carter has signed a bill designed to protect the privacy of rape victims in federal court proceedings. The new law requires that testimony on a woman's previous sexual behavior be restricted "to that genuinely relevant to the defense" and is intended to provide a model for similar revisions of state and local laws.

NO APTITUDE

COPENHAGEN—A young Danish man making his debut as an armed robber just was rebuffed by a salesgirl in a goldsmith's shop who simply refused to give him any money. He then went next door and took about \$100 from a pharmacy at gunpoint, but afterward, while looking for a taxi, mistakenly flagged down a police car and was placed under arrest.

FAST FREIGHT

RICHMOND, TEXAS—Police from two cities, joined later by sheriff's deputies, pursued a speeding freight train for nearly 15 miles before persuading the engineer to "pull over." When he finally



stopped, he did so in the middle of a bridge. The officers, described in news accounts as quite angry, ticketed the speeder for going through the town of Stafford at 14 miles per hour over the limit.

TRADE IMBALANCE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee has opened an inquiry into the illegal marijuana industry, which intelligence officials claim amounts to billions of dollars a year paid to Colombian drug suppliers alone. Reportedly, this outlay is greater than the total amount Americans spend annually for Toyota automobiles, foreign television sets, radios, tape recorders and record players. Federal Reserve Board officials say that money flowing into the Miami area, center of Colombian pot smuggling, has increased 180 percent in the past three years.

LOW BLOW

NORFOLK—A pat on a female neighbor's bottom cost a Virginia man a 60-day jail sentence, a \$150 fine and a lecture on the feminist movement. The judge who found the defendant guilty of simple assault said, "There is a movement now called women's liberation that tends to put men and women on a much more equal status than before—but it does not grant special liberties unless you're invited by the other party."

SEXUAL EQUALITY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Government-sponsored study indicates that women are finally moving toward equality with men in the field of crime but tend to favor embezzlement, fraud and forgery over violence. Women now account for about one third of those three offenses, compared with about 11 to 18 percent in 1953. Homicide by women increased slightly, to 15.6 percent, and assault dropped slightly, to 13.9 percent. The University of Illinois researchers who conducted the study attribute the rise in nonviolent crimes to the greater number of women holding better jobs.

CATS VS. KIDS

MADISON—A Wisconsin county judge has refused to grant a divorced couple joint custody of the family cat. After the division of all other property was agreed upon, Dane County judge William Buenzli awarded the pet to the woman, who had possession of it at the time. He commented afterward, "They were serious about it, [but] I didn't intend to put the court in the position of supervising custody of a cat. We should devote our time to children."

POT TEST

CHICAGO—Two toxicologists at the Illinois Department of Public Health laboratory report the development of a new blood test that can determine if a

person has been smoking marijuana. The test doesn't tell whether or not the individual is stoned, but, unlike other tests that can detect THC several days later, it can determine if pot was smoked about the time the blood sample was taken. Because of legal restrictions on the obtaining of blood samples, the test presently is being used mainly by coroners investigating car-accident deaths.

PREYING ON POT

BERKELEY—A University of California plant pathologist reports the development of a special fungus that is supposed to infect and kill only marijuana



plants. According to Dr. Arthur McCain, the fungus, called Fusarium Oxy sporum, will live in the soil at least five years and will gradually destroy pot plants growing in the immediate area without harming other vegetation.

PLANE SPOTTERS

ATLANTA—Georgia has appealed to its citizens, particularly private aircraft operators, to join in a major effort to combat drug smuggling. The governor's office has released a pamphlet advising citizens on how to spot suspicious planes and urging them to call a special toll-free number with their information.

GOOD TRY

CHICAGO—A 22-year-old college student bet some friends he could ride his motorcycle in the nude to a drive-in restaurant some blocks away, but ended up in a police station charged with disorderly conduct. Near his destination, he had the bad luck to stop at a traffic light next to an unmarked police car. The nine friends, who had followed his progress, posted his \$35 bond and also insisted that he had come close enough to win the bet of \$20.

PRO incidence of unwelcome pregnancy and venereal disease would be drastically reduced.

The point is that love is seldom a matter of choice, as sexual intercourse usually is. Any sexual revolution, then, must be accompanied with a verbal, or conceptual, revolution. On those rare occasions when I have the opportunity to explain to a perceptive young woman that she need not fall in love with some old fart in order to take advantage of his broad (excuse the pun) experience, her purely sexual response is almost always very gratifying. That's what I call a sexual revolution!

Fred Wiechmann
Hanford, California

GOOD B.S.

I enjoyed the definitions given to various kinds of shit by the anonymous English professor in the October *Playboy Forum*. You may enjoy the reflections of a noted local Norwegian philosopher on the same subject:

Well bullshit is that crap that the politicians been giving us since day one. And chickenshit, that's when a fella has been cheatin' on his wife, and she knows it, and he knows that she knows, yet he's still afraid to tel. her about it. Worst of all is horseshit, getting burnt toast, when what you were expectin' was English muffins.

J. O. Jondahl
Fargo, North Dakota

WHOSE BEST FRIEND?

I write in response to the facetious solution you proposed to the man who complained of jealousy over his wife's acceptance of their male Airedale's amorous advances (*The Playboy Forum*, December). I am truly surprised that you seem to take his story so lightly.

Part of my work deals with client consultation on animal-behavior problems, and a significant percentage of those cases either primarily or secondarily involve sexual interaction between people and their pets. I am not referring to actual sexual intercourse, though I'm aware these situations exist with some frequency. Rather, many people misunderstand the courting behaviors that animals display prior to actual intercourse and pet owners can unintentionally encourage their pets to seek some degree of sexual gratification from them by accepting and/or reinforcing such foreplay.

Sodomy, homosexuality, masturbation and the like are just as common in animals as in people (if not more so). By not forcefully restricting her Airedale's sexual advances, the woman was actually reinforcing such behavior, causing the dog to look forward to it and, with time, to demand more and more gratification.

The dog may, indeed, be as jealous of the husband as vice versa. Right now, it appears the two are in essence competing

for the woman, and the dog may be winning. If so, purchasing a female Airedale for the husband would not make the male dog jealous enough to turn its attention to the female of its own species. If anything, it would further reduce the competition, so that the male dog could spend even more time with the wife. And the female Airedale might begin to seek additional gratification from the husband. So everyone ends up with the wrong partner.

Perhaps the particular letter I refer to was sent as a joke. But for every such letter you receive on this subject, I and other behaviorists can relate specific real cases that are more or less identical to those concocted on a whim. My feeling is that you might be ignoring a subject that

"The dog may, indeed, be as jealous of the husband as vice versa."

is of interest or concern to a number of your readers. At the least, disclaimers do not make the problem vanish but allow it to continue to fester unattended.

Jack Tuttle, D.V.M.
University of Illinois
Urbana, Illinois

All we can say is that they don't call some people dog lovers for nothing.

CATCH-22

Before I married my present wife, we lived together for several months. At that time, she was in the process of getting a divorce. About six months after we met, she became pregnant and because of judicial discretion under Michigan law, her divorce could not become final. She had two small children I raised those children and loved them as my own. During the two and a half years it took for her divorce to become final, then father visited them only twice. Never once did he send them money or even a card. The children call me Dad and I have taken full responsibility for raising them.

Then, at the final court hearing on the divorce, the judge asked how she had lived without child support. She explained about me and my love for her and the children. He said, "I must be a little old fashioned, but I don't think a child should wake up to see his mother in bed with a strange man every day." He then made the children wards of the court but gave her physical custody. He told her when she moved out of my house, he might consider reversing his decision. What is really aggravating is the fact that if it hadn't taken so long for her divorce, we would have been married two years sooner.

It has been four years now and the baby is going on two. Because she was still married to her first husband at the time of the hearing, he was named the legal father. And, to top that, I can't adopt the child, because we can't find her ex-husband.

You can't win.

(Name and address withheld by request)

COPS VS. COURTS

I have had it with those so-called good and honest people who think they know more about the law than our own law enforcers. If they know so much, then why aren't they wearing the proud uniform of our brave and heroic officers who risk their lives to protect society?

I can't blame the police for "roughing up" certain types of people these days. The courts let almost anyone walk free today. Who is to blame for the criminal being out on our streets? If the courts were as tough as the police, crime in America could and would be reduced.

Gary G. Martin
New Orleans, Louisiana

CAPITAL IDEA

In all the discussion about the death penalty why hasn't it been proposed that we let the victims determine the punishment—a clause in everyone's will setting forth the desired retribution against whoever should one day wrongfully take that person's life? Someone with a poetic sense of justice might simply specify death by the same method, but the possibilities are endless.

Ed Huser
Cavalier, North Dakota

A few years ago, some state legislator—we forget where—came up with the idea of letting condemned men commit suicide by whatever means they prefer. Then some prisoner decided that was an excellent plan and that, for that purpose, he would like to order a case of dynamite and one submachine gun.

GET IT STRAIGHT

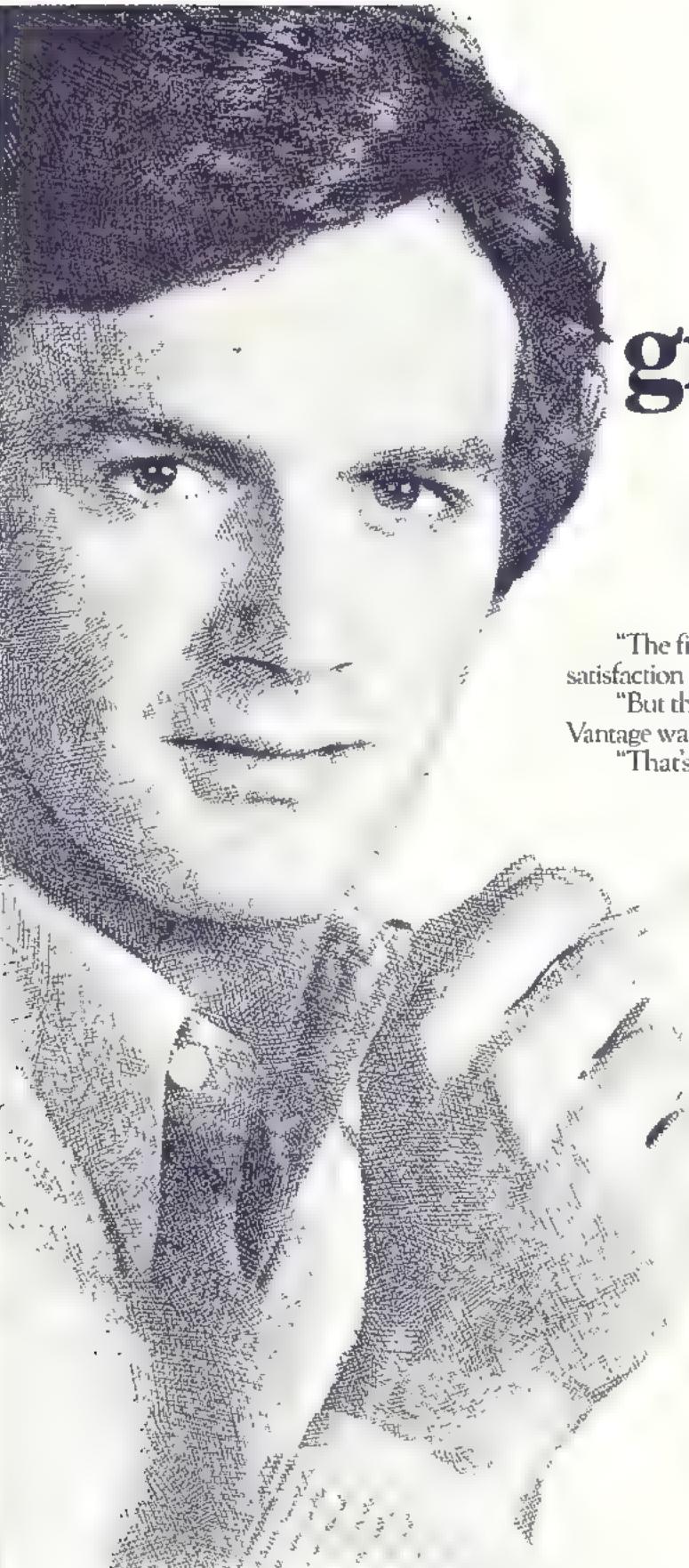
I suppose your reader was trying to be cute when he suggested that abortion opponents should go all the way and prosecute a woman for manslaughter if she miscarried due to her own negligence (*The Playboy Forum*, October). But that makes more sense to me than to destroy a human life in a manner that Hitler would have approved of.

(Name withheld by request)
Joliet, Illinois

We'll let anybody get away with insults and rhetoric, but be aware that fascist governments have tended to enact the strictest anti-abortion laws.

TAX REVOLT

Members of our organization, having concluded that the gravity of the abortion situation in the United States, involving as it does the deaths of over



'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy."

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers."

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked."

For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."



Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



VANTAGE

Vantage

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FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL;
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FORUM FOLLIES

We knew it would make trouble and, sure enough, it did. In the August "Playboy Forum," we published a "Forum Follies" feature that presented a complicated mathematical formula submitted by a mechanical engineer for translating sexual activity into distance theoretically traveled by one's dick. He called this determining one's fornication utilization constant (F.U.C.). Herewith, we present a few of the responses:

I have two comments on that wonderful equation. First, it is missing something that no self respecting equation can do without: the fudge factor, or, as it is known in our field Cook's Constant. In this case I think it would be appropriate to throw euphemism to the wind and call it the fuck factor. The plausible values for this parameter are:

| VALUE OF t_1 | APPLICATION |
|-------------------|--|
| 1.0 | scientific reporting; personal diary |
| 10.0 | when boasting to buddies |
| 100.0 | when writing to <i>Penthouse</i> |
| 0.1 | when complaining to wife of not getting enough |

Also, I take exception to the final factor in the equation; i.e., the average rate in strokes per second. To more closely simulate (and stimulate) the actual conditions, I believe the geometric mean, using reciprocals should be employed, rather than the arithmetic mean.

Thanks for the equation. While women have accused me of taking my slide rule to bed, I can now do so with a clear conscience, knowing that it is in the interest of science.

Jim Ballinger
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

It is evident that the author could use a course in applied physics and learn to put his theoretical predictions to a practical test. My main objection concerns the author's means of estimating the average stroke rate (incidentally, stroke rate per second is an acceleration and it is not very likely that the author can keep increasing his stroke rate with two strokes per second). The method used assumes that the stroke distribution is symmetrical, which is probably far off the target. For one thing the author neglects the stroke rate zero. Has he never heard of stopping along the road for a picnic in the bushes?

Niels Jonassen
Laboratory of Applied Physics I
Technical University of Denmark
Lyngby, Denmark

Any engineer should know that the F.U.C. formula gives only a rough approximation of distance traveled during intercourse. To be more precise, it is necessary to multiply the original equation by

$$7.75 (F)$$

t_2

Where

F = degree of fit, with assigned value of 1 for relatively tight, 3 for fairly loose and 2 for in between

t_2 = foreplay time in minutes (usually > 1 and < 30)

7.75 = a constant to normalize F and t_2 to average conditions

From this we derive a value that is directly proportional to fit and inversely proportional to foreplay time. This factor should not be overlooked, since it is obvious that both F and t_2 may vary appreciably between different sex partners, or with the same sex partner over a prolonged period, and dramatically affect the total distance traveled.

George W. Lamoreaux
Troy, Michigan

Needless to say neither space nor any sensible person's attention span would permit the printing of all the other high-mathematical gobbledegook received from other sex-crazed physicists and engineers, but for their edification, our Low Science and Good Bullshit Editor has rendered these contributions into a new and revised edition of the original formula for determining one's fornication utilization constant, or penis travel. We don't understand a bit of it, but it certainly looks impressive

$$\begin{aligned} F.U.C. = 52d & \left(\frac{7.75F}{t_2} \right) \left(\frac{m-x}{m} \right) \\ & \left[\left(\frac{2L}{100} \right) \left(\frac{6}{100} \right) + \frac{2L}{100} \left(\frac{100-s}{100} \right) \right] \\ & \left[60t \left(\sqrt{\frac{2}{\left(\frac{1}{\left(R_{min} \right)^2} + \frac{1}{\left(R_{max} \right)^2} \right)}} \right) \right] \end{aligned}$$

But one last letter simplifies all this considerably:

I am amazed at the lack of basic mathematical knowledge displayed by some of your "sexual engineers." When I went to school, six inches forward and six inches back got you exactly nowhere, regardless of how much you might have enjoyed the trip.

R. D. Carr
Leduc, Alberta

1,000,000 unborn human beings annually, simply cannot be overstated. And recognizing the right and, indeed, obligation to resist unjust laws and illegitimate authority, we are presently refusing to pay all or part of our Federal income tax and, in appropriate instances, of state and municipal taxes as well, until the plague of legalized abortion is lifted from our nation. We urge other opponents of abortion to join with us in this act of concrete and effective resistance and are presently in active communication with abortion groups across the country trying to mobilize a national anti-abortion income tax strike. We recognize that our refusal to pay our taxes may subject us to civil and even criminal penalties, but as long as our unborn infants are not secure even within their mothers' womb, we eschew the security of remaining within the Government's understanding of the tax obligation.

Hugo Carl Koch, Project Coordinator
The Catholic Defense League
New York, New York

FRIEND OF THE FETUS

Now that *PLAYBOY* has decided that one must be willing to adopt unwanted children in order to speak out against abortion, I feel most qualified since I have two adopted, three of my own and one on the way—and will consider future adoptions and more natural children.

It seems a shame to me that abortions are not performed by removing the mother from the baby, or at least by drilling through the bitch's skull to her uterus.

Lynn Wilhite
Apple Valley, California

We know of some anti-abortionists who already have holes in their heads.

DRUG OPPONENT

I am 27 years old. I went through the Sixties and let me tell you that there isn't a damn thing attractive or funny about drug abuse. Condoning the wanton ravaging of such a complex and delicate instrument as the human mind is criminal and must be stopped.

So let's get down to it. It's time for *PLAYBOY* to stop pushing dope. The time has come for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws to die. Its idiotic cause and moronic assumptions have been thoroughly disproved.

The unfortunate part of all this is that the real lessons have not and will not be learned. The kind of society that depends on dope, of all kinds and varieties, to survive is very sick indeed.

Nathan W. Post
Santa Barbara, California

Apparently, it's time once again for us to remind some readers that our support of drug-law reform should not be interpreted as condoning or encouraging drug use. But we've yet to learn of any drug that is so consistently and demonstrably



"This woman, she is like my tequila. Smooth, but with a lot of spirit."

Her name was—well we're not sure. And she appears to have been the only other love Two Fingers had besides his tequila.

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The true story of ten little piggies that can still go to market.

George Orr was in charge of doing repairs and welding at a recycling plant in Salem, Oregon. His employer decided everybody should buy safety boots – at company expense. But George and the other fellows resisted taking the time to go

and do it. Finally, the boss said, "Today, or else!"

The other fellows went out and spent eight to twelve dollars on cheapies. But George went down to The Shoe Box in Salem, and picked out the best pair of safety boots they had in stock. A pair of Santa Rosa Brand "Watchdogs."

"Maybe five minutes after I got back to work with my new boots on, I had this eight inch by twenty-two foot steel pipe supported by a forklift on one end, and a triangular wedge of steel on the other. I was straddling it about mid-length, and...

"I don't know, that whole length of pipe, nearly a thousand pounds, just slipped off and dropped ten, twelve inches straight down on my foot and bounced off!



"It punched the steel toe down through the sole of the boot and made two little marks on the concrete floor!

"No doubt about it, I would have lost four toes for sure. As it was, the steel toe just nipped my big toe and turned it purple.

"I guess I lead a very charmed life!"

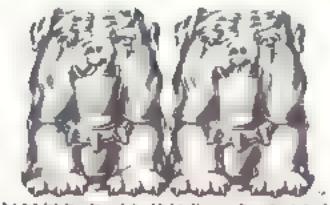
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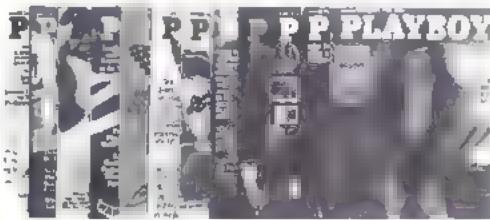
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harmful to mind and body as the experience of being thrashed through our criminal-justice system and being locked up in a prison. We don't have the answer to drug abuse; we only know that jailing drug users is not it.

FREEDOM FROM RELIGION

Correspondence in *The Playboy Forum* questioning discrimination against atheists is ever timely. In my case, I cannot even become a U.S. citizen because, as an atheist, I do not believe I should be coerced into taking the oath of allegiance and signing the affidavit, both ending in "So help me, God." I do not believe in God and have no desire to be forced to become associated with the ignorance, intolerance and atrocities, etc., committed by religions for the "love of God." I chose the U.S. as my new country and wish to be a responsible citizen, but must I first lie to be accepted as an American?

(Name withheld by request)
Honolulu, Hawaii

OLD SOLDIER

I'm a World War One veteran who spent the winter of 1918-1919 in France and I decided to join the Veterans of Foreign Wars here. But then those people had the gall to ask me to sign a statement saying that I believed in God. That is damned discrimination and also a nutty idea. I'll be 90 in March if I'm still breathing, but I'll meanwhile put up with no such nonsense.

Karl Laube
Colby, Wisconsin

TEMPEST IN A TEST TUBE

Although artificial insemination of women has not really been an issue for discussion, I'm sure it will be, with the advent of test-tube babies. I'm sure the analogies to and the implications of the abortion question will be roundly debated. What is interesting is the official response of the Catholic Church. In another giant step backward, the Church declared artificial insemination "illicit."

How it arrived at this conclusion is a mystery to me. Does such a child deserve less or amount to less than any other child or, for that matter, any other human fetus?

Ed Walshon
Anna, Illinois

CRAZIER THAN THOU

I am a Christian, and that's not a very popular thing to be when everyone who wants to do something totally asinine seems to do it in the name of Christianity. I am referring to the item in the November *Forum Newsfront* concerning the evangelist who had all the teenagers burn their rock-'n'-roll records so devils wouldn't chase them; and, in the past, the Anita Bryant crusade.

Those two people have written their

own religion that has nothing to do with Christianity. They are just self-righteous people who believe that their small-minded and uneducated ways of thinking should be pushed on everyone else.

Since *PLAYBOY* has such a wide audience, I would like to let your readers know that those people, even if they are Christians, are not average. Christians are not people who condemn others for the way they believe or act, as long as they have God and Christ in their hearts.

Doug Segraves
San Diego, California

"Christians are not people who condemn others for the way they believe."

INMATE INGENUITY

Thomas E. Wicks's short article on "Books in Prison" (*The Playboy Forum*, November) had me rolling with bust-gut laughter for two reasons. One, I'm an inmate and, two, I'm a prison librarian. Wicks told us how many ways a book can be used for other purposes, but did anyone ever think about the other uses of such jail house commodities as dental floss, tooth paste, soap, empty cigarette packs, cardboard boxes, even gym socks? Art critics could have field days on cigarette-pack picture frames, holy crosses and pocketbooks. By simply folding and molding, cigarette packs can be transformed into marvelous creations. With Marlboro and Kool packs, one can make holy crosses with a Christmas color arrangement. For pocketbooks, Eve packs are imported for the feminine flowery touch.

Dental floss serves as a strong sewing thread for torn sneakers and is great for hanging things. Tooth paste and soap have a lot in common. They are fine for sticking things on the wall. One little dab in the corner of your favorite pinup and it'll stick to anything. Of course, we all know about the soap sculptures, but I'll bet few know how well tooth paste cleans watch crystals, religious medallions and other objects. Cardboard boxes are like gold in prisons. They serve as tables, lamp shades, shelves, storage lockers, bookracks, hassocks—you name it. Gym socks make great weapons as well as colorful watch caps. Just cut one eight inches from the top, tie a knot and stretch it over your head. This is common among the black brothers in jail. Stuffing a sock with soap makes a dangerous weapon. At the very least, prisons make people thrifty and resourceful.

D. S. Cofsel
Uncasville, Connecticut

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

The September *Playboy Forum* contains a letter from a pissed-off doper serving time in a Mexican prison for possession of 22 grams of marijuana. He's right. The prisoner exchange was probably a sham; Mexican authorities still are hassling people and the whole country is such a cesspool of corruption and dishonesty and extortion that it makes the U.S. look great by comparison. I do not smoke grass for the simple reason that it puts me to sleep, and I'm not into drug trafficking or anything else illegal. But the bullshit I've gone through in Mexico persuades me never again to cross the Rio Grande.

I used to enjoy traveling in Mexico. But my last trip, in the fall of 1977, cost me nearly \$150 in bribes just to keep the police of one kind or another off my back. My wife and I were hassled about everything—from luggage on the roof of our station wagon to the illicit possession of a C.B. radio that is part of the car's regular built-in radio. We even had to bribe cops in one town to give us what amounted to a safe-conduct pass through the next town—a letter to the effect that we had paid a 500 peso fine for some infraction that was never even explained. And, sure enough, we were stopped in the next town, but, thanks to the letter, we paid only five dollars U.S. to avoid having our car impounded for a search.

If we were young "heepies" (as the Mexicans call all long-hairs) in a VW bus with a psychedelic paint job, I could at least understand our being targeted for constant harassment. But I'm a straight-looking 49-year-old with a very conventional wife in a 1977 suburban-mobile who should qualify as a money-spending gringo *tourista*. I would advise anyone against visiting Mexico for any reason. It's not like it used to be.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

Over the past several years, Mexican authorities have had their consciousness raised (to use the popular term) by U.S. authorities, such as the Drug Enforcement Administration. Probably your age, benign appearance and station wagon perfectly fit the profile of the typical big-time cocaine smuggler trying to look inconspicuous. So try it once more, this time with a peace symbol painted on your doors, and act a little crazy. At the very least, the Mexican cops will figure you don't have any money and will reduce their demands accordingly.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

TED PATRICK

a candid conversation about religious cults with the man who has waged a zealous campaign against what he sees as widespread mind control

Few social movements in American history have been quite so baffling as the rise of the religious cults of the Seventies. Who would have predicted a decade ago, when America's campuses were in upheaval, that within two or three years, those same young college students who had been organizing, marching and even fighting in the streets for peace abroad and civil rights at home would now be selling flowers on street corners, hawking books in airport lobbies and selling life insurance and vacuum cleaners from door to door in the name of such unlikely "causes" as the Holy Spirit Association for the Unification of World Christianity, the International Society for Krishna Consciousness, the Children of God, the Divine Light Mission and the Church of Scientology?

And who, in his wildest imagination, could have made up a more horrifying story than the murders of a U.S. Congressman and three newsmen, to be followed by the mass suicide and murder of over 900 followers of Jim Jones's People's Temple in the jungle of Guyana three months ago? But even before that, it wasn't just the names of those new

religious groups or even their divergent philosophies and beliefs that were beginning to perplex people. There was something about the members that was surprising and disconcerting. Many of the parents of those individuals, alarmed by the changes they said they had witnessed in their children, began to claim that they had been "brainwashed" by one cult or another. They told of their children's shaving their heads, changing their names, signing over their money and possessions to their group leader and denouncing their families and society as a whole as agents of "Satan's world." For their part, however, the young cult members denied all allegations of insincerity or skullduggery. They claimed that they had found peace, love and happiness in their new religious groups, and that their freely chosen forms of worship, however unusual, were entitled to full protection under their First Amendment right to freedom of religion. In response, desperate parents began kidnapping their children from the cults in an effort to divert them from their new beliefs. Cult members started suing their parents and having them arrested for violating their

constitutional rights. Law-enforcement officials, attorneys and judges were stumped by the legal predicament, and the news media reported the proceedings with a mixture of skepticism, confusion and mild amusement.

Ted Patrick seems to be one of the few persons who have steered an unwavering course through the various controversies. Right or wrong, the notorious figure who prides himself on the nickname Black Lightning has been waging a no-holds-barred, one-man crusade against the cults since 1971, helping parents abduct their children from them and practicing his controversial "deprogramming" technique on unwilling subjects. His goal was to free them from what he termed cult programming or mind control and return them to their families, their schools and the world they had abandoned. From the beginning, Patrick's deprogramming techniques have met with furious opposition from almost every camp. The various cults have opposed his every action as a flagrant violation of their members' personal freedom. The majority of clergymen and leaders of larger organized religions have also decried Patrick's



PHOTOGRAPH BY VERNON L. SMITH

"What I do is not kidnapping. What I do is rescuing. When I deprogram a person, he has already been unlawfully imprisoned. His mind has been unlawfully imprisoned by a cult."

"Every one of those cults has the capability of turning into another Manson family, and, in fact, they're more dangerous than Manson, because Manson wasn't organized as the cults are."

"The so-called experts on brainwashing make me glad I didn't go to college. Those people don't realize you don't have to use torture anymore. It's all done with love and kindness—and deception."

activities as dangerous transgressions of religious freedom that may lay the groundwork for still broader inquisitions. And both the legal community and the media have condemned deprogramming.

For Patrick, however—and maybe for Patrick alone—the distinction is an easy one: freedom of religion versus what he calls freedom of thought. His claim is that cult rituals and techniques destroy the cult member's ability to think and make choices for himself. When that happens, he says, the individual is no longer entitled to his constitutional right to freedom of religion. It then becomes his parent or guardian's right, even duty, to remove him from the cult.

Patrick's argument is unprecedented in American legal history: Our society does not acknowledge as he so readily does that an individual can be stripped of his free will or that he can be induced to say or do anything in the absence of actual physical coercion. Since 1971, Patrick has been arrested and convicted on numerous charges, including kidnapping and unlawful detention; and he has served time in New York, Pennsylvania, California and Colorado.

In several important trials, however, Patrick has won. In one celebrated case in Seattle in 1974, the court ruled that the kidnapping of a cult member by Patrick acting as her parents' agent—was a justifiable act committed to prevent a greater harm. In a more recent case in Rhode Island in 1978, where a lawsuit for unlawful detention was dismissed, the court ruled that deprogramming itself was not an illegal act.

At 48, Ted Patrick is a most unlikely person to be setting court precedents and attracting the attention of leading psychiatrists and psychologists. He has had no formal legal training nor background in medicine or mental health. On the contrary, he is, by his own admission, "a tenth-grade dropout with a Ph.D. in common sense."

Following his first highly publicized abductions and his initial, almost incomprehensible deprogrammings, Patrick achieved instant notoriety and nearly universal condemnation. Nobody, it seemed, accepted his claim that the cults were dangerous and damaging to the minds of their members. And nobody believed that his deprogramming technique was different from the brainwashing methods he attributed to the cults.

Within the past year, however, many people have begun to reassess the things Patrick has been saying since the early Seventies. Last August, 11 members of the Church of Scientology were indicted for infiltration, bugging and burglarizing the offices of the Justice Department and the Internal Revenue Service in Washington. In October, after an 18-month probe, the House Subcommittee on Inter-

national Organizations recommended that a Federal task force be established to investigate Korean evangelist Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church for violations of U.S. currency, immigration, banking, tax, arms-export-control and other laws. And since last fall, representatives of Synanon, the once-respected drug and alcohol rehabilitation center, have been suspected of committing a number of terrorist acts, including attempting to commit murder by placing a four-and-a-half-foot rattlesnake in the mailbox of a Los Angeles attorney who had won a \$300,000 judgment against the group. Then, of course, there was Guyana, with its incomprehensible ritual of faith and carnage.

Patrick has deprogrammed members of almost all those groups and hundreds more from the estimated 3000 religious and pseudoreligious cults that have been active in the United States in this decade. Since 1971, he claims to have deprogrammed nearly 1600 people from the "big five" international cults—Krishna, Moon, Scientology, the Children of God and the Divine Light Mission—and from

Executive Editor G. Barry Golson (who was himself in on some of the questioning) called on free-lance writer and veteran interviewer Jim Siegelman and on Flo Conway, a communication researcher with eight years of doctoral study in group dynamics and interpersonal relations. Together, Siegelman and Conway have been studying various cult movements for more than five years. Last year, they co-authored "Snapping: America's Epidemic of Sudden Personality Change," an exploration of the impact of cult religious rituals and therapeutic techniques on the workings of the brain. Siegelman and Conway report:

"This was not our first encounter with the infamous Ted Patrick. We had interviewed him twice before in connection with our research: once, in early 1977, while he was serving a one-year sentence in Orange County Jail in California, and again, briefly, several months later, in the Denver jail, where he had gone voluntarily to serve out his remaining time on an earlier kidnapping conviction. On both occasions, however, and in those surroundings, we were unable to get a complete picture of the man and his technique.

"The hardest part of the 'Playboy Interview' turned out to be just tracking him down, but we managed to intercept him between deprogrammings. He was en route from Miami, where he'd just deprogrammed a 73-year-old woman from a nameless Christian cult, to New Jersey, where he was scheduled to confront a young Hare Krishna member who had been lured home by his anxious parents. When we got to Patrick, we locked him in a hotel room in midtown Manhattan and over the next 36 intense hours proceeded to conduct our own deprogramming of sorts.

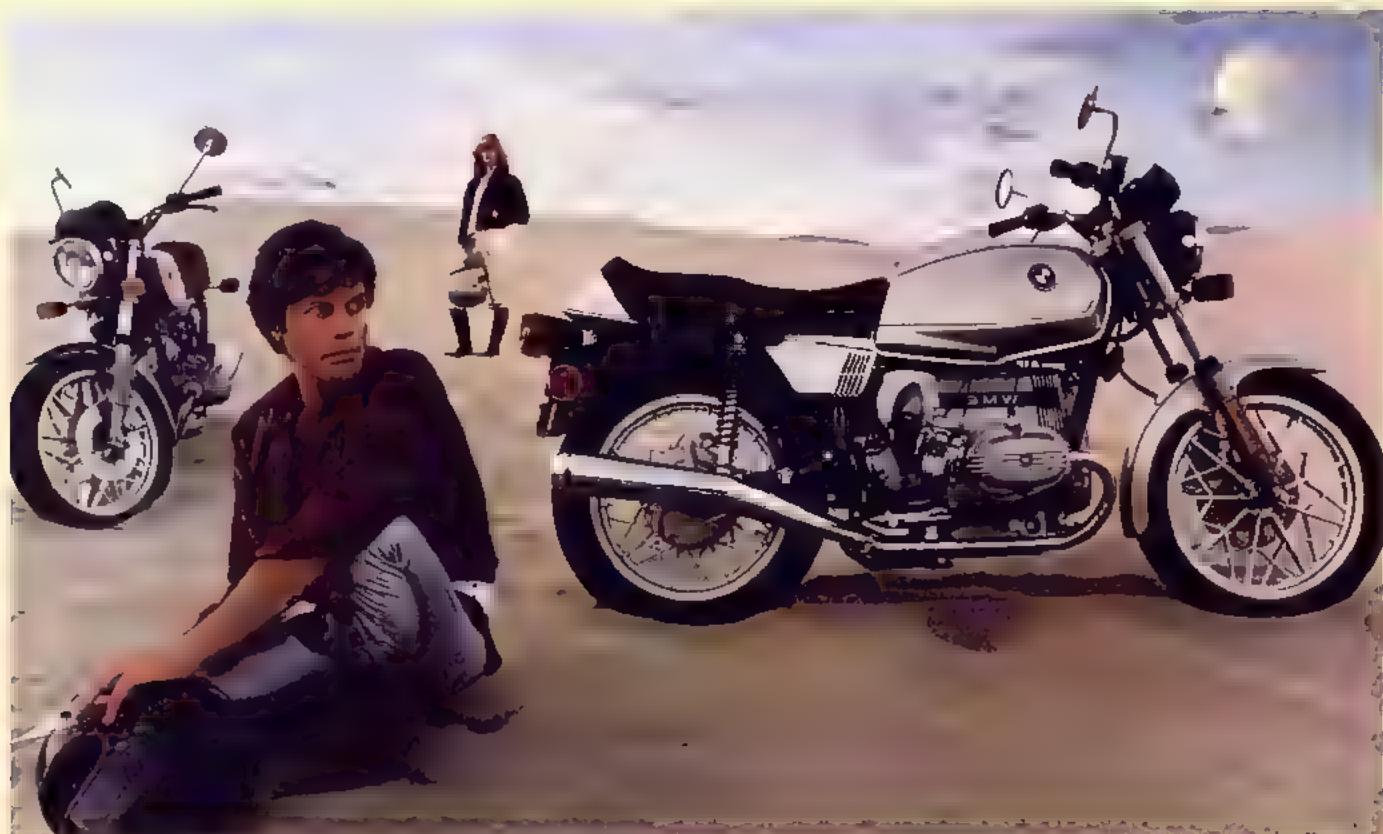
"We found Patrick to be a much less forbidding figure when not in prison garb and under harsh lights. In fact, his physical appearance didn't seem at all like the thing to strike terror into the heart of a Moonie. He takes his work seriously, but not life in general; and we found him to be a most pleasant person to spend two days with.

"We had no premonition, of course, that 12 days after our last session with him, events in Guyana would make Patrick's seemingly melodramatic prophecies come true in a terrible way. We were able to talk further with him after the Guyana murders and suicides, but we'll start with what he had told us earlier."

(The following portion of the interview was conducted on November fourth, fifth and sixth, 12 days before the massacre and mass suicide by People's Temple cultists in Guyana.)

PLAYBOY: You've been convicted and imprisoned for kidnapping and unlawful detention. Yet you continue to engage

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The R65 features cast alloy wheels which offer superior strength and low unsprung weight. They also

have a special rim design that provides stability and control in the event of a sudden flat tire.

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Last but not least, the R65 comes with a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. When BMW makes a motorcycle, it makes a commitment to your riding pleasure.

Go to your nearest BMW dealer and ask to see the new R65. And if there's a crowd around it, don't be surprised.



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in your deprogramming activities, holding young people against their will and attempting to change their religious beliefs. How do you justify kidnaping and violating people's First Amendment right to freedom of religion?

PATRICK: What I do is not kidnaping. What I do is *rescuing*. When I deprogram a person, he has already been unlawfully imprisoned. His mind has been unlawfully imprisoned by the cult. But the cult members don't know a psychological prison from a physical prison. They don't know right from wrong, because their minds have been destroyed.

PLAYBOY: You may call it *rescuing*. Most people would call it kidnaping—and a felony.

PATRICK: What most people don't know is that I only go in with the approval of the person's parents; and the courts have recognized that a parent cannot kidnap his own child. The charge that is usually brought against me is unlawful detention, or holding a person against his will, which is not a felony but a misdemeanor; and I have been acquitted on that charge many more times than I have been convicted. And what most people aren't aware of is that most states have a law of justification that permits a person to do something that would ordinarily be considered illegal if he was committing that act to prevent a greater harm, the greater harm being what is happening to the mental and physical health of the person in the cult. In the common law, this doctrine is centuries old. It's called the lesser of two evils, and judges in New York and Washington have acknowledged this with regard to deprogramming. In Seattle, the only time I was ever tried on felony charges, I was acquitted hands down. In fact, the Federal judge there said that if the parents had not tried to get their daughter out of the cult, they would have been "less than responsible, loving parents."

PLAYBOY: So then you're claiming that you haven't broken the law, is that right?

PATRICK: That's right. The courts have recognized that what I'm doing is legal under the law of justification.

PLAYBOY: But you don't deny that you have taken the law into your own hands?

PATRICK: I have taken the law into my own hands, but I haven't broken it.

PLAYBOY: That's a fine semantic line. What about the two times you have been convicted and imprisoned for your deprogramming activities? Why aren't those legal rulings as valid as the two you just cited?

PATRICK: Because I never should have been convicted. In the biggest case, against a Hare Krishna girl in California, I didn't even take part in that deprogramming. The girl had gone home of her own free will, and I was just asked to go in for a few minutes to see if I could help. When I arrived, I didn't say a thing to her—only asked her her

name, and I never touched her. Then she threw a glass of water in my face and jumped up and ran out of the house. She wasn't even going to press charges until her leaders told her to. Then I was tried in Orange County, one of the most racially prejudiced areas in the country; and the jury didn't even try the case. The judge called all the shots and I wound up with the maximum sentence.

In the other case, in Denver, I had been placed on probation, but when I was convicted in California, the judge revoked my probation and sent me to jail.

PLAYBOY: What makes you so certain that the people you deprogram aren't there of their own free will? How can you claim that they haven't sincerely dedicated their lives to these new religious movements?

PATRICK: Because I have proof. The people themselves are my proof. I've deprogrammed hundreds of people from these groups, and when I deprogram them, they come out of it and tell the truth about what has happened to them.

*"After years in a cult,
the members' minds cease
to be, and they become a
vegetable, or suicidal."*

They say that they have been duped, brainwashed, hypnotized and mesmerized by the cult. That's the proof, the people themselves.

PLAYBOY: Don't the people in these groups say that they are there of their own choice?

PATRICK: Yes, but that's because they have been programmed to respond that way.

PLAYBOY: That's an easy out. How do you know that they have been programmed? Isn't it just your word against theirs?

PATRICK: No, and I can prove it with a simple discussion. I don't even need to deprogram a person to present proof that he has been programmed. All you have to do is put us in a room—a living room, a courtroom—and allow me to talk to that person, and I can show that he is under mind control. In almost every case, you'll see that he can't think for himself, that he can't make decisions. You'll see that he can't even answer a simple question that requires a yes or no answer, that it is psychologically impossible for that person to hold a normal conversation.

PLAYBOY: Aren't most of the people who get involved with these groups psychologically disturbed to begin with?

PATRICK: No; on the contrary, they are some of the brightest, most intelligent kids in the country. Of course, you find some kids in any group who are naive and idealistic, and others who have been approached at particularly vulnerable times of their lives—they've just lost their girlfriend or they're down on their luck. But the vast majority of the people I have deprogrammed are intelligent, outgoing, popular kids. Many of them are sensitive, artistic; others are handsome and athletic. A large proportion of them come from Catholic and Jewish backgrounds where religion was a strong part of their family upbringing. But all of them are searching for something, searching for better ways to make the most out of life, searching for the same things most of us are searching for.

PLAYBOY: So for a lot of people, cults must provide some sort of answer in terms of that search.

PATRICK: They'll tell you they've found God, or the truth. They'll tell you they find friendship and love in a group. Lots of "God bless you" and "We love you, brother," and putting their arms around you and hugging you. But that is after they've been psychologically kidnaped. It's not the so-called love and friendship that hooks them. They're already mesmerized at that stage. No one can claim he's found an answer to anything when he's a willing slave, when he's given up everything he owns to unseen masters he doesn't even know, when he's spending 18 and 20 hours a day lying and cheating and raising money. When they come out, when they get deprogrammed, they all say that it *wasn't* an answer, that they were miserable and filled with guilt and hate—not love.

PLAYBOY: You're throwing out a lot at once. Let's take things one at a time. First, you talk about "cults" as if it were a brand name everyone were supposed to recognize. Just whom do you mean when you use the term cults?

PATRICK: I mean the Moonies, the Hare Krishna, Scientology, the Divine Light Mission, the Children of God, the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, the New Testament Missionary Fellowship, the Way International and hundreds of other groups in the United States that use techniques of mind control that destroy their members' free will. NBC estimated that there were 10,000,000 cult members. My figure is closer to 20,000,000.

PLAYBOY: You claim that cults damage a person's mind. What kind of evidence do you have to back up that charge?

PATRICK: Many of the kids who were in the Children of God when I started investigating it are being kicked out now, because they've reached a point where they are no longer able to serve the purpose of the cult. After years in the cult, the members' minds cease to be,

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and they develop a mental condition, become a vegetable or become suicidal. Only recently have the cults begun to kick people out. Then they go back to their families and sit around the house like vegetables. Recently, I had three who were gone to the point of no return. They had to send them to a mental hospital, because there was nothing I could do with them. Their minds had been completely destroyed.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean destroyed? Physically?

PATRICK: Mentally and physically. In one case, the parents knew before they called me that they were looking for some miracle. There was one boy who had a long beard and hadn't left his room for weeks. He had a jug in there and he urinated in it. He hadn't eaten in 15 days when I got there. I made him eat, but I couldn't help him. They had to put him in a mental hospital.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard of any kids who have died as a result of being in cults?

PATRICK: Oh, yes. Plenty of them die and plenty of them commit suicide. There's just so much a human mind can take. A lot of Moonies have died. Two fell down an elevator shaft at the New Yorker Hotel. Another committed suicide. There have been others who have been so fatigued that they have gotten in car wrecks. Then there are some cases where cult members have gone insane and killed each other. They have the capability of destroying themselves or someone else.

PLAYBOY: Presbyterians fall down elevator shafts, get into car wrecks and commit suicide. What does that prove?

PATRICK: Presbyterians aren't programmed to use violence to further their aims the way cult members are. Two members of Synanon were recently accused of putting that snake in an attorney's mailbox—I deprogrammed the first people he got out of that group. Other cults have started training their members to use guns. Every one of these cults has the capability of turning into another Manson family, and, in fact, they're more dangerous than Manson, because Manson wasn't organized. You take some of the cults with tens of thousands of members. Those people will do anything they are told to do, including killing themselves, their parents, police, political leaders, anybody they feel is necessary.

PLAYBOY: That seems very exaggerated. Since you referred to the Manson murders, which occurred nine years ago, don't you really think the cult movement has died down somewhat?

PATRICK: No, it's getting bigger every day, it's getting stronger and stronger.

PLAYBOY: Why does one read so little about it?

PATRICK: Because people are afraid. Those in the anticult organizations are afraid of being sued. They're afraid of

SNAPPING: WELCOME TO THE EIGHTIES

opinion By JIM SIEGELMAN and FLO CONWAY

Five years ago, when we teamed up to explore the cult scene, we were like most Americans—we could hardly tell one cult from another. We had been approached on street corners by polite young Moonie flower vendors and solicited in airports by Krishna book sellers, but by and large, we viewed their comings and goings with little more than mild curiosity. As the phenomenon grew, our own journalistic and scholarly impulses were aroused; and from the most neutral starting point we could devise, we set out to investigate what seemed to us to be a growing phenomenon of young Americans who had undergone, for better or worse, a sudden change of personality. From the outset, however, we found ourselves hip-deep in some of the stickiest, most complex issues of our time: deprogramming, the First Amendment, freedom of thought and the intolerable notion of mind control.

It took Guyana to put the issue in the public eye. Up to the moment of that holocaust, virtually all of Government and the media were reluctant to venture into the difficult areas of religious freedom on the one hand and rumors of bizarre cult practices on the other, not to mention intense lobbying pressure from the various cults themselves. Five days before the Guyana story broke, pummeled by hundreds of letters, telegrams, phone calls, threatened lawsuits and repeated acts of physical intimidation, NBC News halted an investigation it was conducting into the phenomenon of "destructive cultism." The Justice Department itself had turned away nearly 500 complaints from parents of cult members on the grounds that the First Amendment forbade it from becoming involved in any matters pertaining to religion.

Nor were we immune to the onslaught. Months before our findings came out, the Church of Scientology made an aggressive attempt to interfere with the publication of our book, *Snapping: America's Epidemic of Sudden Personality Change*. It made repeated demands on us, our agent, lawyer and our publisher to see material in advance of our publication date. It contacted our editor at J. B. Lippincott, as well as the company's production staff, its corporate executives right up to Joe Lippincott himself—and threatened "years of lengthy, expensive litigation" if we

did not agree to meet with the church's representatives.

Then came Guyana, and overnight it was a whole new ball game. Suddenly, no one could get enough of the cults, all of them, any of them. NBC News aired some of the damning film it was holding and news-



papers around the country offered surveys of the "ten worst cults."

Only to many people, the news came as no surprise. Since the early Seventies, Ted Patrick had been predicting violence on a mass scale. So had the small cadre of parents around the country who, years before Guyana had been working untiringly and, for the most part, in vain to bring cult activities to public attention. Numbering more than 4000 with a core group of only a few hundred—with the exception of a handful of professionals and a growing fraternity of ex-cult members—this anticult underground is manned almost solely by middle and upper-middle-class parents. The men are doctors, businessmen, stockbrokers and school administrators who stand to lose their jobs, their reputations and their life savings if charged with criminal or civil wrongdoing. The women are suburban housewives, music teachers and social workers who have abandoned full-time jobs, bridge games, car pools and household chores to carry out their activities. They strive to connect anxious parents around the country with others who may be able to help them locate a missing child, and they help abduct long-cult members off the street. And they take heat from the cults' threats, lawsuits, harassment, dirty tricks. One mother

walked out of her house one morning to find a FOR SALE sign planted in her front lawn.

Ted Patrick founded and organized the anticult underground, but many people in it are no longer willing to be associated with him. They find his style too abrasive, his voice too pointed and his politics too dogmatic. And, in many ways, their assessment is correct. Patrick is a self-admitted loner and a contentious public figure. As we see in the *Playboy Interview*, he is prone to sweeping generalizations about the cults and he often makes damaging accusations that he is unable to document. Although many of the charges he let fly years ago have since been verified and, from what we have seen, his techniques have produced more lasting and complete "rescues" than anyone else's, his outspokenness continues to raise hackles among many anticult people.

And, to be frank, many seem to prefer the advice of respected psychiatrists, psychologists and attorneys to that of a buck-tenth-grade dropout, despite the fact that America's legal and mental-health communities have been reluctant to acknowledge the existence of the bizarre new state of mind Patrick confronts every day. The cult experience and its accompanying state of mind defies all legal precedents. It has also taken the mental-health profession by surprise. The conceptual models and diagnostic tools of psychiatry and psychology have proved inadequate to explain or treat the condition.

Last year, we introduced the term "snapping" to describe the altered mental state described by deprogrammed cult members. It was the only term we heard used consistently by young people grappling with the sudden drastic changes they had undergone in the course of some cult ritual or conversion experience. "Something snapped inside me," we heard time after time; or "I don't know what happened, I just snapped"—as if the mind were a piece of brittle plastic or a drawn-out rubber band. As we explored deeper, however, we began to suspect that the glassy-eyed trance states of so many cult members were not simply something they snapped into and then out of. Talking with deprogrammed cult members, we learned that it may take months, sometimes years, for them to rebuild

(continued on page 217)

bad publicity. And the cults are going after them now, threatening them, arming themselves.

PLAYBOY: How bad do you think it is going to get?

PATRICK: I don't know. It's getting pretty bad now. I think it has already gotten way out of hand, but nobody is going to do anything until something bad happens to great numbers of people. I'm convinced of that.

(The next portion of the interview took place several days after the Guyana events.)

PLAYBOY: How did the murders and suicides in Guyana affect you?

PATRICK: I feel very sad. I've said it would take something like this to wake people up, but it makes me very, very, very sad to see what happened.

But I also feel strongly that those people shouldn't be blamed for what they did. Congress, the Government officials who refused to investigate those cults years ago are responsible. Important members of the A.C.L.U., the National Council of Churches and everybody who has supported those cults are responsible. They're the ones who killed those people. The blood is on their hands.

PLAYBOY: Were you aware of the People's Temple before the tragedy in Guyana?

PATRICK: Yes. For years, I had tried to get people in Washington to do something about the People's Temple. Jim Jones had been on my list for a long time. I had had numerous reports and requests for help, but nobody could move on them, because nobody could locate the individuals. I came close to deprogramming one 16-year-old girl, but before I could get up there, she disappeared. She vanished. Then, when we found out that she was over in Guyana, it was too late to do anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you hear any reports of violence prior to last November?

PATRICK: Yes, as far back as '71. Many people knew about it, especially in San Francisco. It was known that they had beaten people up and killed people. They killed people long before they left for Guyana. It was a report of one such killing that started Congressman Ryan on his investigation.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the potential for Guyana-type violence exists in other cults?

PATRICK: Unquestionably. The potential exists in the Moonies, in Krishna, in Scientology—and they are much larger and much better organized than the People's Temple. Each talks about eliminating its enemies. The Reverend Moon has said that those who oppose him will die—that's a quote: "Many people will die." I deprogrammed a Krishna who told me that he had been taught to flee anyone who was "being blasphemous," to kill that person or, if all else failed, to kill himself. At one time, Scientology's

so-called code of honor stated, "Never fear to harm another in a just cause." They also had a fair-game policy that stated, "Enemies of Scientology may be tricked, sued, lied to or destroyed." Interestingly enough, the People's Temple is reported to have had its own fair-game doctrines. When you confront them with those policies, all the cults deny that they are meant to be taken literally, but there is plenty of evidence to the contrary.

PLAYBOY: What about suicide pacts in the other cults?

PATRICK: I already told you what Krishna teaches its members to do if they should feel threatened. I've also heard about Moonies who were instructed to slash their wrists rather than face deprogramming. I know of one instance where that did, in fact, occur.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we could have a tragedy here in this country on the scale of what happened in Guyana?

PATRICK: I think they're going to start happening like wildfire.

PLAYBOY: Murders and mass suicides?

PATRICK: Yes. Those organizations are multimillion-dollar rackets, and if Congress is forced by the public to do something, the cults are not just going to give up their paradise without a fight.

PLAYBOY: You're not claiming that anyone who is in a cult is potentially a killer, are you?

PATRICK: Potentially. And I don't mean the way you and I could potentially kill. I mean *real* potential. Cult members can only do as they're told. They can't question anything. So if their leaders tell them to kill someone else or to kill themselves, they'll do it.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a dogmatic statement. You don't see any gray areas, any possibility that some cult members may be more heavily indoctrinated than others?

PATRICK: Of course, there are degrees of mind control. But I do believe those major cults have the potential of doing what Jim Jones did or what Charles Manson did. The Jonestown suicides and murders weren't anything compared with what's going to happen. There's going to come a time when thousands of people are going to get killed right here in the United States.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a paranoid's fantasy.

PATRICK: Paranoid or not, I warned of things that sounded much more fantastic eight years ago. This mass violence could take place without firing a shot. Water supplies could be poisoned. They could make blackouts happen. They could stage underground operations that would involve killing many people.

PLAYBOY: They *could* anybody could. Saying so doesn't constitute proof. Let's stick to what you know about firsthand. For instance, you've deprogrammed about

100 Krishnas, by your count. And you've told us they've used violence against you when you've had them locked up in a room with you. Well, so might most people. But what evidence do you have that a peaceful cult like the Krishnas actually programs its members to be capable of violence, especially when there have been reports that the Krishnas have dropped some of their Eastern trappings and have moved toward the mainstream of respected religious sects?

PATRICK: The temple leaders teach them that when argument fails, violence may be necessary. Hell, they feel they have a divine sanction to kill.

PLAYBOY: Facts, Mr. Patrick, facts. Do you have that in writing? Is there a Krishna manual that orders the members to do as you claim?

PATRICK: The facts are that every Krishna member I've deprogrammed, from temples across the country, has told me the same thing. The one question I always ask—it's part of my standard list—is, "Would you kill for your faith?" or "Would you kill for your leader?" They say yes.

PLAYBOY: How many of them have said yes unequivocally?

PATRICK: Almost every last one of them.

PLAYBOY: Every last one of them has said he'd kill for his leader?

PATRICK: Yes, and I can go further. I make it a point to ask them, "Would you kill your parents?" And they say yes.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us of the test of Abraham in the Bible. Any deeply religious person might tell you that at a hypothetical level.

PATRICK: Perhaps, but virtually all cult members say the same thing. I've videotaped most of the more recent deprogrammings, so anyone can see for himself. Just the other day—to change cults for a moment—I deprogrammed a girl from the Divine Light Mission. I asked her, "Would you kill yourself if the Guru Maharaj Ji told you to?" She hollered around for a while, and I asked her again, "If the guru walked into this very room right now and told you to kill yourself, would you do it?" She said yes. That's on tape, too.

PLAYBOY: That's only what they're telling you. It doesn't constitute proof that they're capable of violence.

PATRICK: But that's the point. If they were thinking for themselves, admitting something like that would be the last thing they'd tell Black Lightning. That's ammunition for me. The fact is that they respond to that question that way because they've been programmed to say that. They *can't* say anything else. As to whether or not they'd carry it out, there's only one way to prove that. . . . Here's another example. A wealthy psychologist I deprogrammed from a tiny Christian cult on the West Coast had two beautiful children, a daughter seven and a son

THE NEW BODY SNATCHERS

By Nat Hentoff

PLAYBOY, in its February 1978 issue, published the following essay by Contributing Editor and longtime civil libertarian Nat Hentoff. In light of the allegations made by Ted Patrick in this month's interview, it seems appropriate to reprint it at this time.

A CERTAIN FORM of kidnaping is on the rise throughout the country. The perpetrators are parents, accompanied by hired enforcers and so-called deprogrammers. The victims are the children—often over 21 of those parents. Because their progeny have become fervent members of various sects, from Hare Krishna to the Reverend Moon's Unification Church, the parents feel impelled to rescue their offspring and have them exorcised. The deprogrammers, of whom Ted Patrick is the most fabled, are the exorcists. Once the snatching has been made, they work their will on young adults deprived of all rights, certainly including freedom of movement, and subject to diverse humiliations until they confess error.

"Despite many hundreds of these kidnapings, often involving violence," the American Civil Liberties Union points out, "there have been only a few prosecutions. Dozens of grand juries have refused to indict even when the victim is over 21. Prosecutors usually wink at what goes on and the police are usually downright cooperative." Or, as a California judge explained, "How can you seriously charge a parent with kidnaping his own child when it's for the child's good? I mean a child at any age. A parent's love never stops."

In many states, moreover, the parent kidnapers take advantage of conservator laws. The parent signs an affidavit claiming, for instance, that his adult child has shown abrupt personality changes since joining a particular religious community. That affidavit is often enough to make the parent a temporary conservator of his grown up offspring, and he can then enlist local police to help pick up the "child" without warning. And so kidnaping becomes "legal."

This steadily growing increase in the abducting of young people to be exorcised has been described by Dean Kelley, an official of the National Council of Churches, as "the most serious violation of religious liberty in this country in a generation."

Yet there is no discernible citizen outrage at this epidemic of kidnaping. No editorial writers or television commentators are exercised. Congress is silent, and so is the unabashedly religious Chief

Executive. After all, the Moonies, Hare Krishna and other such wholly self-contained and decidedly odd sects are suspect. And to many, they are repellent, besides. They are seen as dictatorial, manipulative, quite possibly venal. The true victims, majority opinion has it, are those young people who have not yet been rescued—by any means necessary—from that quicksand of evil.

Accordingly, when the New York Civil Liberties Union recently won a court battle to free two adherents of Hare Krishna (ages 23 and 21) who had been abducted by their parents, there was furious criticism of the New York Civil Liberties Union, and a number of its own members threatened to resign. "This," said one longtime supporter of the Bill of Rights, "is carrying civil liberties much too far. It's not as if these were authentic, established religions."

The First Amendment, however, does not say that the free exercise of *only* "established" religions is to be protected. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and other founders of this country repeatedly emphasized that religion was personal and therefore was not to be defined or otherwise interfered with by the state—no matter how unpopular and seemingly bizarre its practices.

Therefore, in that fiercely controversial N.Y.C.L.U. case—one of the few court defeats so far of parent kidnapers, state supreme court justice John J. Leahy declared that "freedom of religion is not to be abridged because it is unconventional in its beliefs and practices or because it is approved or disapproved of by the main stream of society or more conventional religions."

What of the charge, however, that Hare Krishna, the Reverend Moon's Unification Church and others brainwash their disciples? Well, there are atheists who insist that all religious believers have, in one way or another, been brainwashed. Indeed, the term is so subjective as to allow a spokesman for Hare Krishna to say with some logic: "Our members are no more brainwashed because they chant than the nuns who say the Rosary each day or those who attend churches that use the threat of fire and brimstone."

In case after case of kidnaping victims who would not recant, court papers include fearsome accounts of the viciousness of the deprogrammers, along with affidavits by psychiatrists representing the young people that the latter are sane, are not dangerous to themselves and are fully capable of making their own choice of religion. But then the parents usually

bring in psychiatrists who have come to the opposite conclusion. So who is to decide? Are psychiatrists, any more than the state, to have the power to determine which religions are "legitimate" and which are so false and pernicious that a parent is justified in forcibly removing a child, no matter how old, from the noxious environs of that sect?

Under the Constitution, only the adult child at issue has the right to decide. In some states, that means anyone who has reached the age of 18; and in every state, it means all 21 and older progeny of even the most loving parents. Stuffing a kicking over-21 "child" into a car ought to make a parent just as subject to criminal law as any other kidnapers. Yet a parent of a 23-year-old Moonie most strongly objects: "You're asking that I be treated as a criminal if I try to rescue my son from the clutches of a so-called church that is a corrupt extension of a corrupt foreign government."

To which Dean Kelley answers: "If a sect is a front for a foreign government, then let that be investigated and demonstrated. If it is using its tax exemption for illegal or nonreligious purposes, then let that be demonstrated and the exemption revoked. But otherwise, part of religious liberty is the right of all of us to make what seems to others to be foolish choices, to be 'hoodwinked,' to be exploited for the sake of what seems to us, at the time, to be the Truth. This is not justification for acting illegally against any religious group or its members."

Not only religious liberties are endangered. Chief exorcist Patrick, for example, has already deprogrammed a kidnaped young woman who had joined the U.S. Labor Party, a shrill political party that I, among others, find repugnant. But it is a political party and has a right to exist under the First Amendment. Many parents of its members, however, consider their children as psychologically enslaved as if they had become members of the Unification Church. And as deprogramming spreads—with the sanction, however indirect, of many policemen, prosecutors and judges—the kidnaping of adult children from this and other "weird" secular political groups is likely to increase.

A particularly active deprogramming organization—the Freedom of Thought Foundation in Tucson, Arizona—is planning to expand nationally, with centers in every large city. That means expanded kidnaping. Watch your local paper for the next invasion of the parental body snatchers.

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nine. I asked him, "If someone came into this room and put a knife to your children's throats and told you that if you didn't stop going to these cult meetings if you didn't give up your faith, he'd slice their throats, yes or no, would you let them die?" Without frowning or anything else, he told me, "Yes. Anything that would interfere with my serving the Lord . . ." He meant that. He meant that.

PLAYBOY: If what you're saying is true—if these cults really do put people under mind control, how is it possible that they have been able to attract so many willing participants in recent years?

PATRICK: They do it with deception and with love. These people have the ability to walk up to you on the street and talk to you about anything they feel you're interested in. Anything—sports, politics, religion. But they rarely tell you who they really are or what group they're with. Their technique is to get your attention and your trust, and the split second they get your trust, they can create a kind of on-the-spot hypnosis.

PLAYBOY: Come on. People can't be hypnotized that easily. Give us an example of what you mean.

PATRICK: OK, take Krishna, for example. Many times I have watched them at the airport. They come up to you, stand inches away and talk to you or they touch you on the shoulder. Then they stare you straight in the eye. If they can make eye contact and get the person's trust, then they can put him in a brief hypnotic trance and get \$20 from him, just like that.

PLAYBOY: That's going against what many experts on hypnosis say. How can you claim a person can really be hypnotized as easily as that?

PATRICK: We have a natural ability to slip into this unconscious state. We use it every day. I'm sure anybody who has ever driven a car has driven up to a traffic light in an unconscious state of mind. You stop on red and as soon as the light turns green, you pull off. Then, once you're through the light, you snap back to consciousness and look back to see whether or not you've run a red light. When you went through it, you were acting in an unconscious state of mind. Everybody does the same thing when he gets up in the morning and goes through his daily routine. But cult recruiters take advantage of this to place suggestions in your mind. You may walk away from them and say they're stupid or crazy, totally unaware that they've already started working on you. Days later, you may feel a strong urge drawing you to look into the cult. Your mind has already been opened to suggestion.

PLAYBOY: Once a person is drawn to a cult, what techniques are used to keep him there?

“She can’t draw. I can’t paint. But no one can say we’re not creative.”

“We found there’s no need to be able to paint or draw in order to make use of a lively imagination. That urge to be creative can be satisfied in any number of ways. But the one we find most exciting is photography.”

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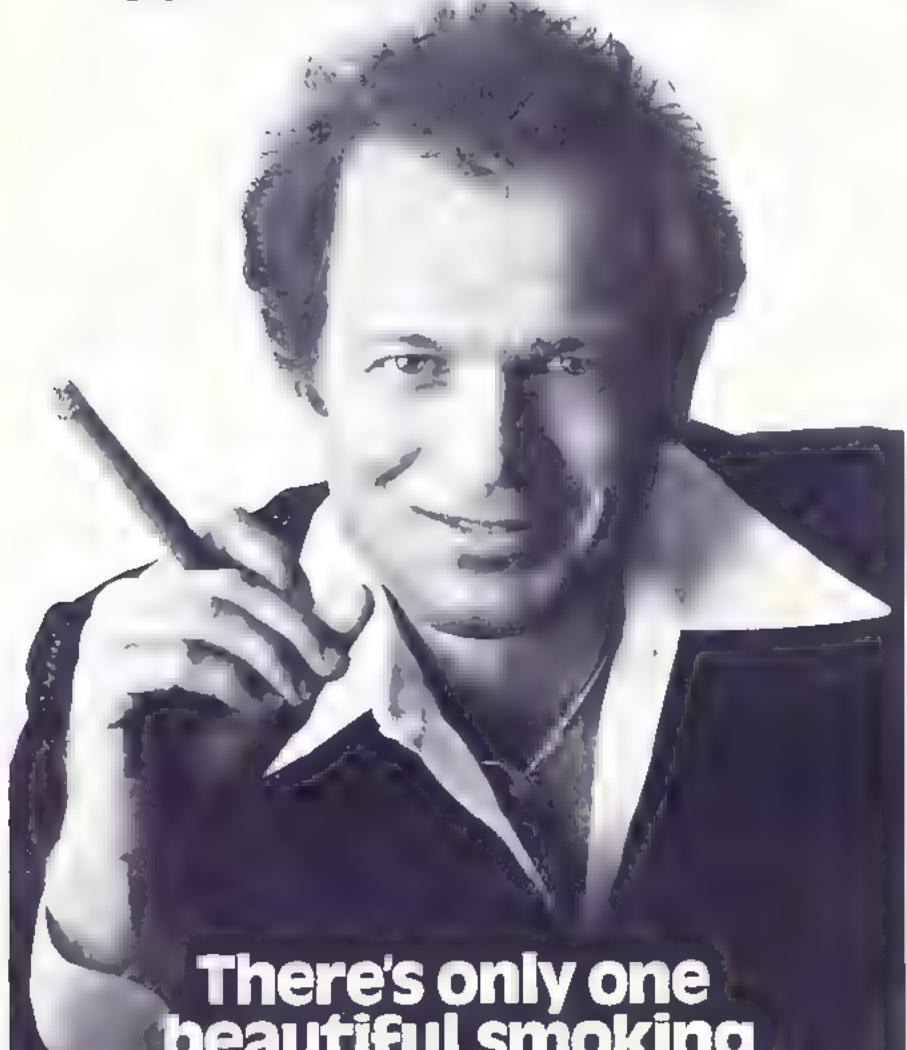
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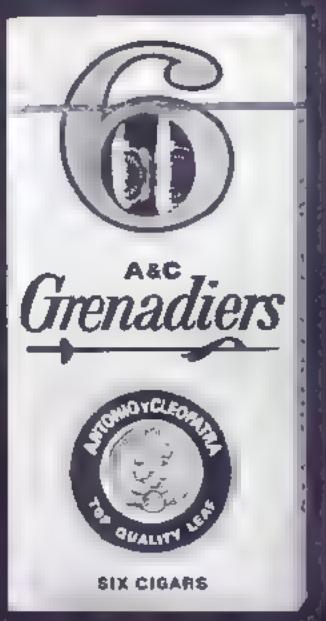
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PATRICK: They use a combination of fear, guilt, hatred, deception, poor diet and fatigue. First they isolate you from your family, then they isolate you from the world. They give you a very poor diet and very little sleep, and that's where the brainwashing begins. They sit up there 24 hours a day, saying over and over that everything outside the cult is evil, that it's Satan's world. They program you with repetition until you have no desires and no emotions left. You feel no pain, no joy, no nothing. They destroy everything about you. Then, in order to keep a person in that frame of mind, they make it impossible for him to ever think or act on his own, and they do that with self-hypnosis, autosuggestion. That kind of self-hypnosis comes in a million different forms, and every cult uses it. It can be induced by repeating a chant, a word, a group of words, by meditation, yoga, tapes, records, the Bible, the cult's books, any card in the deck.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the chanting and meditation cult members do are really done under hypnosis?

PATRICK: That's right. The reason most people don't believe that, though, is that when you talk about hypnosis, they relate it to its clinical form, in which somebody sits you down and tells you that he is going to hypnotize you. But in the cults, nobody tells you that you're being hypnotized, and every time you begin to think or have doubts or any emotions at all, the cult teaches you to hypnotize yourself. It tells you that your mind is evil, that thinking is the machinery of the Devil and "If you think, you stink!" Then it tells you that you are supposed to use your mind only to serve God—and God is always the leader—or that you are supposed to use your mind only to read the Bible or to do whatever they want you to do.

PLAYBOY: But still, Moonies, Krishnas, Scientologists . . . you're certainly turning every one of those groups with the same broad brush.

PATRICK: They *all* use the same set of techniques to turn their members into zombies.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't many of those same claims be made about the Catholic Church or any other strict religious order that makes demands on its members' time and energy? How do you distinguish between a cult, as you use the term, and a legitimate religion?

PATRICK: You look at the facts. Organized religions—Catholicism, Protestantism, Judaism—don't totally cut people off from the world. They don't teach people to hate their parents, their government and everything and everyone but them. They don't teach people to lie, cheat, steal and beg in the streets. They teach you to honor your father and mother, to

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love your neighbor as yourself and to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. You can't compare having a child in a cult with having a child in the priesthood. When you enter the Catholic Church to become a priest, first you've got to qualify. Then they tell you exactly what you're getting into. You know what you can do and what you can't do. If you go to become a priest or a nun, you know you aren't going to be able to get married. You know you've got to study for so many years. You know exactly what you're going to do before you go in there. But these kids don't know what they are getting into. They find out after the mind control begins, after they have been hypnotized.

(The rest of the interview, with the exception of the final section, was conducted before the Guyana tragedy.)

PLAYBOY: You've been skipping around, using examples from various cults. Which cults are the ones you find dangerous?

PATRICK: Every one of them. Every cult uses the techniques in some form.

PLAYBOY: Then let's get down to specifics. Take the Moonies for starters. What do they believe, what techniques do they use and what do you feel is wrong with them?

PATRICK: In my opinion, the Unification Church is public enemy number one as far as the cults are concerned. Moon

calls himself a Christian, but his movement has been denounced by Christians the world over. In truth, he is a wealthy Korean industrialist who wants to rule the world. He's said that over and over again. In 1973, he said, "I will conquer and subjugate the world." In another speech, he said, "The present United Nations must be annihilated by our power." And in 1974, he said, "Every people and organization that goes against the Unification Church will gradually come down or drastically come down and die. Many people will die—those who go against our movement."

That man is a multimillionaire with factories in Korea that make munitions, a/c rifles, pharmaceuticals and titanium products. He owns vast amounts of real estate in the United States, hotels, mansions, a daily newspaper in New York, two big yachts, and he has bought up huge fishing operations in Massachusetts, Maryland and Alabama. He has between 7000 and 15,000 full-time members in this country who work for nothing or next to nothing; and all of them believe he is the Messiah, the Lord of the Second Advent who will come from the East. That's how he controls them. He makes the whole world out to be Satan, then he proclaims himself to be God and the world of his cult to be the only path to salvation. The Moonies come up to you on the street and they start working on

you with what they call love bombing. They smother you with love, warmth, friendship and total acceptance. But they're so deceptive. They don't tell you who they really are, they say they're with the New Age Fellowship or the Creative Community Project. They have a doctrine called heavenly deception that instructs them to say anything they have to to further Moon's mission. Then, once they get you into the group, they start indoctrinating you with the *Divine Principle*, Moon's version of the Holy Scriptures, which claims that both Adam and Jesus Christ failed in their missions on earth and that Moon has been sent to earth by God to breed a new ideal race of men who are free from sin.

PLAYBOY: What about the Hare Krishnas?

PATRICK: Krishna is one of the most dangerous cults in this country—as well as one of the richest. It preaches a life of strict asceticism and self-denial, forbidding meat and alcohol and discouraging sex. Krishna's form of mind control is through chanting, plain and simple. They get up at three or four in the morning and start chanting, over and over, *Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Hare*, fingering their prayer beads to keep count. They chant two to five hours a day, then go out on the street to recruit members. They sell books, pamphlets, incense, orange juice. They hire advertising

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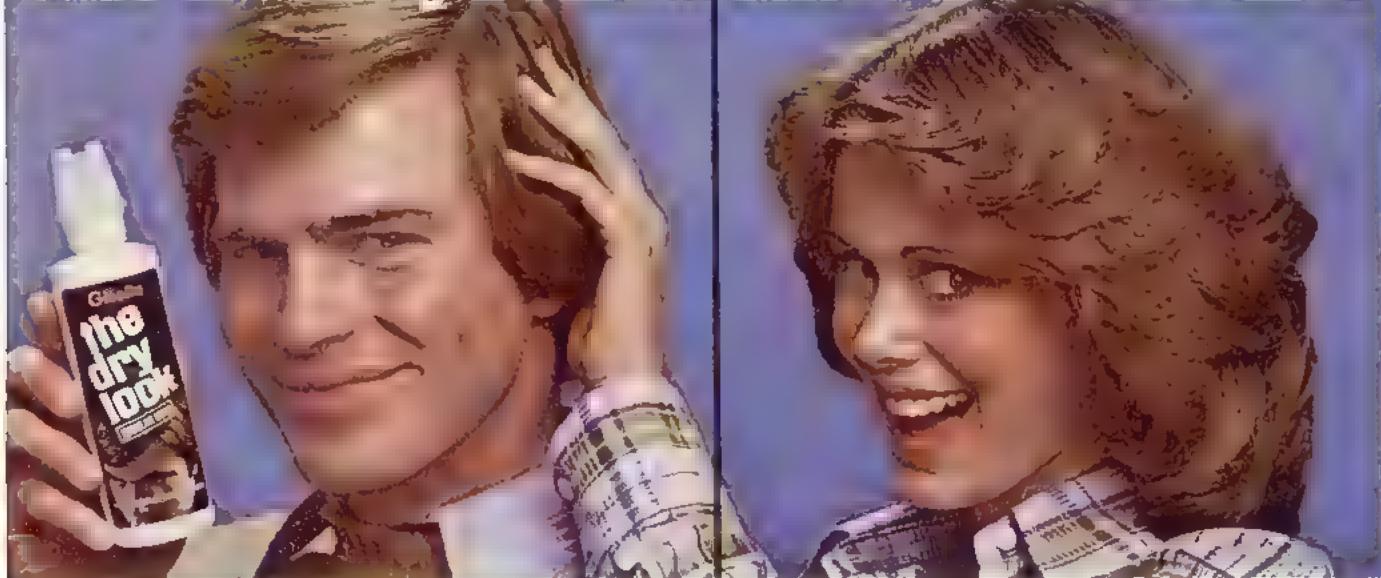
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agencies and travel around the country training their members in high pressure selling techniques.

PLAYBOY: So far, you haven't mentioned anything that either nuns in a convent or a typical businessman might not endorse. What about the Church of Scientology? The press has reported that 11 of its leaders were recently indicted on charges of infiltrating the Justice Department, stealing documents from Government offices and bugging IRS meetings. But there has been relatively little reported about their beliefs and practices. What do you know about them?

PATRICK: Scientology is probably the biggest cult in the country, perhaps the world. It's estimated that there are 600,000 members in the U.S. and more than 3,500,000 world wide. It was founded in the Fifties by a former science-fiction writer named L. Ron Hubbard, who created a new vocabulary to describe and cure people's mental and emotional problems. He talks about "clearing" people of traumatic experiences and "aberrational behavior," and of universal spirits called Thetans that are reincarnated in every person on earth. Top ranking Scientologists I have deprogrammed told me that they believed they could leave their bodies at will and travel through space and that they had all been

friends trillions of years ago on other planets.

They have filed multimillion-dollar lawsuits against people who have criticized the cult. And, like the rest of the cults, they bring in millions and millions of dollars each year. They have a huge estate in England, more than two dozen centers in the United States, including a big celebrity center in Hollywood, where they have recruited movie stars and rock stars, football players and jazz musicians; and they use their names and pictures to recruit more members. They don't tell you that Charles Manson studied their techniques when he was in prison in the early Sixties and that he probably used a lot of what he learned to get women to join his family.

When the FBI raided Scientology's offices a couple of years ago, it found blackjack, pistols, eavesdropping and lock-picking equipment, knockout drops, and files on Federal judges, Government officials, lawyers, journalists and parents of kids in other cults. They had a file on me marked OPERATION BLACKOUT and a memo about stopping publication of my book. They had one on Paulette Cooper, who wrote a book called *The Scandal of Scientology*. It was marked OPERATION FREAK OUT and its purpose was to "get PC [Cooper] committed to a mental hospital or a prison"—which they almost

succeeded in doing. They had one on the American Medical Association marked A.M.A. DOOM PROGRAM.

PLAYBOY: What about the Divine Light Mission?

PATRICK: I've deprogrammed a lot of people from the D.L.M. They claim to have 10,000 members, but I doubt if they have that many left. That cult was started by a fat little dude from India who calls himself Guru Maharaj Ji. At one time, his empire included a film company, a recording studio, a publishing company, an airline, a travel agency, a skyscraper in Denver, big cars, fancy jewels. He's still around and going strong; like a lot of cults, though, they keep a pretty low profile these days. His members do everything from selling life insurance to painting houses, cutting grass and doing automobile and plumbing-repair work. It's all big business and, like Krishna, D.L.M. depends on meditation for mind control. As you practice its techniques, you learn how to hypnotize yourself, and you get trapped, just like you do in Krishna or any other cult.

PLAYBOY: We haven't discussed any of the Christian cults you named. Do those groups use mind control, too, and, if so, how is what they do any different from the practices of other evangelical Christian sects?

PATRICK: The Children of God, the New

Testament Missionary Fellowship, the Tony and Susan Alamo Christian Foundation, the Way International and every other Christian cult use the Bible as a form of self-hypnosis. The Bible is the most misused book in the world. They take verses out of context, they twist them around and they make you keep your head in the Bible until you get so engrossed that you become mesmerized. Most of those groups use the charismatic practice of speaking in tongues as their primary technique of mind control. They teach you how to speak in tongues—there's nothing magical about it—and they tell you to do it all the time. Even when you're talking to someone, you're supposed to be thinking in tongues. Plenty of other Christians speak in tongues, but they do it only once a week or so and the effect lasts for only a little while.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider a tolerable degree of speaking in tongues?

PATRICK: These cults do it *all* the time, until people can't get it out of their minds. Then, as usual, they send the kids out on the street to raise money. In the Children of God, some of their prettiest women have been turned into "Happy Hookers for Jesus." Some of the other groups have farms and communes where the members work around the clock and sleep on wooden floors and turn over everything they have to their leader—their money, cars, personal possessions.

PLAYBOY: How are those Christian cult practices different from other evangelical rituals? Take Billy Graham, for instance. Would you call him a cult leader?

PATRICK: No, Billy Graham is not a cult leader. He doesn't teach hate, he doesn't isolate his followers from the world and he doesn't turn them away from education or their families. However, Billy Graham does use many of the same techniques as the cults to get a lot of money from people. Billy Graham's whole thing is making money, and he is a genius at it. But I've never seen Billy Graham do anything to help anybody. I never heard of Billy Graham going to the site of a flood or a city that had been wiped out by a tornado and holding out a helping hand. The only thing I have ever seen Billy Graham hold out is a begging hand.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that his followers are under the influence of mind control?

PATRICK: A lot of them are. They don't think he can do anything wrong. They don't worship God, they worship Billy Graham. Whatever he says is the Gospel. That is the same kind of adoration you find in the cults. I disagree with Billy Graham on a lot of things, especially when he says you've got to have the Word. Well, you don't have to have the Word—and that means the Bible. The Bible will drive you crazy if you take it literally.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider some of the political and therapeutic groups that don't call themselves religions to be as objectionable as the cults? Have you ever deprogrammed anyone from, say, est?

PATRICK: Oh, yes. I've done them all. I don't care which ones you're talking about, they *all* use the same techniques. Est uses a lot of Scientology. Synanon uses fear, guilt and physical intimidation. TM uses a very damaging form of meditation—

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. You think TM is dangerous?

PATRICK: TM is one of the most damaging forms of meditation. It's also one of the biggest cults in the nation.

PLAYBOY: But don't millions of Americans—housewives, executives, artists—practice TM every day without any adverse side effects?

PATRICK: If they do it just 20 minutes, twice a day, they usually don't have any problems. Three quarters of the people I deprogram tell me that their first experience with cults was with TM and that

"TM is one of the most damaging forms of meditation. It's also one of the biggest cults in the nation."

it opened their minds to all types of suggestion. TM doesn't care what people do, it doesn't want to start a lot of communes, but it prepares people to be taken into other cults.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like the old argument that marijuana leads to heroin.

PATRICK: Well, I happen to think there may be a lot more to TM's chief guru, the Maharishi, than just opening people up. My personal belief is that he is one of the top people involved in a conspiracy to meddle seriously in world politics.

PLAYBOY: You better explain that.

PATRICK: All right. I've had a number of calls to deprogram TM instructors who have been in the organization for many years. I got a call last week from a woman who said her son, who is a TM instructor, was part of a team of 50 that the Maharishi is sending around the world to bring calm to areas of political turmoil. He wrote her a letter from Guatemala, where they had been sent at the request of a group of wealthy Central American businessmen; and they were convinced that their going down there and meditating was bringing peace! They claimed responsibility for stopping the strikes and riots and getting the newspapers publishing again. They had been to the Middle East and they

claimed they were responsible for the peace talks there. When the woman called me, her son was on his way to another secret mission to Rhodesia. He told her they were instructed to keep those operations very quiet.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to Synanon for a minute. What happened when you deprogrammed the first kids who were brought out of Synanon?

PATRICK: Synanon is one of the worst cults I have ever been involved with. They made everyone cut his hair so you couldn't tell the men from the women. They trained people to use guns. A 15-year-old boy told me that they were preparing for a lot of killings. He said he had attended meetings where they talked about killing and about suicide. They said never give in or give up.

I deprogrammed three members of Synanon at one time. Their parents were in the cult, the mother had died there, and they were taken to their grandmother. When I got to the scene, I couldn't tell the girl from the two boys. Their heads were shaved and all three were wearing men's clothes. They had already done a lot of damage. They had torn up furniture. They made almost \$500 worth of telephone calls on their grandmother's bill. The grandmother had left the house, because she was afraid one of them was going to kill her.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle them?

PATRICK: Well, I don't care who they are, how large they are. They can be black belts in karate, weigh 250 pounds—I always let them know who's the boss. When I step in there, I get that straight from the very beginning, especially with the guys. I work on the theory that a human being is just as good as you make him and as bad as you let him be. So I went in there and I told them, "Look, now I want all of you to sit right down and don't move an inch. Keep your damn mouths closed, and I don't want no bullshit from you." I said, "Now I'm not your grandmother. If any of you jump up, I'm going to put you out of action real quick." Then they became just like three little babies with me. I don't care how big they are, once I show them I'm boss, they always become like babies.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

PATRICK: The next thing I did was to separate them. I realized that the strongest one was the girl, and I always try to take the toughest one first, so I put each of them in a separate room and started with the girl. She was a brilliant girl, and she spoke very well, and she made fun of the way I talked. But if they want to get nasty, I can get nasty, too. I was prepared to use whatever method was necessary. I've got better techniques now, but sometimes I have to revert to my old

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techniques, where I get real nasty with them. It's the only way to gain their respect. So I just told her, "Girl, you're a bitch. You've got the gall to talk to me that way and you don't even know me. You're sitting there looking more like a man than your two brothers. You're in a cult that took a beautiful girl and made a lesbian out of her"—I really got *down* with her "you hate your own grandmother. You would kill your own grandmother for this leader. You take orders from that no-good son of a bitch, you will eat his shit." When I started talking about her leader, she really got steaming mad. That's what brought her out of it, though.

PLAYBOY Did you ever lay a finger on her?

PATRICK: No, but if it had been necessary, I would have put her out of action. I told the two boys, "If you so much as move, I'm going to put you on your ass so quick it will make your head swim."

PLAYBOY: From the description of the threats you use some of your techniques don't seem very different from those you claim the cults use. How is cult deprogramming different?

PATRICK: Deprogramming is opening up a person's mind so that something other than the programming of the cult can go in for the first time in so many days, weeks, months or years. The cults' type of programming consists of putting suggestion into a person's mind, constantly, until they've destroyed his ability to think. They take a person's mind away from him and make it impossible for him to act on his own, and they teach him self-hypnosis to keep him in that trance. I restore the individual's free will and his ability to think. That's the difference. I bring him out of the trance. I force the mind to start working again.

PLAYBOY: How do you do it?

PATRICK: I force them to think. When I deprogram people, all I do is shoot them challenging questions. I hit them with things they haven't been programmed to respond to. I know what the cults have told them, so I shoot them the right questions and they get frustrated when they can't answer. They think they have the answers, they have been given answers to everything, but I throw them off balance and that forces them to begin questioning. I get them to start comparing and evaluating, and that is the key, because that makes them start thinking. Then once they start thinking, they deprogram themselves. They come out of it and their minds start working again.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose your subjects?

PATRICK: I don't solicit any work. I never go to anyone's parents. They always come to me.

PLAYBOY: How can you tell if a parent's claim is legitimate?

PATRICK: When they come to me, it's always with a legitimate claim, because when a parent comes to me, I know he's reached bottom. First they go to their religious leader, their spiritual leaders, the minister, and they don't get anything there. Then they go to their legal advisor, their attorney, and they don't get anything from him, because he doesn't know. Then their psychiatrist, the family doctor, the police, the FBI, their Congressman, Senator, the President, the U.S. Attorney General. When they finally come to me, I'm the bottom of the barrel. They have struck out everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Yet many people claim that what you do is not deprogramming but reprogramming, forcing an individual to change his religious beliefs to those of his parents or to those that society deems more acceptable.

PATRICK: They don't know the facts. I don't tell anyone *what* to believe in. I don't tell him anything one way or another. As I said, I get the mind working again. They can live their own lives.

PLAYBOY: How can a person be sure some one isn't going to have him kidnaped

"I'll say, 'You gave \$50,000 to God? How? Did He come down to pick it up, or did you send Him a letter?'"

and deprogrammed by you simply because he doesn't think the way someone wants him to?

PATRICK: I don't go out and take a person just because he doesn't think the way somebody wants him to. Before I agree to deprogram somebody, I conduct a thorough investigation. I look into his entire history and I ask a lot of questions that enable me to evaluate the situation.

PLAYBOY: How does deprogramming work? Give us a typical example.

PATRICK: OK. When I start a deprogramming, I don't need to know anything about the cult. If I didn't know the name of the cult, it wouldn't matter at all. You can bring someone to me and I can read his mind, to a point where I know not what he is thinking but *how* he is thinking, how his mind is working. I watch the mind.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean? The mind isn't visible.

PATRICK: No, but I can see the mind in a person's face. Whatever you are—a genius, a wino—is going to show up in your face. If you can read a person's face, you can practically tell his entire personality. Their eyes are not always glazed, either. They've gotten beyond that point

to where their pupils are no longer dilated. Those are the ones who have been in the cult for a long time. Then you have to watch how they answer even the simplest questions.

For example, a person may say to me that he has been in the cult for six years and that everything he did was for God and that everything he gave, he gave to God. And I'll say, "You gave all your money to God? You gave \$50,000 to God? How did you give it to Him? Did He come down to pick it up, did you send it special delivery? Or did you send Him a letter? How did you give all that money to God?" And if he tells the truth, he's got no answer, because he's done nothing for God. Everything he did was for the leader.

PLAYBOY: Can you get the person you're deprogramming to admit that?

PATRICK: No, because everyone in the cult looks upon the leader as God. Even if they admit he's not God Almighty or the Messiah, they say he alone is appointed by God or God speaks through him only. Then I say, "Well, how did God appoint him?" Or I refer them to the Bible and I say, "Well, if what you're telling me is true, then what about the 11th chapter of *John*, where it says, 'I am the way, the truth and the light. No man cometh unto the Father but by me?'" And I say, "Your leader claims he's the way, the truth and the light. Which one is telling the truth?" And every time, I don't care what cult they are from, they say neither one is telling a lie.

PLAYBOY: What do you do then?

PATRICK: I don't let it stop there. I go into detail on everything the cult has programmed them to say. I keep hitting them with challenging questions that show them they don't know right from wrong, that they don't know it's wrong for a person to destroy somebody's free will and program him to beg and lie and cheat, that they don't know it's wrong to hate your parents and wrong to isolate yourself from everything and everybody. When they see that they don't have any answers, they start searching for something to say. That forces the mind to start thinking again and they come out of it.

PLAYBOY: Is that it?

PATRICK: Yes, it's just talk. You push the mind with questions until you break through.

PLAYBOY: How do you know when you've broken through?

PATRICK: From the first time I lay eyes on a person, I'm watching his face. Then I start moving his mind, pushing it with questions, and I keep pushing and pushing. I don't let him get away with the lies he's been told. Then there'll be a minute, a second, when the mind *snaps back* and he comes out of it. The only way I can describe it is that it's like

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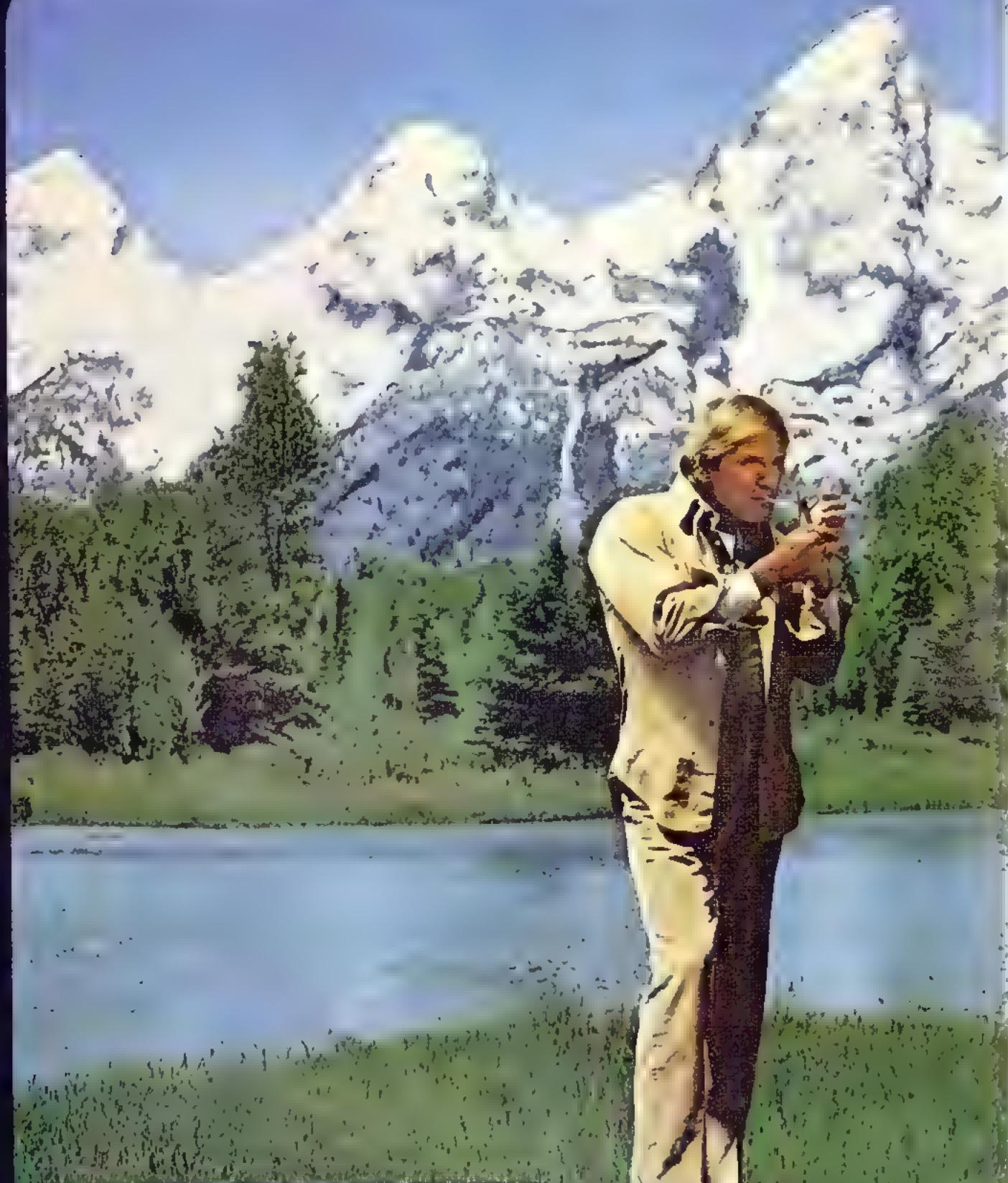
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PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you often threaten to put someone "out of action." The cults have accused you of actually using force and brutality in your deprogramming. How do you reply to those charges?

PATRICK: A lot of the cult members get very violent, especially at the beginning of a deprogramming session. Krishna members have spat in my face and called me a demon. One girl came at me with a kitchen knife, someone else came at me with a broken bottle. The Moonies, as I said, tell their people to slash their wrists rather than talk to me. But the only thing we do is restrain them, to keep them from hurting me or hurting themselves.

The cults tell their people that if I ever show up, I'm going to rape them, beat them, drug them, lock them in their closets, put ice down their backs, stuff chicken bones down their throats, deprive them of food and sleep. Those are the stories circulating about Black Lightning. They don't realize that they're making my job easier. They come in scared to death of me, find that I don't do what I'm accused of, and suddenly they're wondering, Why? So their minds start to work again. They'll say, "Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" and I'll just sit back and deprogram them just like that.

PLAYBOY: It can't be as simple as that. Would you give us a more detailed example of a deprogramming?

PATRICK: All right. Let's take a Moonie deprogramming. I remember one in particular: the fellow had been on the dean's list at a good Eastern college before he dropped out to join the Moonies. His parents got him to go home by telling him that his cousin was getting married and his grandfather from Israel was going to be there, but he figured he would go home for a few days, play it cool, and take \$1000 out of his bank account to give to the cult. When we surprised him at the airport and got him into the car, he didn't struggle at all. He withdrew into himself, stared straight ahead and started praying to the Reverend Moon for protection. Another deprogrammer talked to him for six hours before I went in, but nothing would go in. He didn't say a word. He sat on the edge of the bed with a smile on his face,

but he didn't speak, he didn't move a finger.

Finally, I went into the room and said, "Hello, I'm Ted Patrick." I sat down on a chair across from him and got close enough so that our knees were almost touching. Then I stared him in the eye and got right down to it. I said, "You think you are a Christian. You think you are doing the Lord's work. But you don't worship the Lord. You worship Moon. Did the Lord ever tell you to hate your father and mother? Where does it say in the Bible that you should hate your father and mother? Where does it say that? And where does it say in the Bible that you should spend all your life, 20 hours a day, out on the street cheating little old ladies, lying to them and robbing them of their money? Christ told the rich man to give away everything he owned. But he didn't say, 'Give it to me.' And he didn't say, 'Give it to Moon.'"

Then I reached down into my briefcase and took out a picture of Moon and a felt-tip pen. I drew a pair of horns on his head, then a mustache, pointed ears, and as I was doing that, I kept talking. I said, "Why would you give up your mind? God gave you that mind, a good mind, a brilliant mind. You are a brilliant boy and you have everything going for you. Why would you give up that mind to worship Moon? You're not doing the Lord's work. You worship this son of a bitch. See him? There's your god. Satan the snake!" Then I ripped the picture into pieces and tossed them into the boy's lap.

I kept going. I said, "You think God can't speak English. Why's that? Think about it. Why?" I said, "You're not going to talk. That's OK. You want to smile at me. Well, I'll smile right back at you. We'll smile together. I've got nothing else to do. I can stay here three, four months. Even longer. Nobody's going anywhere." That's very powerful when I say that. Even though it rarely takes more than three days, once I convince them that they're going to be there forever, they begin to weaken.

I kept throwing questions at him. I said, "How can Moon be the Messiah if he was born of woman? The Bible says Christ was born of a virgin. We know Moon wasn't born of a virgin." It wasn't until the next day that he even started to talk. Then he kept repeating, "You don't understand. You're distorting the truth. The answer to that is in *Divine Principle*." But I knew Moon's *Divine Principle* better than he did. I tore him apart on *Divine Principle*. Then I played tapes for him of other Moonies I had deprogrammed in which they talked about how they had been duped. And I showed him newspaper

stories about the mansion Moon lives in while his followers sleep on the floor and eat peanut butter. I kept asking him, "Where does the money go? Where does the money go?" But he couldn't answer. Finally, his parents went into the room with the other deprogrammer who was there. His father said, "I don't know what they've done to you, but I'll stay here for six months to get you out. If it means my job, my career, my life, I'm prepared to do it." Then they asked him,

"Who do you love more? That pimp—or your father?" And he said, "My father. I love my father," and he got up out of his chair and hugged his father, and both of them started to cry. The cap was unscrewed. He was out of it.

PLAYBOY: What about the charges that have been made on television that you have been known to drug or sexually abuse your deprogramming subjects?

PATRICK: There's no truth to them. You know, we're dealing with kids from some of the best families, and their parents are responsible people, not skid-row bums. We're dealing with some of the most brilliant minds in the world, and the parents are not going to bring in anyone who is going to harm their child. There's no way we would hurt them. We don't drug anybody—their minds are already messed up. We try to give them the best food and we encourage them to sleep as much as possible in order to rebuild the mind. The parents are present throughout the deprogramming, and if you want more proof, you can see for yourself. I've video-taped hundreds of deprogrammings I've done in the past few years.

PLAYBOY: What happens to someone after he is deprogrammed? Does he go back to the life he led before he joined the cult?

PATRICK: When we deprogram a person, we restore his ability to think and make decisions, but he is still going to have problems for a long time to come. There's a lot more to deprogramming than just talking to the individual. In most cases, you've got to deal with every problem the whole family has ever had. It could be a small problem they had in the past that has become magnified. Sometimes the parents need to be deprogrammed more than the kids.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that many young people go into those groups because their parents have been too narrow-minded or too strict?

PATRICK: Not as a rule, no. But I find a lot of cases where parents will try to raise a child to be what they want him to be, not what the child wants to be. They want the child to live for their happiness, not for his own happiness. Then, after the deprogramming, they tell him who to marry, what school to go to. They don't realize that his mind

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has been damaged. It has deteriorated, and the mind doesn't heal like a regular sore or a cut or an operation. I deprogrammed a very brilliant girl in Canada who called me after three and a half years to say that only then, for the first time since she had been out of the Divine Light Mission, did she feel completely normal again. That is why every person I deprogram goes through a period of rehabilitation.

PLAYBOY: What happens during rehabilitation?

PATRICK: Rehabilitation is like if you don't run your car for six months or a year and the battery runs down, you jump it to start it, but then you don't turn the key off right away or it will go dead. You let the motor run long enough to build up its own power and recharge itself. Well, the mind is the same way. If you have been incapable of thinking and making decisions for so many days, weeks, months or years, once you get the mind working again, you've got to keep it working until the person gets in the habit of thinking and making his own decisions. After deprogramming, a person tends to float. He'll slip into a trance state without even knowing it. I don't care how strong they come out of it, they'll still float. That's why I say we're dealing with a person with a damaged mind. During rehab, we keep a team with the person at all times. When they slip into that trance state, you can always tell by the hypnotic state and you bring them out of it by getting them to do things, by talking to them and keeping them busy, and by getting them to go places and keep actively using the mind. When we go out to dinner, they have to decide what they want to eat. If we go to the movies, they have to choose what we are going to see. In the morning, we ask them, 'What are you going to do today, go to the beach, go swimming, play records, go for a walk?' They have to make the decisions.

PLAYBOY: How long after deprogramming will a person "float" like that?

PATRICK: It varies. Some float for two or three days, others float for two or three months. Some never recover completely.

PLAYBOY: You've made some pretty harsh charges. In view of your lack of formal education and the serious nature of the work you are engaged in, don't you think people have a right to ask what qualifies you to speak as an expert on the human mind?

PATRICK: I think my experience and the proof I have presented speaks for itself. I've deprogrammed almost 1600 people. I have a success record. Each and every person I've dealt with qualifies me to do what I do.

PLAYBOY: What about your highly publicized failures? Haven't there been numerous reports of cult members' going back to their cults after they were deprogrammed?

PATRICK: Well, I'd say of the 1600 I've deprogrammed, fewer than 30 have returned to the cults, and most of them escaped before we had a chance to take them through the full process of deprogramming and rehabilitation. Only about five people that I know of went back after going through the full process, and even they wouldn't have gone back if their parents had done what we told them to do.

PLAYBOY: How do people escape?

PATRICK: Somebody lets his guard down and they break out. They jump out the window or slip out the door. When I deprogram someone, I work with a security team. We have somebody accompany the person to the bathroom. Then, at night, one person sleeps across from him and another sleeps in front of the door.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have quite a system. How did you get into such an extraordinary line of work? Tell us a little about your background.

PATRICK: I was born in Chattanooga, the second of four children. We were very poor and all of us had to work. I lived in one of the worst neighborhoods you will find anywhere in the country. In 1948, they broke the world's record for killing each other. They had areas called Death Alley, Blue Goose Hollow and Murderer's Field. Death Alley was so bad the police didn't even go down there. I lived right in the middle of all that. In those days, you could kill another black man and you wouldn't go to jail. My father was a chauffeur and a butler as far back as I can remember. Then he went to work in the racket, the numbers racket. He was a pickup man. The racket was the major industry in Chattanooga, especially for the blacks. I was in my teens before I realized that the slot machine was illegal. If the rackets didn't survive, people wouldn't survive, because they wouldn't have any spending money.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound like the most wholesome environment for a young boy to grow up in.

PATRICK: Well, my family was very close. You know, where you find people who are poor like that and don't have too much, that kind of hardship brings people together.

PLAYBOY: What was your own religious training?

PATRICK: I come from a preaching family. My mother was always very religious. Her father was a Baptist preacher and I had some uncles who were Baptist preachers. So we all grew up in church. We had to go to Sunday school every Sunday, then to the Methodist church, and then we would go to prayer meetings throughout the week.

PLAYBOY: Is that where you became familiar with the Bible?

PATRICK: No. I learned the Bible in school. In elementary school, we took Bible and went from *Genesis* to *Revelations*, story by story. But the most



important thing about my boyhood days is that I was born with a very bad speech impediment. You just couldn't understand what I was saying. I couldn't pronounce the words and my sister had to interpret for me. There was nothing anyone could do for me. My mother took me to every fortuneteller, faith healer, holy roller, false god and prophet who came into town. One night, Sweet Daddy Grace came to town. My mother took me down to the holy-roller church and they prayed over me damn near the whole night. They were speaking in tongues and slobbering at the mouth and shaking and falling down, and I got so angry because I knew it wasn't doing any good. She took me to Father Divine and Prophet Jones, and they would get up there and speak in a language you could not understand and lay hands on my head. Then they would tell my mother how to bathe me so my speech would get better. They took her money, everybody took her money, but nothing happened.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to speak normally?

PATRICK: It happened when I was in my teens. After going to all those faith healers, I had to ask myself, "Is there a God?" And finally it dawned on me. I said, "Are you asking God to do something that you are not willing to do for yourself? Have you tried?" And I knew I hadn't. So I cured myself. I started correcting myself over and over and over. I'd spend all my time, even when I was talking to someone, correcting words in my mind, until I got to where I could talk and people could understand what I was saying. Since then, though, I've always been afraid of words, but that has worked to my benefit. I've learned how to speak through action. All my life I have organized things and created projects to speak through action.

PLAYBOY: Did that experience turn you off to faith healers once and for all?

PATRICK: No, we lived two blocks from the holy-roller church, and it used to be entertainment for us. They'd get to shouting and jumping up and down and we used to go down there and stare at them. We got a big kick out of it, we laughed at it, but then these false gods and prophets would come into town and hold big tent meetings and rip people off. That has started to happen in the white community in only the past 20 years or so, but it has always gone on in the black community. In segregation and even up from slavery, that is all black people have had to hang on to. They didn't have much of anything else, so they took to faith healing and fortunetelling and black magic and voodoo and all that stuff. Everybody has to have something to believe in. But that movement has always been a rip-off. You were always told to give a lot of money or as much as you could give, and those

people were straight out con artists. I learned that at an early age. Father Divine used to have what he called heavens. You had to give up everything you owned, he even said to cash in your insurance, your clothes and give everything to Father Divine. So did Prophet Jones and Prophet Brooks. I can go on and on. And people believed that they were God Almighty. But in the black community, their followers were your neighbors, your best friends, some of them were my relatives. I don't know many people back in those days who weren't hooked one way or another. It wasn't until I came along and started my investigations that anyone began to realize those people were in cults. A cult was just a word before that, something you read about in books. I remember in 1971, when I first used the label, people crucified me, but I was simply relating what was going on to everything I had experienced from birth.

PLAYBOY: When did you first get involved with the cults?

PATRICK: At the time I was working in San Diego as Special Representative for

on the cross for our sins and if we were happy at home. Then they said they had a family and they called it the Children of God and that the world was going to end within seven years and that they were the chosen family and if we weren't in their family, we were going to burn in hell. But if we joined the Children of God, we wouldn't ever have any more problems. We wouldn't ever be sick or have to go to school, because it was of the Devil, and we wouldn't ever have to be bothered with our parents anymore because they are of the Devil. The only thing we would have to do is live in peace with God."

I told him he was stupid for standing up there talking to them for four hours. And he said, "Every time we'd go to walk away, they grabbed us by both arms and started repeating Bible verses and trying to get us to stare them back in the eye." He said, "You know, they had very strange eyes. I've never seen anyone's eyes like that before. And every time I went to look in their eyes, I got dizzy, like the sky was turning around and around." He said, "I thought they were something from outer space." At that point, I got very angry and said, "Look Michael, don't you say another word. You come home four hours late telling this fantastic lie."

PLAYBOY: You didn't believe him?

PATRICK: No one believed him. We read some of the material they had given him, but it didn't make any sense to me. I was going to send it up to Sacramento the next day to be checked out, but by then I had forgotten about it. When we got home from the beach, Michael went to his room and stayed there. He stayed up there with his head in the Bible, and his eyes looked like he had had a dose of LSD. After about a week of that, my wife called me at the office and said I should go home and talk with Michael. I said OK. This was a boy who had never read the Bible before. If someone had told me that could happen in my family, I would have called him a liar. And Michael was the last one it would happen to. He was an outdoor boy. He holds two titles in karate, a track scholarship, plays football, basketball. Nothing could keep him in the house.

So I went home and asked him, "Michael, are you sick?" He said, "No." "Do you feel bad?" "No." "Are you angry with somebody?" "No." "Well," I said, "Michael, this is not you." Then he started telling me about how the world was going to end and we were going to burn in hell and all material things were of the Devil and my wife and I were of the Devil. And I said, "Mike, I don't want to hear that. I know I've been working hard and haven't been home. Are you on drugs?" And he really blew his stack. He said, "I just want to be alone and read the Bible!" I said

"I was born with a speech impediment. My mother took me to every faith healer who came into town."

Community Relations for Governor Reagan. I didn't have any time for my family. We couldn't be together and do things like we used to, so starting in '68, I used to rent a hotel suite at the Bahia Hotel on Mission Beach. Every Fourth of July, we would entertain our family and friends for three days. We had a ball every year. But then, in 1971, they had a big fireworks display at the amusement park across from the hotel. My kids and their guests wanted to go to the amusement park, and I said, OK, but be back in the hotel after the fireworks. Afterward, everybody was present and accounted for except my oldest son, Michael, who was 14 at the time.

After about an hour and a half, we got worried. We organized teams and went all over the beach looking for him. Finally, after about four hours, we went back to the hotel and started calling the police and local hospitals, when Michael walked in the door. The first thing I noticed was his eyes. The pupils were dilated, and the first thing I thought about was drugs. I went to take hold of him and he told me, "Dad, we were on our way back to the hotel when some people stopped us on the street and asked if we believed in God and if we had Christ in our hearts and if we knew that Christ died



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► I didn't see anything wrong with that.

Then, about a week later, a woman came into my office in San Diego to turn in a complaint. Her son had disappeared. He was last seen on the Fourth of July on Ocean Beach. Then, five days later, she got a call from him saying, "Mom, I found God. I'm not coming home anymore. You are all of the Devil." It was the same thing my son was saying, but it didn't hit me right away. She had found out where her son was and went up there to see him, and when they brought him down, five people were with him. Every time she would ask him a question, the leader would answer. And she said, "Mr. Patrick, you know, all those people are nothing but zombies. They have very strange eyes, and every time I looked in their eyes, I got dizzy, like the ceiling was turning around and around."

That's when it struck me. Everything hit home. It upset me so bad I called my wife, and it upset her so bad she told my daughter to bring all the children inside and lock the doors. When I got home, I said to Michael, "I want you to take your time and tell me everything you can remember about that night." We stayed up all night, talking about every detail. And he came out of it. He changed completely and went back to being a normal human being.

PLAYBOY: Was that your first deprogramming?

PATRICK: Yes, but I didn't know it at the time. The next day, I dug in and started calling everybody, trying to get information. In two weeks, I had talked to 52 people who had lost kids or relatives to the Children of God. Then I started reading everything I could find on brainwashing, mind control, black magic and psychic power. I talked to everyone from witches to professors, trying to find out what they were doing, how they were putting people under and whether or not what people were telling me was true. It was unbelievable. I wrote up a report to give to the governor's office, but I had to see for myself. So I called my boss and said, "I've got my report ready, but there's one thing missing: Before you make me an appointment with the governor, I want to go in and infiltrate this group." My boss said, "Are you crazy?" And I said no. And he said, "Ted, I know you when your mind is made up, but remember, if something happens to you in there, I don't know anything about it." I said fine.

Well, I went in with the intention of staying a week. I stayed four nights and three days and I was hooked. I started thinking, these people can't be wrong, I must be the one who's wrong.

PLAYBOY: How did you infiltrate them?

PATRICK: I went out to Mission Beach, where they had their bus. They served coffee, tea, cookies, sandwiches and cake.

But I didn't eat or drink anything, because I had reason to believe they had put something in the food. Several years later, authorities in Bellevue, Washington, did find amphetamines in the cookies the Children of God were serving at their public meetings. But when they started talking, I started saying, "Praise the Lord!" and "Thank you, Jesus!" So they thought I was really hooked. Then they drove the bus up to their place at Santee, where there must have been 200 or 300 people. Everyone came running out of the house, hugging us and blessing us and saying, "We love you, brother." You'd think that was the greatest thing in the world. Then we went inside and sat on the floor and they started preaching, talking for hours, reading verses from the Bible out of context. They'd never give direct commands, always indirect suggestions. For example, they wouldn't come out and say you should hate your parents. They would quote a Bible verse out of context to make it read, "He that hates not his father, mother, brother and sister cannot be a disciple of Christ."

It was a pitiful scene. Everyone there was so spaced out. If someone fell asleep, another person would punch him in the ribs. When one guy would get through talking, somebody else would go up and talk for hours and hours. You couldn't go to the bathroom without having somebody next to you. You were never alone.

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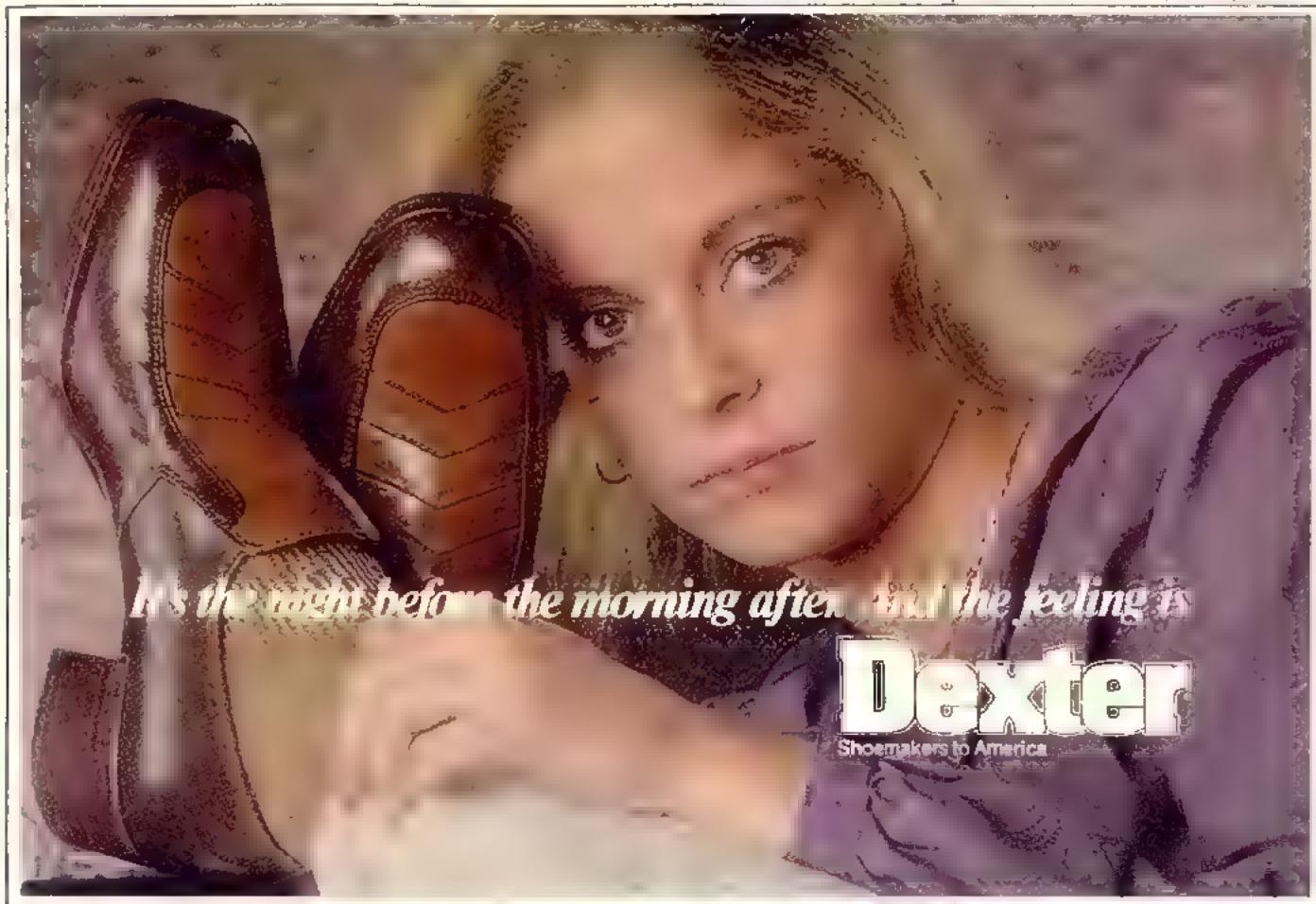
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It's the night before the morning after, but the feeling is

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And everything was Bible verses. You had to memorize six Bible verses before you could eat in the morning. Even while people were sleeping, they had tape recorders going, Bible verses over and over. They had records playing in the kitchen for the people who were washing dishes. After three days, I began to feel myself weakening. I didn't want to eat too much of their food, and with so little sleep, there's just so much a human mind can take. I began to think, There's no way these people can be wrong. The world is going to end in seven years. All material things are of the Devil. I began hallucinating, seeing angels and Christ and all the things they were talking about.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally get away?

PATRICK: After three days, they thought we were all hooked to the point of no return and they gave us a little free time. I got to thinking, I better get the hell out of here. I told them that I had \$15,000 in the bank—which I didn't—and that I wanted to go home to get my bank book and my car and my things and bring them all back. So they sent two guys with me in a van and as we were going by the bus station, I said, "Look, let me go in here and call home to make sure nobody's there." When I got away from them, I called a taxi and went out another door. I made it out OK, but I was so confused for six days. I would leave home at 7:30 in the morn-

ing and find myself 60, 70 miles away. I had to stop and figure out where I was and how I had gotten there. It took me four months before I was back to normal. All the Bible verses were constantly ringing in my mind. That's the power of suggestion.

PLAYBOY: Did you submit your report to the governor?

PATRICK: I not only gave him my report, I took an entire delegation with me to Sacramento: mothers, fathers and people who had been in the group and gotten out.

PLAYBOY: What did Reagan say when he read your report?

PATRICK: The only thing he could do was refer me to the state attorney general's office, the top law-enforcement agency in California. I went up there and spent many hours with the attorney general's representatives. But they didn't believe anything I said. They kept asking, "Can you prove this?" They refused to investigate. On the plane back to San Diego, I remember thinking to myself that the only way we were going to get anything done was to do it ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Who? You and the parents?

PATRICK: Yes. I called a meeting the very next night. The place was packed with more than 50 people, and I told them, "OK, I'm not going to lie to you and tell you that my meeting with the attorney general's office was fruitful. To be

frank with you, they're not going to do a damned thing." I had sent a copy of the report to Nixon and Mitchell. We'd been to the police and the FBI. I said, "You're going to have to make up your minds tonight whether you want to fight this thing or just go home and pray about it and hope that everything works out all right. I'm doing all I can do legally. Now, if you want to fight it, I want to make it crystal clear, you've got to be willing to do what is necessary and the hell with what is legal. They're operating illegally in a legal world. We've got to do the same thing. And the first thing we've got to do is get somebody out of there and see what makes them tick. But you're not going to get them out by persuading them to go home. You're going to have to go in there and bodily rescue your child."

PLAYBOY: As a government employee at that time, did you have any misgivings about breaking the law?

PATRICK: Oh, yeah, but I knew we had to and I was prepared to. I didn't know what I was getting into, really. I kept thinking once we got somebody out, I would report to the governor and it would be all over. I kept waiting for it to end, but it just kept getting bigger and bigger.

The following Sunday, I got a call from a lady in Miami. Her daughter, a straight A student at USC, had dropped



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out of school and joined the Children of God. The mother had spent over \$2000 hiring private detectives. I told her, "The only way you are going to get her out is to go in there and bring her out bodily." And she said, "Will you help?" And I said yes. We went up there one night and they happened to be having a meeting and the girl was sitting on the floor. When the door opened, she saw her mother and came to the door and we grabbed her, locked her arms down at her sides, got her in the car and took off. The whole thing happened so fast she didn't know what hit her. But when her mother went to kiss her, the girl slapped her almost unconscious. She said, "You bitch, you're not my mother!" She yakked and yakked all the way back to San Diego, saying, "You're all going to burn in hell," and repeating Bible verses. We checked into a hotel and just started talking to her, telling her everything we knew about the cult. After two days, she came out of it. Her eyes and everything changed. It was like seeing a person return from the dead. She started crying and she embraced her mother for about five minutes. Then she told her mother she was sorry. They just stood there crying and everyone was hugging and kissing. It was a very emotional thing. I said, "Now, you see, she is deprogrammed."

PLAYBOY: Was that the first time you used the word?

PATRICK: Yeah, and the word got around. We held a press conference and I started getting calls from all over the country. Reagan had to hire an extra secretary just to handle the inquiries.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean you were abducting kids and deprogramming them while you were still working for the governor?

PATRICK: Yeah. I started deprogramming in '71 and I didn't resign until November of '72.

PLAYBOY: Were you getting paid to do that at the time?

PATRICK: No. I wouldn't even accept donations, because I was afraid of a conflict of interests. I told people to put in a prepaid airplane ticket for me, but in each case, I would spend \$50 or \$100 out of my own pocket. I'd be in Texas one day and New York the next and maybe Ohio the day after that. That is where I got the name Black Lightning, because the cults never knew where I was going to strike next.

Eventually, the work load got so heavy it began to take up all my time. I had to make a decision whether or not I would quit my job and spend my full time deprogramming or remain with the governor's office and give up deprogramming completely. Finally, it got so hot and heavy I knew that even if I stayed with the governor's office, I would probably be asked to resign. So I left my job.

I lost my business, my house, I almost starved to death in 1973. I had a wife and six children and I knew that I could lose everything. I could be arrested. I could serve time in prison.

PLAYBOY: Why did you risk all that?

PATRICK: I was getting calls from all over and there was no way I could leave those parents with no place to go and nothing to do. There was no way I could turn my back on them, and already I had begun to get threats and letters written in blood and telephone calls from people claiming to be Satan. Then people began calling with kids in other cults. They were coming in like flies—Krishna, Scientology, the Moonies, the Tony and Susan Alamo Foundation. I didn't know at the time I was taking on the world alone. I figured if I resigned from the governor's office, I would get all kinds of support from the parents and the churches and the law-enforcement agencies. I was never so mistaken in my life. I found that I was left out in the cold with no support. Nobody would touch me with a ten-foot pole. I had received help with every kind of movement I had been in in the

Then we could prove everything. But they refused to investigate the cults, so I asked them to investigate me. But they still refused. Since I was in Washington, I figured I would visit the FBI and give them a copy of my petition. They were very nice. They suggested I go to the Attorney General's office, but when I went down there, I found a Scientologist working in the front office. That is just what they were indicted for last year—infestation of the Justice Department. Then I went to serve my petition to Carl Albert, who was not only Speaker of the House at that time but Acting Vice-President of the United States. Agnew had just resigned. I went into his office to tell him about Scientology's infestation of the Justice Department, and who did I find in his front office—three Moonies!

PLAYBOY: How do you know they were Moonies?

PATRICK: I recognized all three girls from previous encounters.

PLAYBOY: What were they doing there?

PATRICK: They were operating right out of his office. At the time, I couldn't believe it, but it was in the papers a couple of years later. Now nobody talks about it anymore.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get a meeting with Carl Albert?

PATRICK: No. He was in there, but he wouldn't speak with me. He referred my petition to the Rules Committee, which was just like throwing it in the trash basket. I never heard from them. I never heard anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you find Moonies working in many Congressmen's offices?

PATRICK: Yes. If they did the Korean investigation right, they'd probably find that the entire Korean operation was a lot more serious than Watergate will ever be. At least 100 Senators and Congressmen were paid off.

PLAYBOY: Now, wait a minute; what's that got to do with the Moonies?

PATRICK: A Moonie I deprogrammed was a top person on the Unification Church's public-relations team. She told me she saw a cardboard box filled with envelopes containing anything from \$10 to \$1000 as contributions for Congressmen. Another Moonie I deprogrammed corroborated that and said he saw at least one Congressman being handed one of the envelopes at a Washington party. You see, the Moonies started off with a hotel suite in Washington, and it was their PR team's job to approach every Congressman and Senator and lure him there. That was all they did. They didn't care how they got them there. Once they did, they were served good food, and there was dancing and anything else that followed. It was a fabulous hotel suite, and in it were beautiful American, Korean and Japanese girls, and once those

*"It's one of the biggest
rackets the world
has ever known,
this religious bit."*

past. I'd had community support, police support, NAACP support. You can kill a judge or a policeman, rape 40 women, do everything under the sun, and you are still going to get support from the A.C.L.U., the churches, the left or the right or somebody. But in this, nobody gave me any help. Nothing.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

PATRICK: Because of freedom of religion. Everybody is afraid of it. It's one of the biggest rackets the world has ever known, this religious one. I had taken on a giant. It was not just a San Diego deal anymore, many of the cults had become world-wide operations.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try to bring any of this to the attention of anyone in Washington?

PATRICK: In 1973, I took a petition to Congress. I explained the whole movement and what I was doing and I asked Congress to form a committee under the House Judiciary Committee, like it did during Watergate, and conduct a full scale investigation. People who had been in and gotten out or anybody who could contribute anything to this investigation could come before the committee.

girls got them into the hotel suite, it was their job to get them into bed. Whenever they had sex with those girls, it was taped, and then, a few days later, they would call them up.

PLAYBOY: Do you know for a fact that those kinds of things went on?

PATRICK: Yes. I deprogrammed some of the top people from the Moonies' PR team. Moon himself had those girls line up and strip so he could inspect them. They had to perform and parade nude.

PLAYBOY: Who told you that?

PATRICK: Several girls I deprogrammed.

PLAYBOY: Have you deprogrammed any of the girls who claim to have had sex with Congressmen while they were members of the Unification Church?

PATRICK: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How many?

PATRICK: One who admitted it. I deprogrammed others who could probably tell you more about it, but I don't know if they would want to. I think many of them feel ashamed to admit that they were involved. A lot of them were Korean and Japanese girls.

PLAYBOY: How many members of Congress do you think had sexual relations or other illicit dealings with Moonies?

PATRICK: If they investigated this thing right, at least 100 Senators and Congressmen would go to jail.

PLAYBOY: What do you think Moon was trying to accomplish in Washington?

PATRICK: That I don't know. I do know that Moon is not a South Korean. He was born and raised in North Korea, and he spent time in prison in North Korea and possibly in China. It is my opinion that Moon is a wolf in sheep's clothing, with all his talk about anti-communism. I think he knows that if he came here as a Communist, he couldn't get anyone to join him. But if he came as an anti-Communist, he could get a lot of people. Now he's buying up all these fishing companies. Can you imagine what he could do to people just through food, canned food, if he chose to?

PLAYBOY: Let's stay away from some of your more farfetched conspiracy theories, if you don't mind. Now that the House International Organization Subcommittee has reported that it suspects Moon of a number of illegal activities, don't you think the Government will agree to investigate the Unification Church?

PATRICK: No. I think it's going to be quashed just like the Korean payoff scandal was. I think the Moonies concentrated on paying off the Democrats because they were the majority party in Congress. They controlled the Korean investigation and they are going to be the same ones to control any cult investigation. I was the one who exposed Moon in the first place, back in '73, when he was holding those rallies in support of Nixon. Nobody believed me then he had letters from politicians, policemen, judges endorsing his world crusade.

PLAYBOY: If the Moonies really have done the things that you claim and that the House subcommittee has charged, what should the Government do about Moon and his organization?

PATRICK: The Government should completely disband the Moon organization, and the money and property should be given back to the people Moon got it from. A lot of people went in there and gave millions of dollars, everything they owned in the world, and most of them worked without pay.

PLAYBOY: And what about all the Moonies who are now in this country? What would happen to them then?

PATRICK: They should be deprogrammed. But it won't happen. Congress is not going to touch Moon. It's not going to touch any of the cults.

PLAYBOY: What about the Executive branch of the Government? Have you tried to contact President Carter?

PATRICK: Carter. Yeah, I've tried every President. Not only President but every

passed that removed the tax exemptions from all churches. Let's say a law that taxes all religious organizations, just one percent of their income. There isn't a legitimate church in the country that can't afford one percent, and it would allow us to see what's going on inside. Many of them flourish partly because they are not accountable for their money; they are immune to all governmental checks and balances. Then they should pass laws to protect the First Amendment from abuse, to prevent people from using the First Amendment as a license to kill, steal, lie, cheat, push drugs and rip off the public. The cults are using the First Amendment to overthrow the country. They're using it to destroy human beings.

PLAYBOY: But, again, aren't you the one who is abusing people's freedom? Aren't you the one who is depriving them of their First Amendment rights?

PATRICK: I will fight and die to protect the First Amendment. That is what I am fighting for. I believe a person should have the right to worship the way he pleases, but when someone destroys your free will and your ability to think and takes your mind, you don't have any more rights. They have destroyed your human rights and your constitutional rights. And I haven't broken the law. These people have been rescued, not kidnapped, and we have a law of justification that states that a person is justified in committing an apparently illegal act in an emergency to prevent a greater harm, if it is the lesser of two evils. We now have conservatorship laws to give parents custody of their children when they are in that state of mind. Those laws didn't exist before I started what I am doing.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of people who won't grant you that premise. They say it is impossible to take away a person's mind.

PATRICK: Well, have they heard about Hitler and Mao Tse-tung? Do they know what happened to Korean prisoners of war, or what's going on today in Russia and China?

PLAYBOY: What do you tell people who say that it can't happen here?

PATRICK: Well, it is happening here, and the techniques they are using are more sophisticated than ever. But don't take my word for it. Find out yourself. Where facts are involved, there's no excuse for ignorance.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the cults' reaction to your campaign against them. What was their response when you started?

PATRICK: They came back fighting. They disagreed that they programmed anyone. Every cult agreed that all the rest of the cults were bad, but they denied that they did those things. Each one said it was the good one. Krishna said Moon and Scientology were bad. Scientology agreed that the Moonies and the Children of

"The cults are using the First Amendment to overthrow the country, to destroy human beings."

U.S. Attorney General. They're not going to do anything.

PLAYBOY: What did they say to you?

PATRICK: Nothing. They didn't even answer my letters. But they answer Sun Myung Moon. They answer Krishna. Jimmy Carter sent a signed letter to Krishna congratulating them on their book and the work they are doing. Krishna put it up on every wall. Go to their Detroit temple. You'll see it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the Government refuses to challenge the cults?

PATRICK: Because they've got the money. These cults are very powerful. Very powerful. They can buy anything or anybody.

PLAYBOY: You've told us what you think the Government should do with the Reverend Moon. What do you think the Government should do about the cults in general?

PATRICK: The first thing it should do is have an independent investigation and it should be conducted in public hearings like Watergate was. It should let everybody who has been in a cult or who knows anything come before it and testify. Then it should pass laws to protect people from being psychologically kidnapped. We also need some laws governing fraudulent business practices in the name of religion. I'd like to see a law

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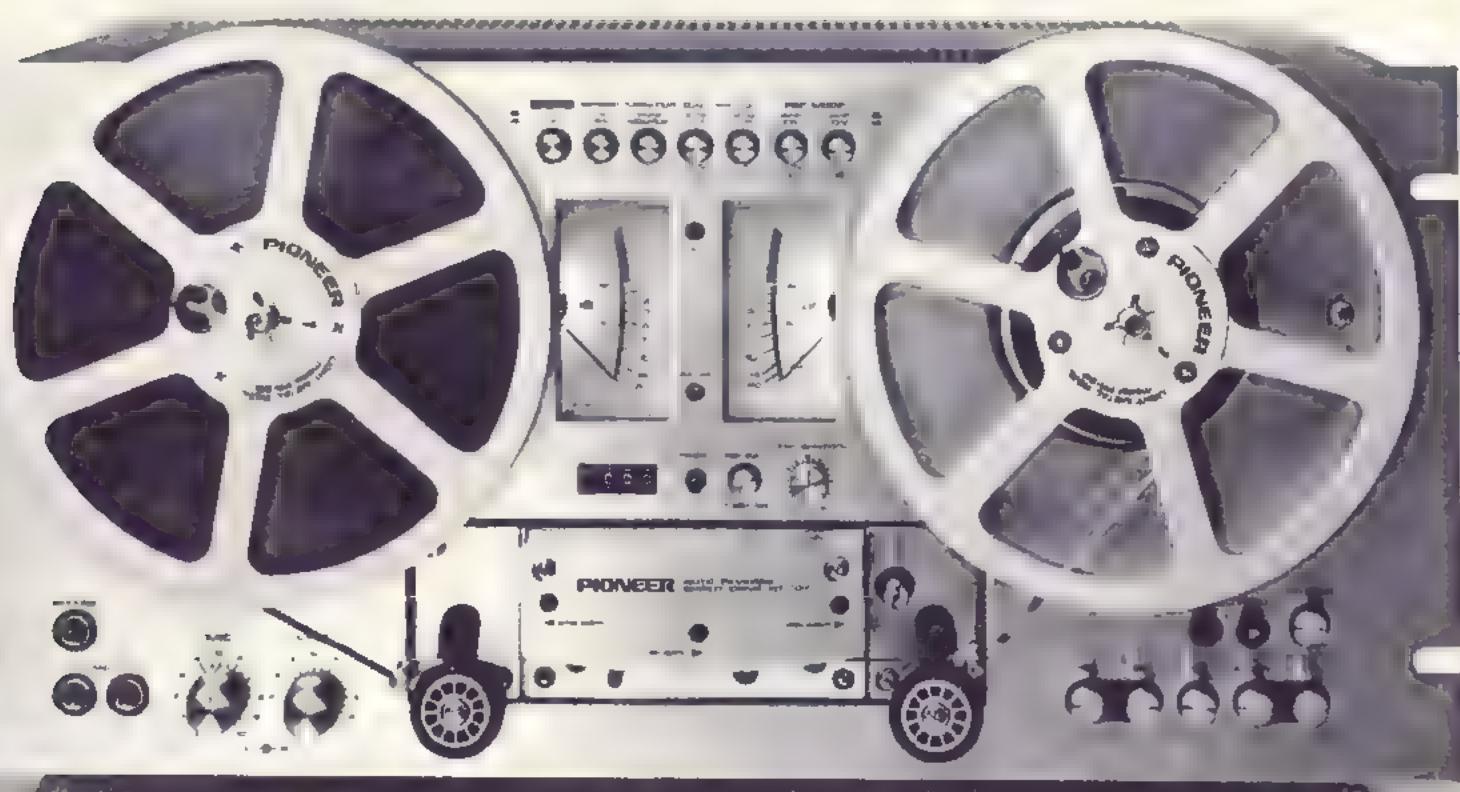
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THE RT 707

"What's the name
of that
pipe tobacco
he's wearing?"

"Maybe I
should smoke
a pipe..."

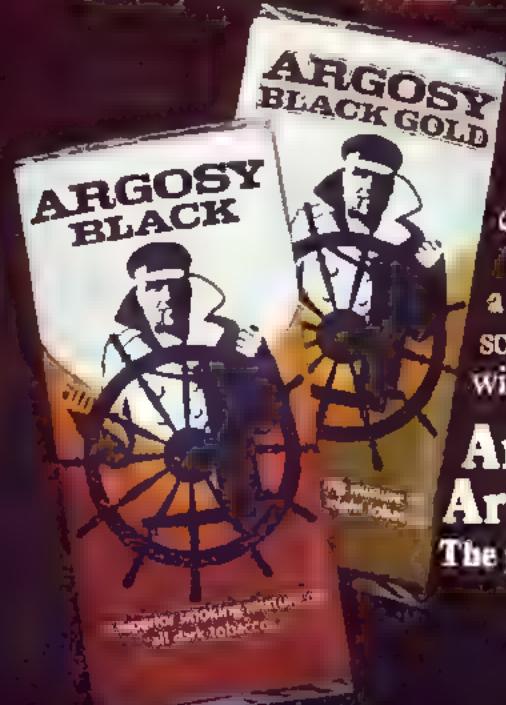
"I wish my man
would wear
his pipe tobacco."

"Is it his charm
or the
pipe tobacco
he's wearing?"

"Ooh, I'm in love
with that
pipe tobacco
he's wearing!"

"I wonder
if he's married..."

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**Argosy Black &
Argosy Black Gold.**
The pipe tobacco that wears well.

deprogramming kids from cults, I may be next?"

PATRICK: They can think what they want. If they think what I'm doing is bad, I would fight and die for their right to hate me. They can think I'm a no-good son of a bitch, as long as they've come to that opinion of their own free will.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't answer the question we asked. How do you know if someone's using his own free will? What criteria do you use to determine if someone needs to be deprogrammed?

PATRICK: Being programmed is the only criterion. If you haven't been programmed, you can't be deprogrammed, and you can tell if someone's been programmed, because that person has undergone a complete personality change. All of his old values have changed.

Look, we can be engaged in a conversation on religion or politics, and you can have your opinion and I can have mine. We may sit up here all day and all night and discuss it, but you're going to leave with your opinion and I'm going to leave with mine. You may be able to persuade me one way or the other, and I may be able to sway you, but you won't have any fear whatsoever of discussing something with me. You would stand up and fight for what you believe in. If you've been programmed, there is no way you would be willing to discuss anything with me other than what you'd been programmed to discuss. It would be psychologically impossible.

You know, people talk about natural resources and the energy crisis and all that, but this cult movement is destroying one of our country's most important natural resources: our young people, our future leaders. If the cults continue for the next five or ten years, instead of producing some of the most brilliant minds and leaders the world has ever known, we are going to have nothing but a bunch of idiots.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that it is primarily young people who are vulnerable to these techniques?

PATRICK: Everybody's vulnerable to them. Hell, we live in a controlled society, to a certain extent. When we go into a store, someone else has already decided what we should buy or what style we should wear. But at least with a free will and a free mind, you are able to reject. A person in a cult can't reject anything. He doesn't have that power. He can only accept.

PLAYBOY: How can people protect themselves?

PATRICK: Knowledge is your only protection. People should become knowledgeable about brainwashing and on-the-spot hypnosis. They should participate in educating other people; they should stand up for what they believe is right. If their representatives don't do anything, they should vote them out of office; they should get out there and campaign

against them. We've got to get these old rotten, gutless politicians out of office, because if you've got weak leaders, you're going to have a weak country.

PLAYBOY: Do you think history is going to regard you as a hero or as a villain?

PATRICK: Well, it's like Mark Twain said, anyone who comes up with a new idea is always called a crank. A lot of people have invented or contributed things and never received any credit, especially the blacks. If I had been white and developed a technique like this, I don't think I'd have had the same problems. I would have had more support. Being black has made it much harder.

(The final portion of this interview was conducted after the events in Guyana.)

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you predicted the outbreak of violence affecting large numbers of people. What happened in Guyana appears to have borne you out. In view of that, do you have any final thoughts on what steps the Government should take with regard to some of the other cults you've talked about?

PATRICK: I think the Government should disarm those cults before they take over the country. They should arrest every

"This cult movement is destroying one of our country's most important resources: our future leaders."

cult leader I can think of—because most of them are already violating laws.

PLAYBOY: Another sweeping statement—and a call for a national witch-hunt.

PATRICK: I don't mean it to sound that way. I'm just saying that most local police and other authorities already know which are the biggest and most dangerous cults in their localities. And there are plenty of checks on police to conduct investigations legally and properly. They would be investigating complaints from parents and others; they would have to make sure they got a court order, a sample of ten members could be interviewed and deprogrammed in the presence of witnesses, and the evidence taken to a judge and jury.

PLAYBOY: Which sounds to us like an inquisition, to say nothing of Gestapo tactics.

PATRICK: I'm talking about moving against the big visible cults such as Scientology, Moon and Krishna, where there have been thousands of complaints received by every level of authority. I'm talking about simply investigating those complaints which authorities now say they can't do because of freedom of religion. Why is investigating complaints

a Gestapo tactic?

PLAYBOY: We're not necessarily defending cults, but the sort of investigation you're calling for could sweep a lot of innocent people into the net, people who belong to sincere religious groups.

PATRICK: I'm saying it should be done legally and carefully. I'm saying there should be laws against psychological kidnaping; laws against cults that take all your property.

PLAYBOY: Why? Why shouldn't a person be free to give all his property to anyone or anything he pleases?

PATRICK: If he's doing it of his free will, fine. But these people aren't giving any thing of their free will. They have none. And the proof of that is the people themselves who get deprogrammed. The minute they start thinking for themselves again, they're the ones who say they didn't give up their possessions freely. They were brainwashed!

PLAYBOY: But you still don't seem to see the danger of the course you're advocating. If we allow police to investigate cults the way you're proposing, by forcing members into interrogations and deprogramming, what's to prevent mistakes from happening, abuses from occurring?

PATRICK: I haven't made a mistake yet. I've made plenty of mistakes in my life, but not once have I deprogrammed someone who turned out to be a member of a harmless religious group who was thinking for himself. Never!

PLAYBOY: That doesn't answer the question. What if you did make a mistake?

PATRICK: I don't make mistakes.

PLAYBOY: But what if you do?

PATRICK: All right, then, depending on the circumstances, I simply say I made a mistake under the law of justification that says a lesser evil is forgiven if it was intended to erase a greater evil, or I get prosecuted. But, look: I don't just go and kidnap a person on a hunch or on the parent's word. There are a lot of things we research before we move. We grill the parent and go over the whole history of the child what he was like before, why the parent thinks it is a cult, what kind of personality changes occurred, when he dropped out of school, whether the parent tried to visit him, whether the parent visited the leader and what the leader said, what the neighbors observed and so forth. We do our homework so we don't make mistakes.

PLAYBOY: But no matter how scrupulous you say you are, what's to prevent deprogrammers, or police, or anybody, for that matter, from moving against people who behave oddly? How can you have laws that will protect the rights of eccentrics?

PATRICK: Well, first, there should be a national justification law that spells out very clearly what steps can be taken for what purpose to prevent a greater evil. Next, if a parent or a spouse notices someone's personality undergo a sudden

(concluded on page 220)

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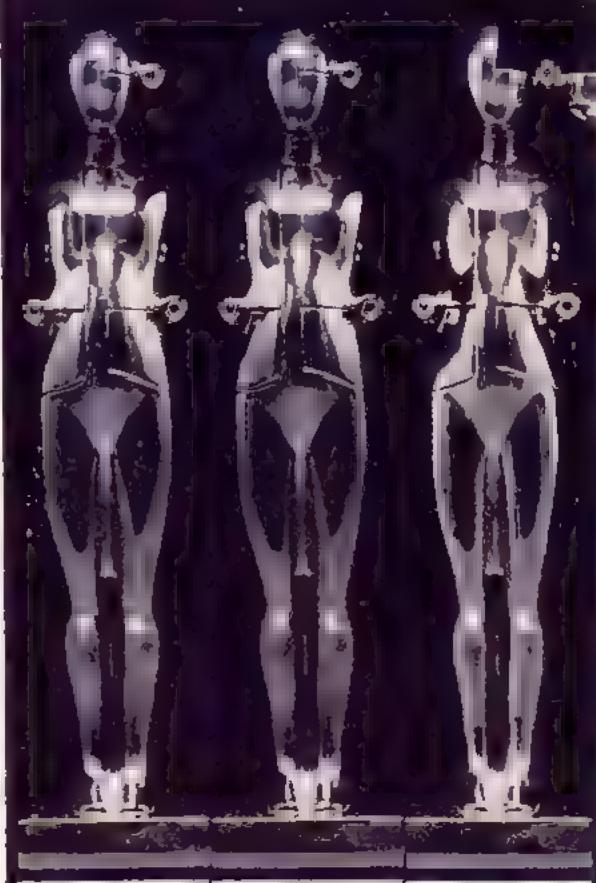
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They prefer the established and the familiar. But, unlike traditionalists, these men are readier to consider new lifestyles—after they have gained approval and acceptance by society in general.

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They prefer the new, but their inclination is tempered by a concern for continuity within the established order. Men in this category are usually fashionable but rarely avant-garde.



TODAY'S MAN:
HOW DOES HE LIVE?
WHAT DOES HE BELIEVE?
WHOM DOES HE LOVE?
WHAT DOES HE WANT?

The Playboy Report on American Men

*a comprehensive, first-of-its-kind
study focusing on the american
male in his vital years*

ALTHOUGH WE LIVE in a time when increasing emphasis is placed on the concerns of women, youth, the aged, minorities and other groups, there remains one indisputable fact: men control the institutions that dominate American life.

It's also true that knowledge about the American male in his prime years is vital, because his reactions to his personal and social environment will, in the years to come, have a major influence on the course of those institutions. Recognizing the lack of recent data, Playboy Enterprises com-missioned Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., to probe the values, lifestyles and aspirations of the American man—to paint a picture of him in his active adult years, at that moment when he is busy shaping the world for himself and others. There are some 48,000,000 men in the United States between the ages of 18 and 49; it was a cross section of this group that we were after. We asked Professors William Simon, Ph.D., University of Houston, and Patricia Y. Miller, Ph.D., Smith College, in consultation with Louis Harris and Associates, to analyze and interpret the mountains of material generated by the study. What they

SCULPTURE BY ERN STRODA



INNOVATORS

These men show a strong enthusiasm for the new, and their preference is marked by a willingness to experiment with traditional forms. They aren't the inventors of new lifestyles, but they're generally the first to try them out.



discovered is an important underlying measure of the American male's receptivity to changes taking place in society—changes to which he himself is contributing, often unknowingly, on a day-to-day basis. This measure translates into profiles of four distinct types of men: Traditionalists, Conventionalists, Contemporaries and Innovators.

Each of the 1990 men who took part in the intensive, face-to-face interviews was placed in one of the above categories, depending on his attitudes toward three current issues that promise to change the status quo in American society: sexual relations outside marriage; the transformation in the status of women; and decriminalization of such victimless crimes as prostitution, gambling and smoking marijuana.

The responses to questions in those key areas provided the guidelines for assigning the men to the four basic categories. Traditionalists, then, are generally men who oppose decriminalization of victimless crimes, disapprove of sexual relations outside marriage and don't support changes in the status of women. Conventionalists are men who express opposition to two out of three of the basic issues. Contemporaries generally support change in any two of the

three issues. And Innovators are men who approve of change in all three areas.

The results show that American men are fairly equally divided among the four major classifications: Traditionalists, 23 percent; Conventionalists, 27 percent; Contemporaries, 25 percent; and Innovators, 25 percent.

Although this breakdown may be of scant comfort to Innovators who might prefer radical and immediate changes in society, it is worth noting that, after 15 years of upheavals—the Vietnam war, Watergate and the women's movement being just three we can mention—and a period of time in the Seventies when Americans were supposed to be forgetting about their commitments to social issues, three quarters of the American men surveyed are willing to consider or actively embrace sweeping societal changes.

Clearly, with 50 percent of the men either Contemporaries or Innovators, the question of how much change there will be in the Eighties depends on how much that group can convince the Conventionalists that the alternatives already espoused by them represent society's mainstream. And because what appears radical when

BASIC VALUES OF AMERICAN MEN... RELATIVELY SPEAKING

Values are sometimes a matter of degree. The ranking on the left shows what percentage of respondents thought the corresponding table of basic values, taken one by one, were "very important" to them personally for a happy and satisfied life. But when the men were pressed to pick from that same table the three *most important* values to them personally, the list—at right—ended up in a much different order.

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| 1. Health | 89% |
| 2. Love | 85 |
| 3. Peace of mind | 84 |
| 4. Family life | 84 |
| 5. Work | 65 |
| 6. Friends | 63 |
| 7. Respect from others | 58 |
| 8. Education | 57 |
| 9. Sex | 49 |
| 10. Religion | 41 |
| 11. Money | 39 |

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| 1. Family life | 56% |
| 2. Health | 35 |
| 3. Peace of mind | 32 |
| 4. Love | 25 |
| 5. Money | 25 |
| 6. Friends | 20 |
| 7. Work | 19 |
| 8. Religion | 16 |
| 9. Respect from others | 10 |
| 10. Education | 9 |
| 11. Sex | 8 |



LOOKING FOR THE IDEAL LOVER

(Qualities sought and percentage naming each quality)

Traditionalists

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. Someone to be totally open and honest with | 55% |
| 2 Someone who understands and respects you | 43 |
| 3 Someone you feel comfortable with | 40 |
| 4 Someone who accepts you just as you are | 36 |
| 5. Someone who is loyal to you, right or wrong | 34 |
| 6 Someone who is physically attractive | 30 |
| 7 Someone who is sensitive to your needs | 27 |
| 8. Someone who is intelligent | 18 |
| 9 Someone who is sexually exciting | 15 |
| 10. Someone who is tender | 12 |
| 11. Someone who gets new and exciting ideas | 3 |
| 12. Someone to fulfill your wildest fantasies | 2 |

Innovators

| | |
|--|-----|
| 1. Someone to be totally open and honest with | 50% |
| 2. Someone who is physically attractive | 40 |
| 3. Someone who understands and respects you | 38 |
| 4. Someone who is intelligent | 36 |
| 5. Someone you feel comfortable with | 35 |
| 6 Someone who is sexually exciting | 32 |
| 7. Someone who accepts you just as you are | 31 |
| 8. Someone who is sensitive to your needs | 26 |
| 9. Someone who is loyal to you, right or wrong | 15 |
| 10. Someone who is tender | 13 |
| 11. Someone who gets new and exciting ideas | 10 |
| 12. Someone to fulfill your wildest fantasies | 5 |

first adopted by the Innovators is altered by the Contemporaries, it then appears less threatening when considered by the Conventionalists.

Out of the mass of raw data, we have prepared charts and tables to highlight the statistical material. But it is useful to summarize our find-

ings, with more detailed analyses to follow.

We see the American male, for example, placing a high value on his family life health, love and peace of mind. At the same time, he doesn't seem to find much comfort in organized religion. The priorities that he

DRUG USE BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC: DO YOU APPROVE?

(Percentage "Approve Strongly" and "Approve Somewhat")

| | Traditionalists | Conventionalists | Contemporaries | Innovators |
|----------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------|------------|
| Tranquilizers | 28% | 40% | 41% | 43% |
| Sleeping pills | 26 | 35 | 36 | 34 |
| Marijuana | 6 | 18 | 37 | 63 |
| Amphetamines | 5 | 8 | 11 | 19 |
| Barbiturates | 4 | 7 | 10 | 15 |
| Cocaine | 1 | 3 | 7 | 19 |
| Hallucinogens | 1 | 2 | 3 | 11 |
| Heroin | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 |

EVALUATING JOB REWARDS

| | Question How important is each item to you? | | Question Which four or five are most important to you? | |
|---|---|------|---|----------------------|
| | I. "Very Important" | Rank | Rank | II. "Most Important" |
| A chance to use your mind and abilities | 1 | 79% | 3 | 34% |
| Job security | 2 | 70 | 2 | 50 |
| Doing meaningful things | 3 | 69 | 7 | 19 |
| Friendly people to work with | 4 | 67 | 8 | 17 |
| A chance for personal growth | 5 | 66 | 12 | 15 |
| A good salary | 6 | 63 | 1 | 56 |
| Working for a company you respect | 7 | 63 | 17 | 9 |
| Appreciation for a job well done | 8 | 63 | 4 | 26 |
| New challenges | 9 | 62 | 10 | 16 |
| A chance for advancement | 10 | 62 | 13 | 14 |
| Having the respect of the people you work with | 11 | 61 | 11 | 16 |
| Freedom to decide how to do the job | 12 | 58 | 9 | 16 |
| A good pension plan | 13 | 55 | 5 | 25 |
| Having enough free time to enjoy other things | 14 | 52 | 6 | 23 |
| Fringe benefits | 15 | 51 | 15 | 13 |
| Intellectual stimulation | 16 | 49 | 16 | 11 |
| Contribution to society | 17 | 43 | 18 | 9 |
| Being able to retire early enough with good money | 18 | 43 | 14 | 14 |
| Meeting interesting people | 19 | 40 | 21 | 6 |
| Contribution to company's progress | 20 | 40 | 25 | 4 |
| Pleasant physical surroundings | 21 | 38 | 24 | 4 |
| Having somewhere to go, something to do every day | 22 | 36 | 20 | 6 |
| An opportunity to make a great deal of money | 23 | 36 | 19 | 8 |
| A comfortable routine that is easy to handle | 24 | 25 | 23 | 5 |
| Opportunity for travel | 25 | 24 | 26 | 3 |
| Not having to work too hard | 26 | 17 | 22 | 5 |
| Getting away from problems at home | 27 | 13 | 27 | 2 |

RATING OUR NATIONAL PRIORITIES

(Percentage "Very Important" by class)

| | Lower class | | Working class | | Lower-middle class | | Upper-middle class | | Average 90% |
|--|-------------|-------|---------------|-------|--------------------|-------|--------------------|-------|-------------|
| | Student | Class | Student | Class | Student | Class | Student | Class | |
| Reduce crime | 86% | 90% | | | | | | | |
| Eliminate corruption in government | 80 | 82 | 86 | 80 | 72 | 80 | | | |
| Reduce inflation | 68 | 82 | 84 | 83 | 73 | 78 | | | |
| Reduce unemployment | 74 | 85 | 80 | 77 | 65 | 76 | | | |
| Promote world peace | 78 | 78 | 76 | 75 | 71 | 76 | | | |
| Eliminate energy shortages | 73 | 72 | 76 | 75 | 77 | 75 | | | |
| Reduce environmental pollution | 75 | 61 | 63 | 59 | 56 | 63 | | | |
| Lower taxes | 43 | 68 | 64 | 57 | 45 | 55 | | | |
| Improve consumer protection | 50 | 56 | 54 | 51 | 38 | 50 | | | |
| Secure equal rights for minority individuals | 56 | 56 | 46 | 45 | 45 | 50 | | | |
| Help revitalize the cities | 47 | 49 | 41 | 37 | 37 | 42 | | | |
| Provide national health insurance for all | 32 | 52 | 42 | 42 | 28 | 39 | | | |
| Help our allies around the world | 24 | 29 | 24 | 18 | 21 | 23 | | | |

expresses in his value system suggest that it's the blessings of *this* world that attract him, more than the promise of spiritual rewards. And he recognizes that many of this world's blessings are to be found in the rewards of work.

Men today consider a car, a house, a bank account and a vacation every year to be necessities, not luxuries. Yet affluence isn't equally distributed. One of the important discoveries of this study is the distinct disaffection of young, blue-collar nonstudents 18 to 22 years of age. The rebellious college student of the Sixties has been replaced by someone tending to express positive feelings toward the system. But for the young men not in college—those most likely to bear the brunt of unemployment—there are the prospects of the least attractive jobs and relatively low pay. Naturally, these men tend to be the most discontented, pessimistic and alienated in society.

Conversely, the most *involved* group in our society turns out to be upper-middle-class men. That segment may well have a political influence out of proportion to its numbers—not because of any corruption in the system but simply because these men are more active politically and have more confidence in their ability to influence the political process. The Seventies have been widely perceived as a conservative period, a time of rest after the intense political activity of the past decade. The survey indicates that even now, below the surface, there may be a great deal of discontent. American men identify many issues—crime and inflation, among them—as very important. At the same time, there's strong support for greater freedom in areas of personal morality. The findings suggest that America is turning not toward conservatism but toward a new personal liberalism to rival if not replace the social liberalism of previous decades. The role of government, as the new liberalism views it, is to protect and sustain the individual—but to leave him free to be himself.

American men envision an increasingly important place for leisure. Many men have over 40 hours a week that they consider leisure time. Many take two or more vacations a year, and some even feel they have too much leisure time. Most men use a portion of their leisure for certain basic, universally recognized purposes, such as spending time with friends and loved ones, resting and getting one's mind off the job. Beyond that, they tend to branch out into specialized interests—sports, self-improvement, the arts or hobbies. All classes of American men engage to some degree in all kinds of leisure pursuits, but there are also areas of diversity that stem from class differences. Upper-middle-class men show a marked superiority in reading, cultural pursuits, (continued on page 232)



*"It's two francs for three hours of modeling and
I won't charge you for the quickie."*



fiction by

**JOSEPH
HELLER**

GOOD AS GOLD

in which our hero finds that washington is not exactly what it appears to be but exactly what one would expect—from the eagerly awaited new novel by the author of the legendary “catch-22”



ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

NOTHING SUCCEEDS AS PLANNED

EVERYTHING in Ralph Newsome's office in Washington had a bright shine but the seat of his pants. Bruce Gold had been greeted at the elevators by a young girl with a pretty face who turned him over to a stunning woman near 30 with straight black hair and a sheer, very expensive dress that clung bewitchingly to her incredibly supple figure, who conducted him at length to Ralph's secretary, a sunny, flirtatious woman of

arresting sensual warmth who won his heart instantly with her seductive cordiality and caressing handshake. Everything in view gleamed with a polished intensity that made electric lighting, on these premises, seem superfluous.

Ralph had aged hardly at all. He was tall and straight, with languid movements, freckles and reddish-brown hair parted on the side. What Gold remembered most clearly about Ralph was that he never needed a haircut or ever looked

as though he'd had one. He wore a tapered, monogrammed shirt and his trousers looked freshly pressed. He was still, somehow, the only graduate of Princeton University Gold—or anyone Gold knew—had ever met.

"I hope you had fun last night," Ralph opened innocently. "This town is just bursting with good-looking women who will do almost anything for a good time."

Gold curtly answered, "I was tired when I got in. I wanted a rest."

This was a lie. Rather, he had spent the evening roaming dismally from one public room of his hotel to another, hoping in vain that someone might recognize him and take him somewhere else to girls as lovely as any one of the three who'd just welcomed him.

"Gosh, Bruce, I'm happy to see you again," Ralph said. "It's just like old times again, isn't it?" Gold was silent. It was not at all like old times. "The President will be pleased I'm seeing you today if he ever finds out. You sure do boggle his mind. He has a framed copy of your review of his *My Year in the White House* under the glass top of his desk in the Oval Office so he can reread it all day long during vital conversations on agriculture, housing, money, starvation, health, education and welfare, and other matters in which he has no interest." Ralph was in earnest. "I'm told he already has a blowup of your proverb 'Nothing succeeds as planned' on a wall of his breakfast room right beside a quotation from Pliny. It's a daily reminder not to attempt to do too much."

Gold was guarded in his reply. "I'm glad," he said, and hesitated. "There's still much about his book I don't understand."

That's one of the things he likes best about your review. He was afraid you might see through him."

"See through him?" Gold shifted his feet uneasily.

"Well, we all knew he really didn't have much to write about his one year in the White House, especially since he was so busy writing about it. He probably wants you working here as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements, although he probably doesn't want you making any yet. That much is definite."

"Working as what?" asked Gold.

"As anything you want, Bruce. You can have your choice of anything that's open that we're willing to let you have. At the moment, there's nothing."

"Ralph, you aren't telling me anything. Realistically, how far can I go?"

"To the top," answered Ralph. "You might even start there. Sometimes we have openings at the top and none at the bottom. I think we can bypass spokesman and senior official and start you higher, unless we can't. You're much

too famous to be used anonymously although not many people know who you are. Got anything else in the works?"

"I'm doing a book for Pomoroy and Lieberman and there's a short piece on education I have in mind."

"How I envy you," Ralph murmured. Gold eyed him with hostility. "What's the book about?"

The question gripped Gold by the throat. "About people in America, Ralph, about Jewish people."

"I gather you're in favor. I would rush that one out while there's still time."

"Still time for what?"

"Still time to risk it. The article on education should help. We'll be organizing another Presidential commission on education soon and you'll be appointed." Ralph buzzed his intercom. "Dusty, darling, bring in our file on Dr. Gold, will you?"

"Sure thing, honey." The beautiful woman gave Ralph a folder containing a pad on which was written absolutely nothing. "Here you are, sweetheart."

"Thanks, love."

"She's gorgeous," said Gold, when she left. "And Dusty is an exciting nickname."

That's her real name. Her nickname is Sweets."

"You didn't call her Sweets."

"In a Government office?" Ralph chided benevolently. "Now, let's see where we are." Ralph addressed himself to the blank pad and wrote "Spokesman, Source," and "Senior Official." "We considered beginning you as a press aide, but one of the first things the boys from the press would want to know would be where does someone like you come off being a press aide? Would you like to work as a secretary?"

"It's a far cry from what I had in mind," said Gold stiffly. "I can't type."

"Oh, not *that* kind of secretary," Ralph laughed. "I mean"—he groped—"what do you call it? The Cabinet. You wouldn't have to type or take shorthand. You'd have girls like Dusty and Rusty and Misty to do that for you. Would you like to be in the Cabinet?"

Gold was more than mollified. "Ralph, is that really possible?"

"I don't see why not," was Ralph's reply. "Although you might have to start as an under."

"An under?"

"An under is a little bit over a deputy and assistant, I think, but not yet an associate. Unless it's the other way around. Nobody seems sure anymore."

"Could I really begin as an under secretary?"

"In Washington, Bruce, you fall quickly and can't fall very far. How would you like to be Secretary of Labor?"

Gold, on firmer ground now, hesitated

deliberately before evincing repugnance. "I think not."

"I can't say I blame you. How about Secretary of the Interior?"

"That sounds rather dark."

"I believe they work with coal mines Transportation?"

Gold made a face. "That smacks of labor."

"Commerce?"

"It sounds a little bit like peddling."

You're showing excellent judgment. What about Ambassador to the UN?"

"Don't make me laugh."

"What do you think about Secretary of the Treasury?"

Gold pinched up his ears. "What do you think?"

"It has more tone."

"What would I have to do?"

"I think I could find out. Harris Rosenthal would know. Most of them are very rich and seem to care about money."

"I care about money."

"But they know about it."

Gold declined with regret. "I'm not sure I'd be comfortable. I'm supposed to be something of a pacifist and a radical reformer."

But a conservative radical reformer, Bruce, Ralph reminded.

"That's true."

"Imagine what a blessing it might be to have you in the Department of Defense."

Gold had an inspiration. "How about Secretary of Defense?"

That's good, Bruce. Especially for a pacifist.

But I'm only a pacifist in times of peace."

We'll put it down, Ralph added to his list. "And then there's head of the FBI or the CIA to consider."

Would I have to carry a gun?

Ralph didn't believe so and wrote those down, too. "These are all good, Bruce. Someone with your flair for publicity could probably get your name in the newspapers almost as often as the Secretary of State."

"What about Secretary of State?" asked Gold.

"That's a thought," said Ralph.

Wouldn't I have to know anything?"

"Absolutely not," Ralph answered, and appeared astounded that Gold even should ask. "In Government, Bruce, experience doesn't count and knowledge isn't important. If there's one lesson of value to be learned from the past, Bruce, it's to grab what you want when the chance comes to get it."

Gold asked with distress. "Is that good for the world?"

"Nothing's good for the world, Bruce. I thought you knew that. You've more or less said the same in that last piece of yours. Now, Bruce," Ralph continued

(continued on page 158)



*although she's der bingle's granddaughter, model denise
isn't about to step into bing's strait-laced shoes*

A DIFFERENT KIND OF CROSBY

Denise (in 1959 miniskirt, below) likes to write and sing songs in her spare time. "It's possible I inherited that from my grandfather." Father Dennis is at far right in the middle photo, along with Frank Sinatra and Crosby brothers (from left) Philip, Gary and Lindsay. At bottom, Bing and Dennis.



Denise Crosby is not at all what you would expect Bing Crosby's granddaughter to be. She wears her hair butch, sports New Wave clothes, her musical tastes include Devo and Bryan Eno, and she speaks of karma and spiritual cleanliness. Also, she's a whole lot less conservative than Grandpa Bing. "Any kind of sexual suggestion wasn't looked upon highly by my grandfather," she says. "He was very conservative." Would Bing have approved of her posing for *PLAYBOY*? "Since it was all done so artistically," Denise muses, "I feel he probably wouldn't have been too upset." Denise tells us she's

Wild clothes are among Denise's passions and, since the Italian designer Fiorucci creates some of the world's wildest fashions for his international clientele, she had a ball putting some of his creations together for the three shots below.



After she's had her fill of modeling for *Paris Vogue* and various designers here and abroad, Denise would one day like to get into movies. "If and when I make the break into films," she says, "I'd like to be able to capture the classic elegance of Dietrich and Garbo, but in an updated, contemporary way."

"not into commercialism, fame or fortune; I'm into art. I like innovators, artists who've been rebellious, people who've set their own style, like Andy Warhol and a lot of the New Wave groups—Talking Heads and Devo, for example." Coupling Denise's interest in punk rock with her grandpa's classic *White Christmas*, some overzealous copywriter came up with the item that she was going to cut a punk version of the holiday platter: "Tain't so, say Denise and her personal manager, Joel Weinberg, seen cavorting with her on a secluded strip of Venice Beach, below. Says Joel of Denise: "She's very special in many ways." Hear! Hear!







Life Inside the Congressional Cookie Jar

article By James Abourezk

POLITICS is an exact science, not an ambiguous art. Whoever said it was not exact must have lost an election and, with hands in the air, said, "Too many variables—people are too hard to predict."

But my contention is that nearly everything in politics is predictable. Nothing under the political sun is new. To prove it, I have reduced the entire political experience down to a set of laws into which one can fit any political activity. I call these my first eight Laws of Politics:

1. Anybody who really would change things for the better in this country could when you're sitting on top of the political goodies, you run into all kinds of sugar-coated characters—including presidents. here's the behind-the-scenes story from the maverick former senator who just got fed up with the whole thing



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM

never be elected President anyway.

2. Don't worry about your enemies, it's your allies who will do you in.

3. In politics, people will do whatever is necessary to get their way.

4. The bigger the appropriations bill, the shorter the debate.

5. If a politician has a choice between listening and talking, guess which one he will choose?

6. When voting on the confirmation of a Presidential appointment, it's always safer to vote against the son of a bitch, because if he's confirmed, it won't be long before he proves how wise you were.

7. If you want to curry favor with a politician, give him credit for something that someone else did.

8. Don't blame me, I voted for McGovern.

If you don't believe in the truth of these laws, just think back to any political experience within your own memory and try to apply one of Abourezk's Laws of Politics to it. For example, try out my first law: Anybody who really would change things for the better in this country could never be elected President anyway.

The test for this law is easy: Could Fred Harris or Mo Udall ever be elected President? No way. They have made outright threats against the establishment—the nation's power structure—and so the people who run this country would never let them win. It is only those who merely talk about change but don't really want it who are allowed to be President.

Or what about my second law: Don't worry about your enemies, it's your allies who will do you in.

Think about this law for a minute. Did George McGovern ever hurt Richard Nixon? No. It was one of Nixon's trusted aides, John Dean, who brought him down. What did Goldwater and the Republicans ever do to damage L.B.J.? Nothing. But L.B.J.'s fellow Democrats—led by Gene McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy—did plenty. Or what about Wayne Hays? Was Liz Ray his enemy before she started talking into her tape recorder?

But it is Abourezk's third law that is to be the subject of this essay: In politics, people will do whatever is necessary to get their way. This law is well illustrated by one of Louisiana Senator Russell Long's early political experiences. At the time, Long was a fourth-year student at Louisiana State University and a member of the debate squad. Since his father, Huey, had been dead for some time, Russell occasionally sought the counsel of his uncle Earl Long, who had been (and would be again) governor of Louisiana.

When Russell solicited advice on one upcoming debate, Uncle Earl asked, "What's the topic?"

"Should ideals be used in politics? And I have the affirmative side, Uncle Earl," said Russell.

"Well, you've got the best side, boy," Uncle Earl said gleefully. "Just tell 'em, hell, yes, you oughta use ideals in politics—you ought to use any goddamn thing you can get your hands on."

Russell never forgot that lesson, judging from the way he operated during the debate on the Emergency Natural Gas Bill in early 1977. In the course of that debate, the oil-and-gas industry was accused by some Senators of withholding reserves of natural gas in anticipation of higher prices; to prevent withholding in the future, an amendment was offered that would permit the Federal Government to do its own drilling for natural gas, in order to obtain its own information on gas reserves.

Well, Senator Long, who usually comes down on the side of the oil-and-gas industry, was of the opinion that the Government already knew too much about gas reserves. So when the newly elected Senator from the state of Nebraska, Ed Zorinsky, voted in favor of the inventory amendment, Long rushed over to him and shouted excitedly, "You may not have any oil and gas in Nebraska, but, by God, you've got Mutual of Omaha, and one of these days, you're going to want a tax break for it. Just remember, I'm chairman of the Finance Committee, so I'm the one you have to come to for tax breaks."

Zorinsky refused to change his vote, and, to my knowledge, he still has not asked Long for any tax breaks for Mutual of Omaha.

Presidential lobbying itself can be an interesting study. Through the years, each U. S. President has had his own style of applying political pressure to get the votes necessary for his programs. Lyndon Johnson alternated between arm-twisting and pork barreling, the legislative art of putting a Federal project into a particular state, so that the state's Senator will get credit for the jobs and income generated by the project and the President gets the Senator's support when he wants it.

The Nixon White House usually used negative pressure on Members of Congress. Anyone—friend or foe—who voted against a Nixon-sponsored bill was marked for retaliation and punished at the first possible opportunity.

As does any President, Jimmy Carter has a lot of clout, but he has chosen not to cram it down the collective throat of Congress. As important as passage of the Panama Canal treaties was to his Presidency, Carter relied on (of all things)

only gentle persuasion to line up the 67 votes he needed for passage.

Although I had publicly stated all along that I intended to vote in favor of the Canal treaties, about a week before the vote on the second, and most crucial, treaty, I had cause to reassess my position. At that time, President Carter and Energy Secretary James K. Schlesinger secretly hosted White House meetings of selected members of the House-Senate natural-gas conference committee; because I was opposed to natural-gas deregulation, and therefore perceived as a troublemaker, the meetings were closed to me—and to the press and the public.

It was obvious to me that Schlesinger and the President were going to use the prestige of White House meetings to try to get a bare majority of the conferees to agree to deregulate natural gas. In secret, they could wheel and deal much more freely than they could in public.

I was very strongly opposed to such actions. The year before, I had spent 13 agonizing days and nights engaged in a one-man filibuster to try to stop natural-gas deregulation. Quite naturally, I took a dim view of the Administration's teaming up with pro-oil and gas people to put in the fix—and doing it in the White House, too.

The result of my annoyance was that five days before the second Panama Canal treaty vote, I called Danny Tate, a White House Congressional lobbyist, to tell him that because of Carter and Schlesinger's secret meetings on the natural-gas bill, I intended to switch my position and vote against the Panama Canal treaty. I thought I heard his heart flutter on the other end of the line, since the Washington press had that day predicted that one vote—mine, theoretically—would make the difference between victory or defeat for Carter and the treaty.

At three minutes after six that evening, Jimmy Carter called. His voice was very soft, betraying none of the tension that he certainly must have felt.

"Jim, I hear you're upset with me," he said.

Although I usually call the President Jimmy, I was so outraged by his support of the gas-deregulation bill that I became fiercely formal.

"Yes, I am, Mr. President," I said. "In fact, I'm so upset that when I woke up at three-thirty this morning to take a pee, I couldn't get back to sleep. And the longer I lay in bed, the madder I got about the secret meetings you and Schlesinger are sponsoring at the White House. Finally, at five this morning, I got up and wrote a speech denouncing the meetings and announcing my

(continued on page 224)



YOU GOTTA HAVE HEART

*what's the difference between sky diving
and performing at a comedy club? in sky
diving, you can only lose your life*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSE

article By CRAIG MULFOLD

YOUNG San Francisco comedian named Bob Barry tells a story about having just begun his act one night when some juicehead near the front of the room yelled out, "Fuck you! Get off the stage!" Barry hesitated, the way you do when you're hit in the neck with a cattle prod. Then he found his place and went on with his routine. A minute later, the same voice shouted, "You suck! Get outa here!"

Before Barry could go to pieces or make a comeback, someone in the rear of the room yelled, "Shut up and give the asshole a chance!"

That was a good night. Stand-up comedy is a hard, nervous business. Imagine yourself a young comic: You're looking through a strong, yellow light into an audience filled with strangers, hecklers, drunks and dopers out there in the darkness alongside the grim and the sober. Your hand is sweating onto the microphone. They are waiting. Now—say the funniest thing you can think of.

All right. Are they laughing? Is it polite laughter or rolling-in-the-aisles, (continued on page 112)



attire By DAVID PLATT

WITH THE TREND in trousers to a narrower, tapered shape, footwear is naturally getting more attention. Designers are concentrating on re-forming the classics—and the basics for almost any shoe wardrobe are reflected here: from the dressy fundamentals of brogues to the elegant casuals, such as slip-ons and sandals. Even the most casual styles are gaining a more solid fashion footing, to the point where they are not infrequently seen in the presence of three-piece suits. The point being, shoes are the new focus, the area in which today's man can assert his fashion individuality. Even *espadrilles* and riding boots are likely candidates to round out the basic footwear wardrobe. The

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THE NEWS
IN SHOES:
**GETTING OFF
ON A SOUND
FOOTING**



Opposite page, from far left: Start off your basic wardrobe with a businesslike black calfskin straight-tip lace-up shoe (only one is shown) with leather heel and sole, by Johnston & Murphy, about \$85 a pair. This mainstay can take you into almost any situation. Next, add a pair of dark-brown calfskin wing-tip lace-up shoes with tapered toes and leather heels and soles, by Bostonian, \$79. For casual evening wear, a pair of slip-ons is in order. These medium-brown kiltie-topped calfskin shoes with single-lace closure, stitched trim, leather heels and soles are by French Shriner, about \$75. For casual summer wear, try the light-brown calfskin sandals with T-strap buckles, stitched trim, tapered toes, about \$80. Yes, it's proper to wear socks with them. Again for summer wear, the newest in men's

footwear is the dark-brown glove-leather espadrille with center stitching and slightly raised rope-trimmed crepe sole, about \$35, both by Linea Ranieri for B.D.S. You can turn on a dime with the beige suede padded lace-up shoes with paneled chevron design, from Mopeds Collection by Nunn Bush, about \$35. The dark-brown elk-tanned leather moccasin deck shoes are as much a signature of prepdom as are LaCoste shirts. The authentic kind are from Sperry Top-Sider, about \$37. For stomping around town, these brick-stained cowhide pull-on boots with rounded toes, traction heels and soles are tops, from Boots by Frye, about \$82. (The gray slacks on this page by Jean-Paul Germain, the gray socks from Kaiser-Roth Sock Division and the lady's red shoes from La Marca Shoes.)



variations on the basic shoe theme have had many influences this year—from the popularity of active sports shoes to experiments with new materials. The wide appeal of specialty shoes (running shoes, hiking boots, and so forth) has produced its fashion counterpart in the lighter, looser, more relaxed mood in clothing that we can expect to see again this summer. Of particular interest are: the use of fabrics (especially canvas and linen), either by themselves or in combination with leather; open treatments, such as perforations and cutouts; lower silhouettes both in the use of slimmer soles and in flatter heels; and lower-cut bodies showing more sock, or even more bare foot. The innovations emphasize comfort and simplicity of design.

THE NEWS IN SHOES: **WALKING AWAY WITH HIGH FASHION HONORS**



Opposite page, from far left: This summer's urban boot-camper has the option of picking these Army-green cotton canvas lace-up half boots with leather piping, rear trim, pull-on tab and leather heels and soles, by Charles Jourdan Monsieur, \$96. The tan calfskin lace-up oxford, with cutout vamp, rounded toe, stitched trim, leather heel and sole is from Cole-Haan, \$100 a pair. The shoe on the gentleman's other foot is a cream calfskin oxford with tapered toe, leather heel and sole, from Bally of Switzerland, about \$115 a pair. For du-toned tastes, Knight Errant by Rayley makes these black calfskin/off-white-linen wing-tip oxfords and will sell them to you for about \$95. Urbane cowboys who won't settle for second best will happily come up with the \$300 for these Lucchese Boots. They have medium-brown

embroidered calfskin uppers and lizard lowers, with all the details one expects from authentic Western-style boots: narrow toes and tapered leather heels. The dark-brown pig-suede sandals with T-strap buckle closures, rounded toes and leather soles are from Nancy Knox, about \$75. For hot weather, give your feet a treat by slipping them into these beige cotton mesh / tan calfskin saddle shoes with rounded toes, leather heels and soles, by Martegani for Gentleman's Footgear, about \$55. Last, the black calfskin lace-up bowling-style shoes with soft-padded collars, perforated sides, rear-panel numbers and microfiber soles are for when you want to look like you've just rolled a couple of frames but don't have the energy, by Glen Shoe, about \$25. (The lady's blue shoes courtesy of La Marca Shoes.)

"You can feel the nervous energy, and hear it all along the bar at The Holy City Zoo."

falling-down stuff? Or are they groaning or booing? Or are they sitting there with exactly the same expression they had on their faces before you said a word?

You can find out what it's like, because in the past five years, clubs in San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles have sprung up using what once might have been thought of as an impossible gimmick: They open their stages to *anyone* who thinks he or she is funny. And the audiences *pay* to hear them.

This, interestingly enough, follows a good ten years when show-business observers used to worry about where the new comedians were going to come from. The old Borscht Belt (Catskill Mountain resorts such as The Concord and Brown's) no longer booked unknown talent. Little joints that used to feature comedy had all gone rock 'n' roll. Vaudeville was ancient history, like silent movies. TV would accept polished talent—especially on *The Tonight Show*—but the problem was in finding a place (or places) to be terrible in.

Now there are The Improvisation and Catch a Rising Star in New York, Improv West and The Comedy Store in L.A., The Holy City Zoo in San Francisco and Sylvester's in Chicago, and there are others opening all over the country almost every month. Perfect little places for someone to be terrible in. But also perfect little places to hone and polish and act, and perfect little places to be discovered.

•

Last year, *PLAYBOY* sent me out to attempt some death-defying feats—walking on the wing of a plane, ice climbing, sky diving—and when I got back from peering over the edge of the cliff at Acapulco, I began to hang around The Holy City Zoo in San Francisco. It was supposed to be a change, but I found that it was just a different kind of death and, as I hung around and watched, naturally, I began to get personally involved . . . and interested. But that's jumping ahead.

You can feel the nervous energy, and hear it all along the bar at The Holy City Zoo. The Zoo is a small, dark club of barn wood and brick on Clement Street in San Francisco. Tuesday is open-mike night, and every week 20 or 30 regulars and a handful of first-timers sign up for their five minutes. Most of the regulars know one another because they're there every week, and certain of them arrive

early every week. When Tony DePaul gets there at eight, they're waiting. They help him take the stools off the bar and set them onto the floor and they jabber at him as he fills the beer lockers and puts the white wine on ice. Tony is the manager, the bartender, the master of ceremonies and an aspiring comedian himself. He orchestrates the order of appearance Tuesday nights, and that's what they badger him about. "I didn't get on till after midnight last week," says one. "There was nobody left except three winos and a pimp. Gimme a good spot tonight, will ya?"

"Come on," Tony tells him, "I can't put everybody on first. Every week I get this stuff. Guys coming up to me, saying, 'My wife's pregnant, I got to get her to the hospital, *please* put me on early.' Jesus, there was a woman who used to come in here all the time and she'd get up and start doing this totally incoherent shit, the worst, so I started putting her on around one in the morning. Then one night she comes in here with her goddamn psychiatrist and he starts telling me I have to put her on early because it's such a healthy thing for her to have a good audience." He pauses for the laugh. "Christ, this place is like a halfway house, *all-the-way* sometimes."

The show starts around nine and by 8:45 the would-be comedians are three-deep along the bar. They stand together in eager little knots, watching the paying customers drift in, telling one another stories, gossiping, trading one-liners, and although now and then one of them will say something worth a laugh, these guys rarely laugh out loud at one another. Instead, they nod their heads and say, "Now, *that's* funny." That's the way the top pros react, after all. The gossip, of course, is about comedy and other comedians.

"What I like is when Bill Cosby does his gut-level stuff, about his wife, you know."

"He ain't funny."

"Well, *you* may not think he's funny, *I* may not think he's funny, but *he's great*, you know."

"He buys most of his material, like those cheap lounge comics."

"Everybody buys material if they have the money. I mean, I know you can't help thinking about this thing artistically, but you have to remember it's a business. That's why I can't really get on a guy who sells out . . . you know . . . if they twist their material a little bit to

get on TV, that's OK. I mean, you're either serious about comedy or you're not."

They tell each other how difficult it is to set a small audience like this one on fire. "You got—what?—maybe a hundred and twenty people in here, and *half* of those are other comedians. It's tough."

Tony jumps into the conversation. "This ain't tough," he says. "Not like the old days." By the old days Tony means two or three years ago around here, when he and a few other local comedians were just starting out. One infamous club, now defunct, was then one of the few places to play. "That fucking dump," says Tony. "Bob Sartate used to say that every weirdo in the city had a trap door that led right to that place; he was right. There'd be guys in the corner shooting up, fistfights, some woman in the back giving birth. I swear to God, I was up there trying to be funny one night and this woman went into labor. It might have been false labor—she didn't have the kid right there—but they threw her up on a table in the back and she was moaning and screaming, *while I was on*. One night two lesbians got right up onstage with me and started punching each other out, as if I wasn't there, so I just started narrating the fight. God, it was a *mean* place. I actually got down off the stage one night and punched a guy myself. To tell you the truth, I think it ruined a lot of good comedians. All night it was 'Ahhh, fuck you,' back and forth, and it made a lot of guys too hostile. They got used to playing to speed freaks and zeros, and when they'd get an audience of real people, they couldn't handle it."

Tony smiles at his enraptured audience. "You guys have it good here at the Zoo," he says. "This is a whole different audience. These people come specifically to see comedy, they want to laugh, and they know that here at the Zoo they'll see some really good comedians along with the beginners. Rafferty, Giovanni, Williams, they all come back here to try out new stuff. They came out of the old days at the Zoo."

He has just named the Golden Alumni around here. Their publicity photos, eight-by-ten glossies, hang around the walls and above the bar, along with a dozen or so others. The producers of the new *Laugh-In* came up from Hollywood to look over the San Francisco comedians and they took Robin Williams, Bill Rafferty and Jim Giovanni back with them. *Laugh-In* died a quick death, but it was enough to sling those three into the fast lane. Williams (see page 209) is 27 years old and is working on a new TV series called *Mork & Mindy*. Rafferty is 33 and is making Bay Area clubs

(continued on page 202)



"Ready?"



article By ALEX HALEY

FINALLY, after three A.M., practically out on my feet from exhaustion, I locked my hotel-room door behind me, pulled off my clothes down to my underwear and flopped onto the bed for whatever rest I could manage to get before running to catch the next plane at seven. A few hours before, I'd been among the 80,000,000 Americans who had watched the concluding eighth episode of the original *Roots* television miniseries, which had ended with me oncamera speaking for several minutes to that unprecedented national audience. Of the earlier seven *Roots* episodes, I'd had to miss six. While they were on, I had been hurrying between airports, hotels and myriad other places in an effort to maintain a blurring schedule of back-to-back appointments in a grueling coast-to-coast promotional tour of interviews, speeches and personal appearances seven days a week, usually from before breakfast to midnight and frequently beyond.

But most assuredly, I wasn't—and still am not—complaining. After some 20 years of having crossed my fingers every time I mailed to editors something I had written, now *Roots*, which represented 12 of those years of work, had already sold close to 1,000,000 hardcover copies, and the television miniseries had collectively attracted the largest audience in the history of the medium. I lay there on the hotel bed, thinking about how lucky I was, no matter what bone weariness it involved, and with those ambivalent thoughts I was drifting into sleep when the loud door buzzer jolted the silence. It couldn't be my wake-up call already! I peered at the night table clock's luminous dial: 5:30! Again the buzzer sounded.

Stumbling to the door in the darkness,

I stumbled it open. A young blond-haired bellboy stood there stiffly, his hands at his sides, swallowing hard and looking very solemnly at me standing in the doorway in my underwear, blinking at him.

"Yes?" I managed.

He stuck out his hand. "Sir, I want to thank you for what you've done for America."

He couldn't have been more sincere. That's all he had to say. I wanted to hug him for feeling that way—and to punch him for getting me out of bed. I shook his hand, said I appreciated his saying that, and he marched away.

Then it hit me. So much for anonymity; I guess I'll be having experiences like that now and then for a while; of course, the TV exposure will cause more people to recognize me than did when it was just my picture on the back of the book jacket. . . .

In retrospect, that bellboy pushing the hotel door's buzzer was really kind of a signal that at least major aspects of my life were about to change abruptly, maybe forever. Let me tell you what happened: When I stepped out of my cab at Kennedy Airport later that morning, I got a passing glance from one of the busy skycaps, who practically whirled around, did a double take and exclaimed loudly, "Alex Haley!"

Within seconds, I was surrounded by people, jostling, pushing, shoving so hard that I was separated from my bag. I think that skycap must have checked it in for me, for somehow it arrived on the same flight with me in Los Angeles. But right then, that missing bag was the last thing on my mind, amidst all those people yelling my name, shouting, "That's him! That's him!" I was confused, bewildered, I believe for the first time in my life actually afraid that I might be about to get hurt. The (continued on page 136)

*nobody's knocking
success, but it sure looks
different once you've
seen both sides*

There Are Days When I Wish It Hadn't Happened



THERE'S NO trench coat, no dingy office with a bare bulb hanging over an ashtray full of chain-smoked Camels. Yet if Denise McConnell ever screamed "Freeze!" it would be a hardened criminal, indeed, who wouldn't stop dead in his tracks. Although it may be hard to believe, this soft-spoken, doe-eyed lovely is a licensed private investigator, a true-life counterpart to the best of Charlie's Angels.

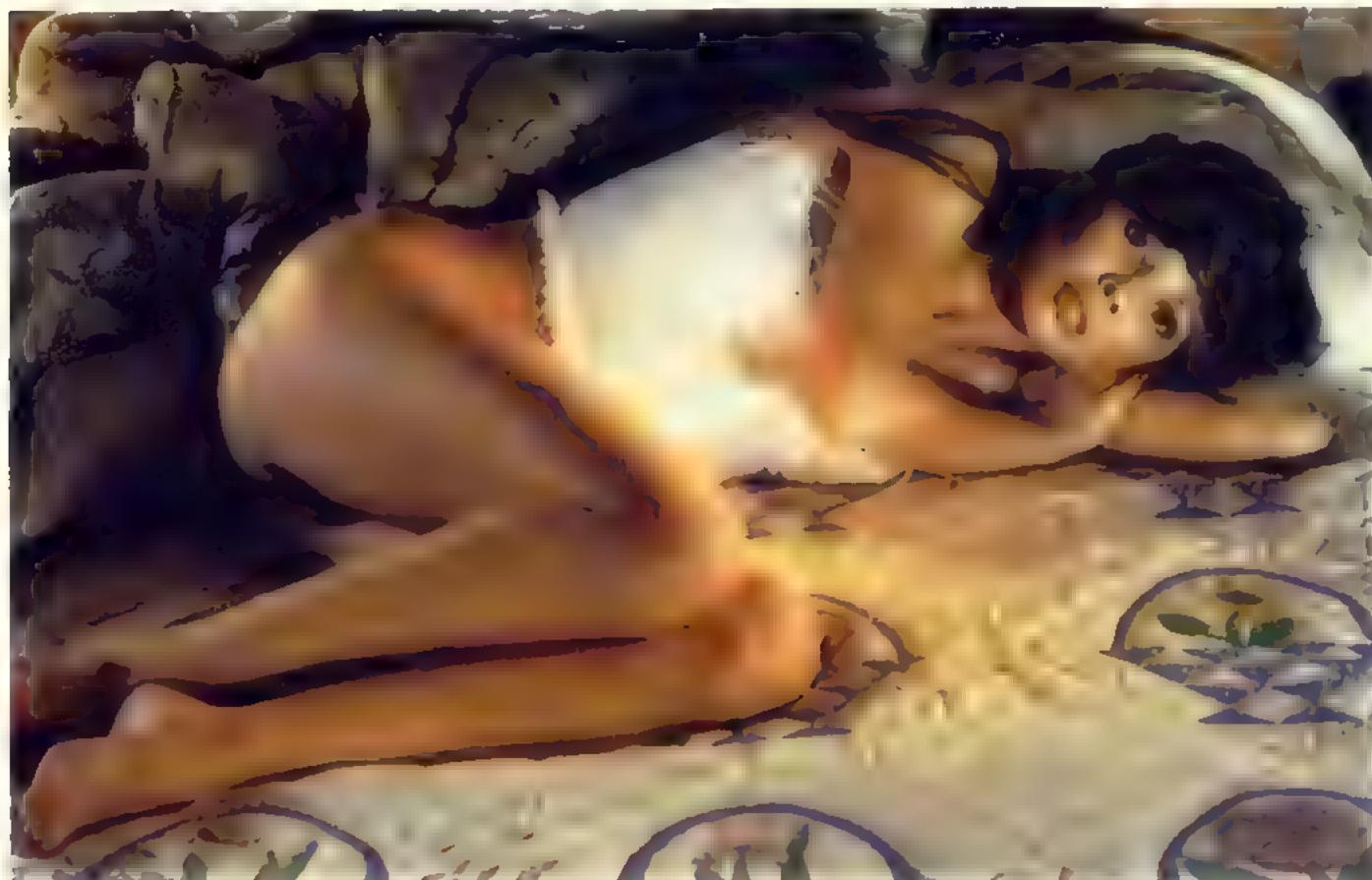
Surprisingly, just as in the fantasy TV series, being a beautiful sleuth has its advantages. We suspect that most of Denise's subjects end up following *her*. A canny ploy when effective and one that sets her technique apart from the



crude tactics of, say, Mike Hammer. Says she: "It's a real advantage being a female in this business. If I want to talk to someone, especially a man, it's not hard to get his attention."

Denise was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, to a U.S. Air Force officer and a Puerto Rico-born mother. She started in the private-eye business as a secretary, found it extremely boring and decided the streets were where the action was. After a bit of training, she

"I'm loyal, real loyal to my boyfriend. I look around, sure, but I couldn't cope with infidelity. There would be too much guilt built up inside me."



PRIVATE EYEFUL

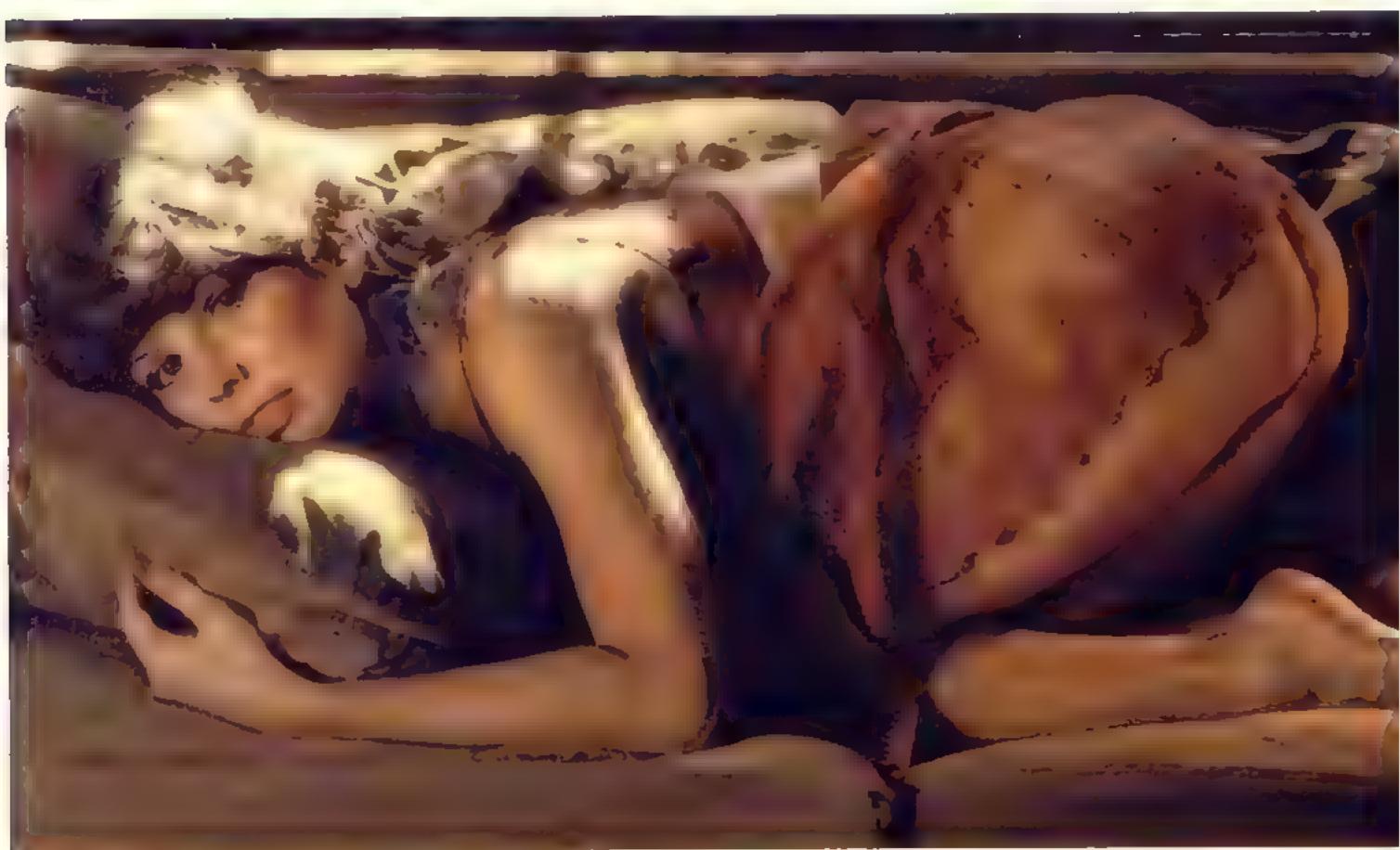
playmate denise mc connell's a private investigator with a big advantage. after all, what guy would hide from her?



"I love to ride motorcycles. I use a dirt bike, but I'd have a chopper if I could handle it. It would be a colorful one. Like a real pretty metal-flake."

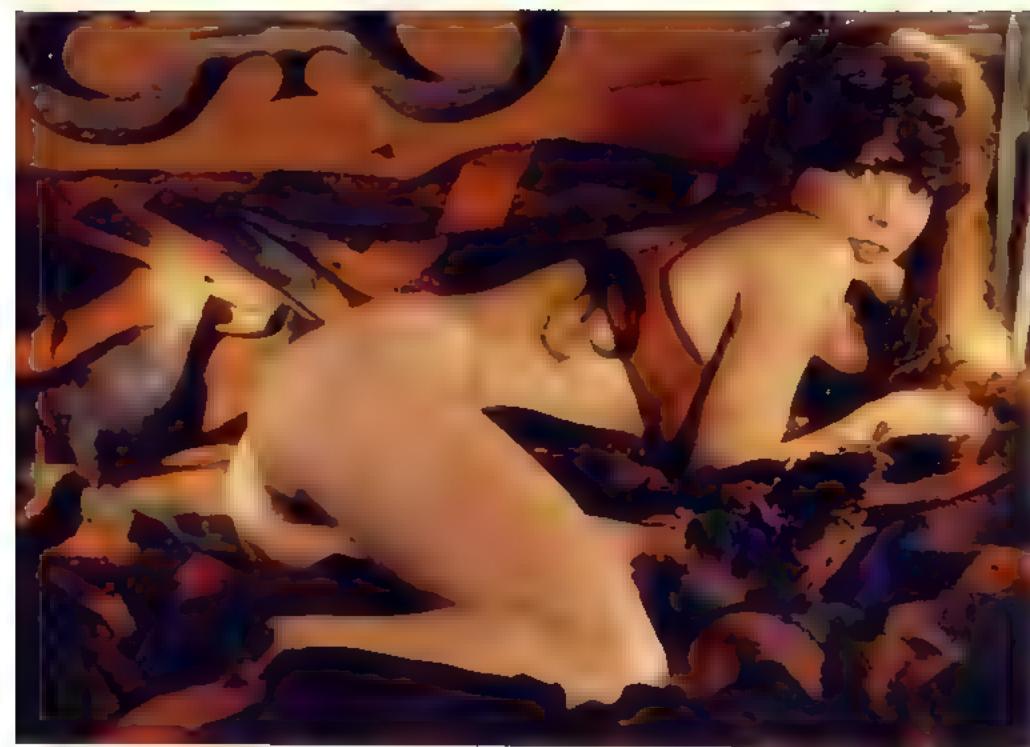


"I'm very realistic. No fantasies. That's just the way I was brought up; don't overreach yourself and never spend money that you don't have." Denise earns her money as a private eye (below).



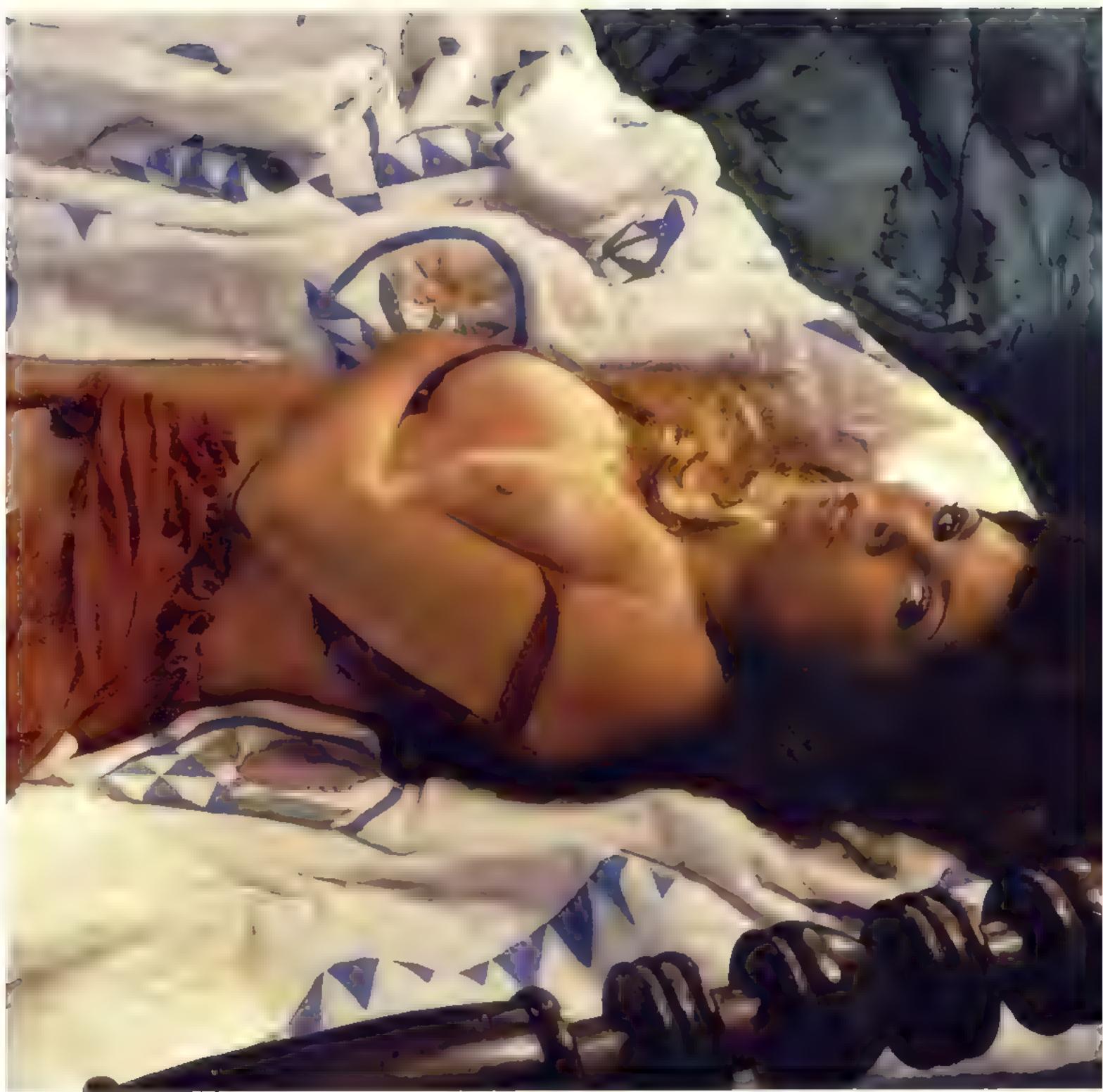
found she had a Holmesian knack for tracking down the bad guys and she is now a partner in an agency specializing in missing-persons, child-custody and divorce cases. She lives in Norman, Oklahoma, a college town that Denise finds satisfyingly tranquil except on football days. "I like that about Oklahoma; you can always find a place that's quiet. In a large city, with all the noise, I can't get to sleep at night." The

"If someone approaches me the wrong way, I immediately dislike him. I want to be respected, not toyed with simply because I'm pretty."



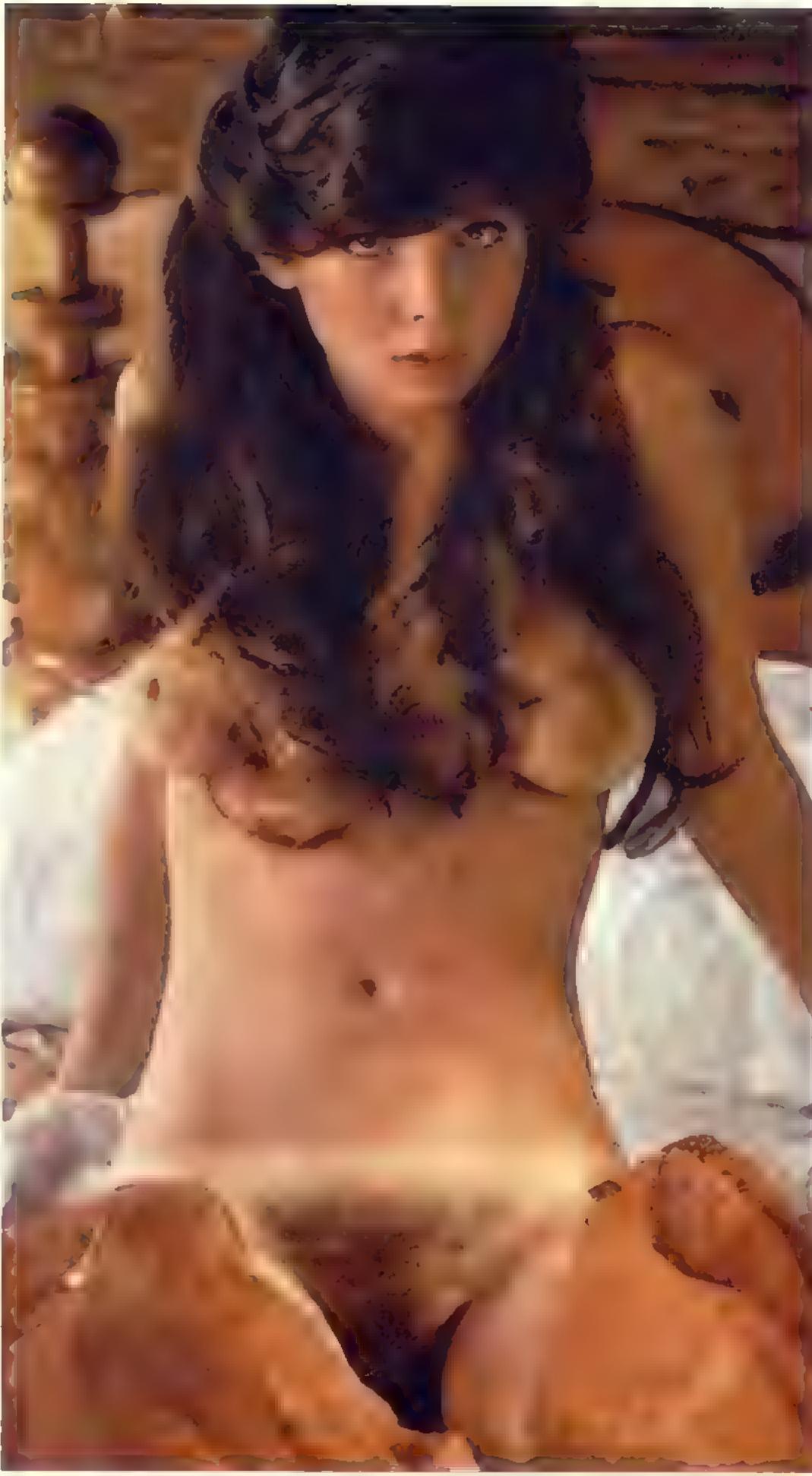
"My parents didn't tell me much about sex. It was kind of hush-hush. I didn't even like it the first time. Now, of course, I enjoy it."





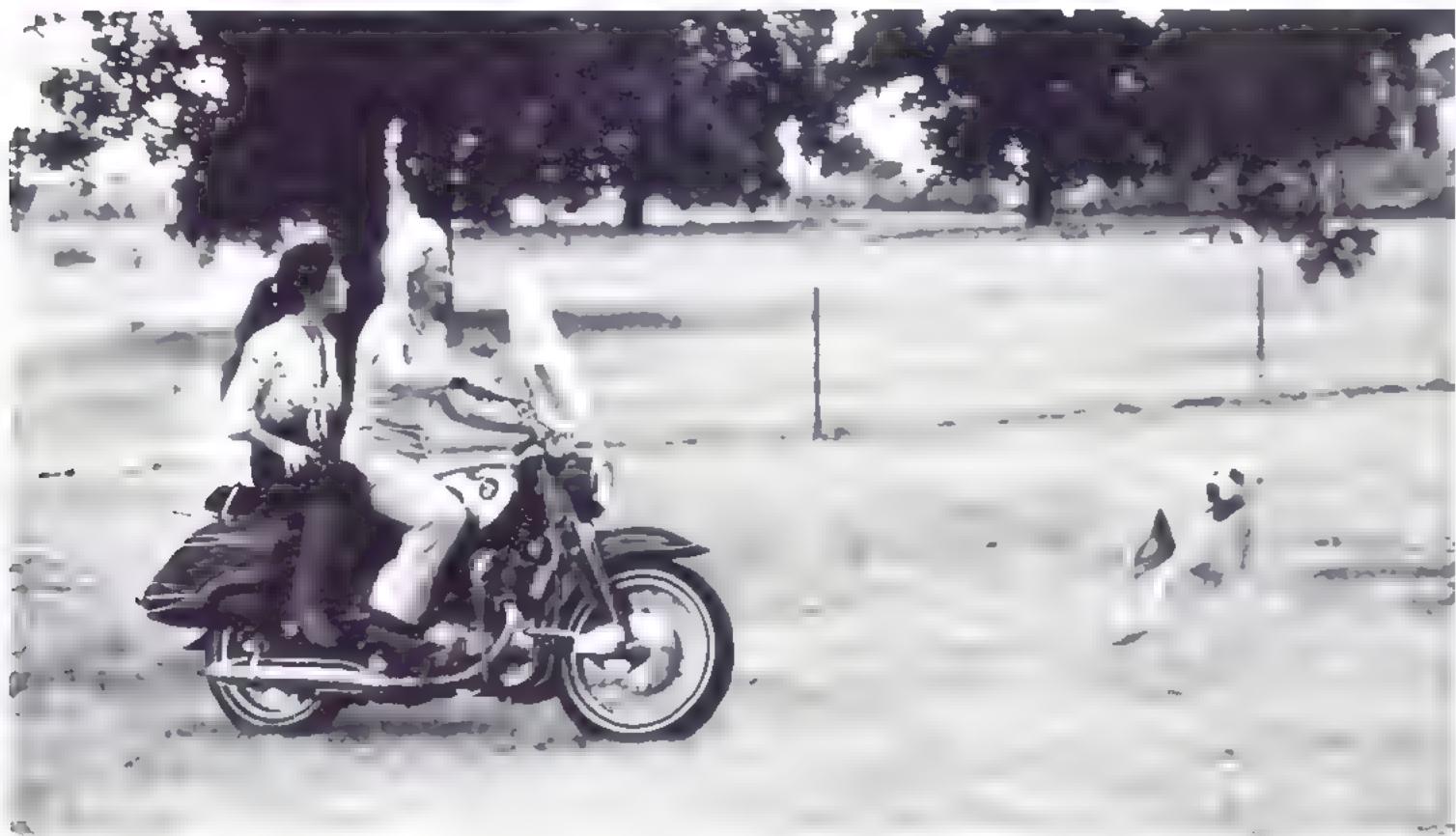
fact that the gumshoe racket can get a bit exciting for someone who likes quiet is lost on Denise. "There really isn't that much to it. The people are different, but each case is pretty much the same; you follow somebody, you dig up information, you question people. It can get scary at times, but I don't think about that." Won't *PLAYBOY*, uh, blow her cover? "No, I often use disguises. Sunglasses and a wig and I'm

"I don't think women should compete with guys. I certainly don't. That's not me at all. I'm feminine and I like feminine things."



"People think just because I'm soft-spoken that I don't have a temper. I do keep things bottled inside me, but when I blow, I really blow."

On the job (below), Denise talks with boss Paula Bolin, senior partner of the two-woman agency Paula Bolin Investigations Incorporated. Sorry, guys, no job openings now



"a different person." With that, Denise took a long, hard pull on her Coca-Cola. It was time to go to work. She ran her handkerchief around the glass to remove the fingerprints, felt for the bulge under her left arm and quietly stole away into the night. The stake-out could last until morning. Somewhere, a dog howled in the fog.

GATEFOID PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Above, Paula's mother, Mrs. Edna Bettis, 63, takes Denise for a spin. Later (top right), Denise repairs to the quiet of the Bettis' tree house.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Denise McConnellBUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 104 SIGN: CapricornBIRTH DATE: 12-23-58 BIRTHPLACE: Wiesbaden, GermanyGOALS: To be more outgoing; I'm much too shy.TURN-ONS: Anything green, the outdoors, directness in people.TURN-OFFS: Shonies, dishonesty, people who don't come through after a promise.FAVORITE MOVIES: Star Wars, The Sting, all Woody Allen movies.FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Saturday Night Live, Mork & Mindy, Monty PythonFAVORITE FOODS: Gyros, lobster, chocolate ice creamFAVORITE MUSICIANS: Willie Nelson, Charlie Daniels, Rolling Stones, Marshall Tucker Band.FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: George Carlin, Woody Allen, Steve MartinIDEAL EVENING: Any time I can go off alone with my boyfriend; nobody else, just us.

Any time, Dad!

new Xmas
dollhouseCaught eating
again!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

His curvaceous date had worn a plunging strapless evening gown to the club dance, and after they exchanged a lingering goodnight kiss in the hallway, the fellow stepped back to survey her smile and said, "I'll never understand what kept it up."

"What puzzles me," rejoined the girl, returning both his appraising glance and his smile. "is what's keeping it down."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *copulation* as sex between consenting police officers.



Iwouldn't mind having a test-tube baby," a promiscuous girl is reported to have said recently, "provided it was at least an eight-inch test tube."

His lordship is frenziedly plumbing
A harried whose pussy is humming!
Since he pleased her twat
With the first wad he shot,
She'll rejoice in the lord's second coming!

Word has reached us about a new chain of funeral parlors that have crematories right on the premises. They've registered the trade name Wake & Bake.

Speaking of suitability for the job . . . we understand a TV station in Minneapolis just hired a frigid weatherwoman

Because the long line for the kissing booth at the church bazaar seemed to be moving rather slowly, the minister strolled over, quickly sized up the situation and drew aside the striking young lady in charge of the activity. "Just accept our male parishioners' money and kiss them, Miss Worthington," he counseled. "The Lord's coffers fill much too slowly when you take the time to fake an orgasm."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *erection* as a beaver cleaver

Harry, that new inflatable sex doll has to be tested," said the head of the porno-goods firm.

"Check, J.B.," sang out Harry. "I'll get right on it."

The teenaged couple in the theater paid little if any attention to the movie on the screen. The boy would fondle the girl's breasts, and then she'd knead his crotch area until he shuddered, and then he'd fiddle around under her skirt until she moaned audibly . . . and then they'd begin the cycle all over again. Finally, a woman got up to speak to the manager, who was watching from the rear of the house. "What do you plan to do about those youngsters?" she demanded.

"Look, lady, we're changing pictures tomorrow," he replied, "but I'm thinking of holding those kids over for another week."

Said Crystal, who hails from Poughkeepsie
I ball guys on top when I'm tipsy."
Then we peeked in the tent
Where her binge time is spent,
And we found Crystal balls on a gypsy!

It was love at first sight between the handsome libertine and the appealing young prostitute. He swept her off her back.

You know, I'd sure like to get into your pants," mumbled a drunken patron to the provocative tavern waitress.

"No dice, mister," the girl shot back. "There's one asshole there already."



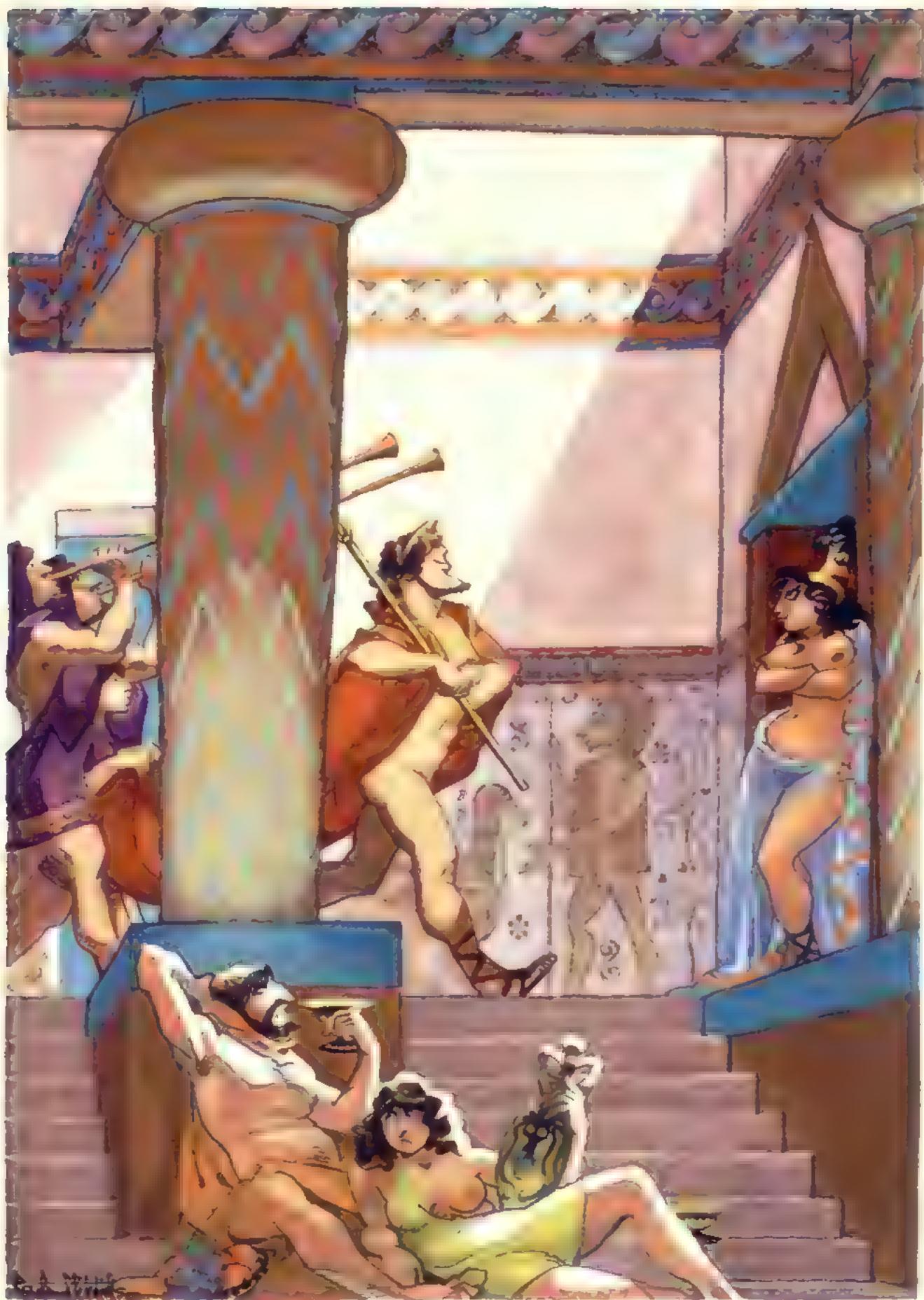
Edie Baskin

It was on a snowy winter day that this charming young nobleman had me to his ancestral manor house near Cambridge," the girl recounted breathlessly to her best friend, "where he made us mulled wine and then gently undressed me and gave me exquisite head on a tigerskin rug in front of a blazing fire."

"Oh, wow!" reacted the friend. "I suppose that was the high point of your trip."

"It was," sighed the girl nostalgically. "There's nothing quite like a toasted English muffing."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I should've been king—but Mom always liked Oedipus best!"

it was terrific —having all the women in his life back for one-nighters— until he realized he was heading for the ultimate, unspeakable horror

ALL THE BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST

fiction
By HARLAN ELLISON

HE TURNED onto his left side in the bed, trying to avoid the wet spot. He propped his hand against his cheek, smiled grimly and prepared himself to tell her the truth about why he had been married and divorced three times.

"Three times!" she had said, her eyes widening, that familiar line of perplexity appearing vertically between her brows. "Three times. Christ, in all the time we went together, I never knew that. Three, huh?"

Michael Kirby tightened the grim smile slightly. "You never asked, so I never mentioned it," he said. "There's a lot of things I never bother to mention: I flunked French in high school and had to work and go to summer school so I could graduate a semester late; I once worked as a short-order cook in a diner in New Jersey near the Turnpike; I've had the clap maybe half a dozen times and the crabs twice—"

"Ichhh, don't talk about it!" She buried her naked face in the pillow. He reached out and ran his hand up under her thick chestnut hair, ran it all the way up to the occipital ridge and massaged the cleft. She came up from where she had hidden.

That had been a few moments ago. Now he propped himself on his bent arm and proceeded to tell her the truth about it. He never lied; it simply wasn't worth the trouble. But it was a long story, and he'd told it a million times; and even though he had developed a storyteller's facility with the interminable history of it, he had learned to sketch in whole sections with apocryphal sentences, had developed the use of artful time-lapse jumps. Still, it took a good 15 minutes to do it right, to achieve the proper reaction and, quite frankly, he was bored with the recitation. But there were occasions when it served its purpose,

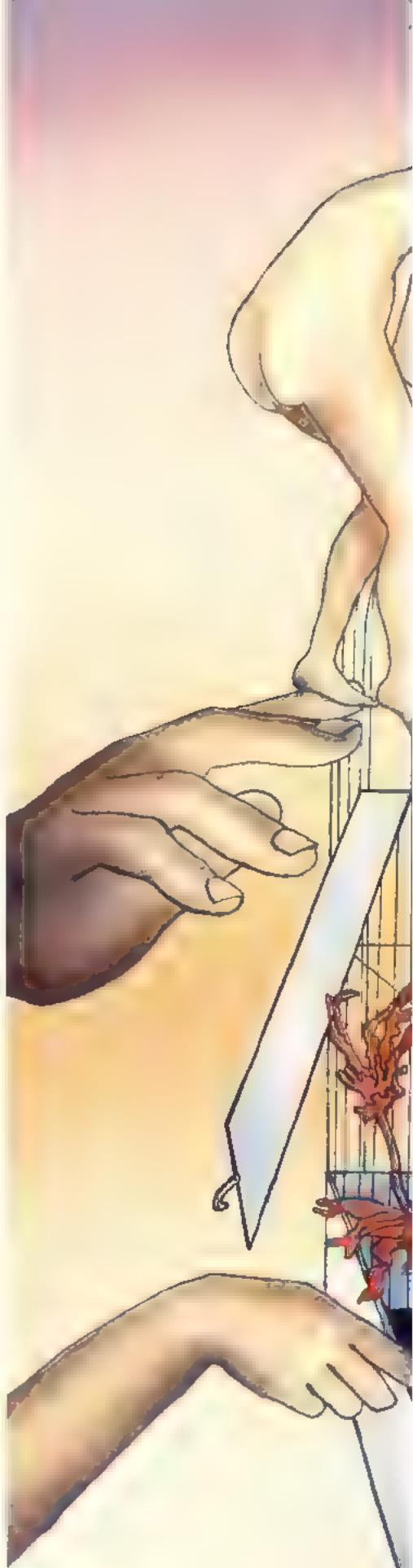
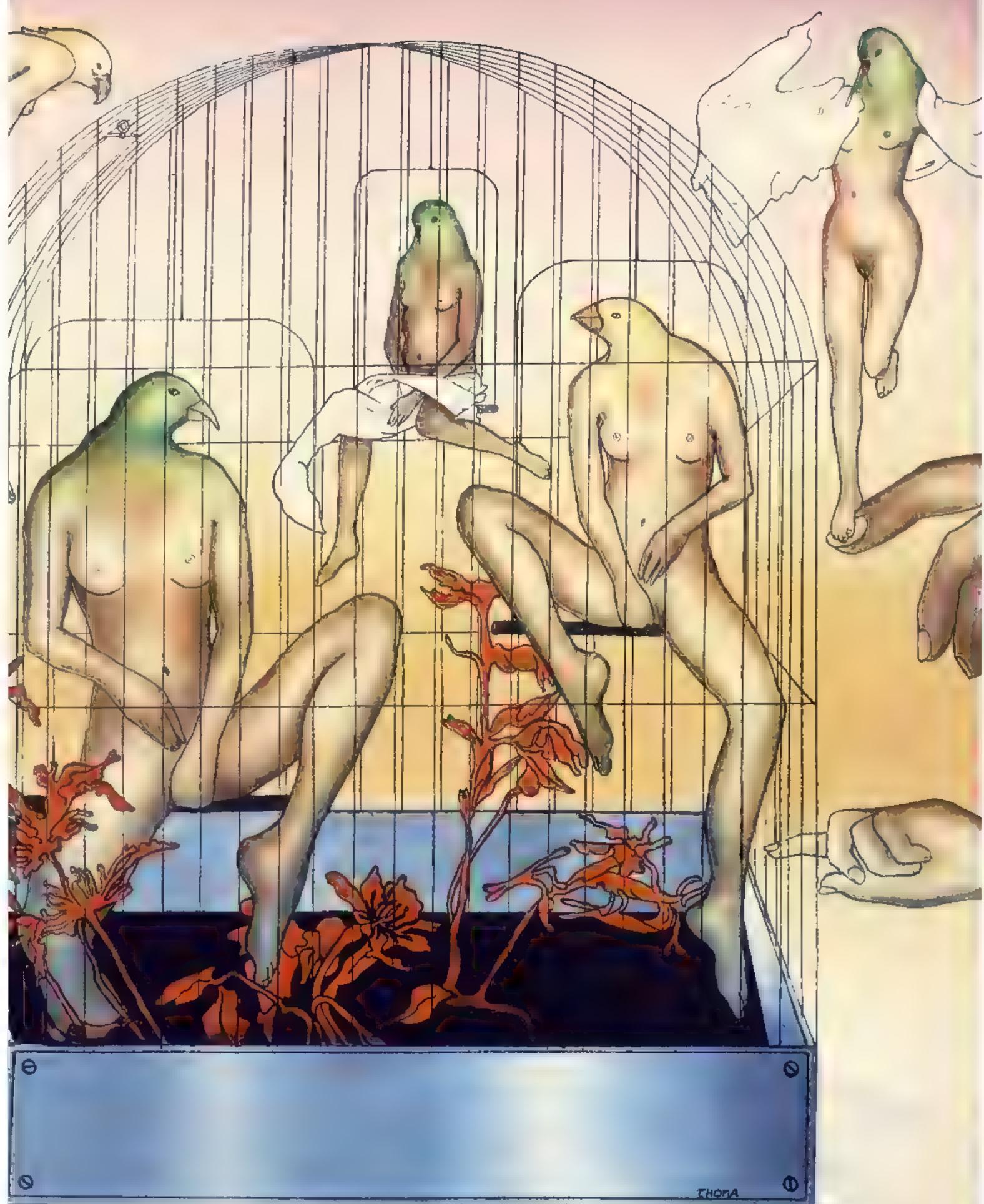


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTA THOMA



**M
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and this was one of them, so he launched into it.

"I got married the first time when I was twenty, twenty-one, something like that. I'm lousy on dates. Anyhow, she was a sick girl, disturbed before I ever met her; family thing, hated her mother, loved her father—he was an ex-Marine, big, good-looking—secretly wanted to ball the old man but never could cop to it. He died of cancer of the brain, but before he went, he began acting erratically, treating the mother like shit. Not that the mother didn't deserve it . . . she was a harridan, a real termagant. But it was really outrageous: he wasn't coming home nights, beating up the mother, that sort of thing. So my wife sided with the mother against him. When they found out his brain was being eaten up by the tumor, she flipped and went off the deep end. Made my life a furnace! After I divorced her, the mother had her committed. She's been in the asylum over seventeen years now. For me, it was close; too damned close. She very nearly took me with her to the madhouse. I got away just in time. A little longer, I wouldn't be here today."

He watched her face. Martha was listening closely now. Heartbeat information. This was the sort of thing they loved to hear; the fiber material, the formative chunks, something they could sink their neat, small teeth into. He sat up, reached over and clicked on the bed lamp. The light was on his right side as he stared toward the foot of the bed, apparently conjuring up the painful past; the light limned his profile. He had a Dick Tracy chin and deep-set brown eyes. He cut his own hair, did it badly, and it shagged over his ears as though he had just crawled out of bed. Fortunately, it was wavy and he was in bed: He knew the light and the profile were good. Particularly for the story.

"I was in crap shape after her. Almost went down the tube. She came within a finger of pulling me onto the shock table with her. She always, always had the hoodoo sign on me; I had very little defense against her. Really scares me when I think about it."

The naked Martha looked at him. "Mike . . . what was her name?"

He swallowed hard. Even now, years later, long after it was ended, he found himself unable to cleanse the memories of pain and fear. "Her name was Cindy."

"Well, uh, what did she do that was so awful?"

He thought about it for a second. This was a departure from the routine. He wasn't usually asked for further specifics. And running back through the memories, he found that most of them had blurred into one indistinguishable throb of mystery. There were incidents he remembered, incidents so heavily freighted with an-

guish that he could feel his gorge becoming buoyant, but they were part of the whole terrible time with Cindy, and trying to pick them out so they would convey, in microcosm, the shrieking hell of their marriage was like retelling something funny from the day before, to people who had not been there. Not funny. Oh, well, you'd have to have been there.

What had she done that was so awful, apart from the constant attempts at suicide, the endless remarks intended to make him feel inadequate, the erratic behavior, the morning he had returned from ten weeks of basic training a day earlier than expected and found her in bed with some skinny guy from on the block, the times she took off and sold the furniture and cleaned out the savings account? What had she done beyond that? Oh, hell, Martha, nothing much.

He couldn't say that. He had to encapsulate the four years of their marriage. One moment that summed it up.

He said, "I was trying to pass my bar exams. I was really studying hard. It wasn't easy for me the way it was for a lot of people. And she used to mumble."

"She mumbled?"

"Yeah. She'd walk around, making remarks you just knew were crummy, but she'd do it under her breath, just at the threshold of audibility. And me trying to concentrate. She knew it made me crazy, but she always did it. So one time . . . I was really behind in the work and trying to catch up . . . and she started that, that. . . ." He remembered! "That damned mumbling, in the living room and the bedroom and the bathroom . . . but she wouldn't come into the kitchen, where I was studying. And it went on and on and on. . . ."

He was trembling. Jesus, why had she asked for this? It wasn't in the script.

"And finally, I just stood up and screamed, 'What the hell are you mumbling? What the hell do you want from me? Can't you see I'm busting my ass studying? Can't you for Christ sake leave me alone for just five fucking minutes?'"

With almost phonographic recall, he knew he was saying precisely, exactly what he had screamed all those years ago.

"And I ran into the bedroom, and she was in her bathrobe and slippers, and she started in on me, accusing me of this and that and every other damned thing, and I guess I finally went over the edge, and I punched her right in the face. As hard as I could. The way I'd hit some slob in the street. Hard, real hard. And then, somehow, I had her bedroom slipper in my hand and I was sitting on her chest on the bed, and beating her in the face with that goddamn slipper . . . and . . . and . . . I woke up and saw me hitting her, and it was the first time I'd ever hit a woman, and I fell away from her, and I crawled across the floor and I was sitting

there like a scared animal, my hands over my eyes . . . crying . . . scared to death. . . ."

She stared at him silently. He was shaking terribly.

"Jesus," she said, softly.

And they stayed that way for a while, without speaking. He had answered her question. More than she wanted to know.

The mood was tainted now. He could feel himself split—one part of him here and now with the naked Martha, in this bedroom, with the light low; another part he had thought long gone, in that other bedroom, hunkered down against the baseboard, hands over eyes, whimpering like a crippled dog. Cindy sprawled half on the floor, half on the bed, her face puffed and bloodied. He tried desperately to get control of himself.

After some long moments, he was able to breathe regularly. She was still staring at him, her eyes wide. He said, almost with reverence, "Thank God for Marcie."

She waited and then said, "Who's Marcie?"

"Who was Marcie. Haven't seen her in something like fifteen years."

"Well, who was Marcie?"

"She was the one who picked up the pieces and focused my eyes. If it hadn't been for her, I'd have walked around on my knees for another year . . . or two . . . or ten. . . ."

"What happened to her?"

"Who knows? You can take it from our recently severed liaison, I seem to have some difficulty hanging on to good women."

"Oh, Mike!"

"Hey, take it easy. You split for good and sound reasons. I think I'm doomed to be a bachelor . . . maybe a *recluse* for the rest of my life. But that's OK. I've tried it three times. I just don't have the facility. I'm good for a woman for short stretches, but over the long haul, I think I'm just too high-pressure."

She smiled wanly, trying to ease what she took to be pain. He wasn't in pain, but she had never been able to tell the difference with him. Precisely that inability to penetrate his façade had been the seed of their dissolution. "It was OK with us."

"For a while."

"Yeah. For a while." She reached across him to the nightstand and picked up the heavy Orrefors highball glass with the remains of the Mendocino Grey Riesling. "It was so strange running into you at Allison's party. I'd heard you were seeing some model or actress . . . or something."

He shook his head. "Nope. You were my last and greatest love."

She made a wet, brattling sound. "Bullshit!"

"Mmm. Yeah, it is a bit, ain't it?"

(continued on page 198)

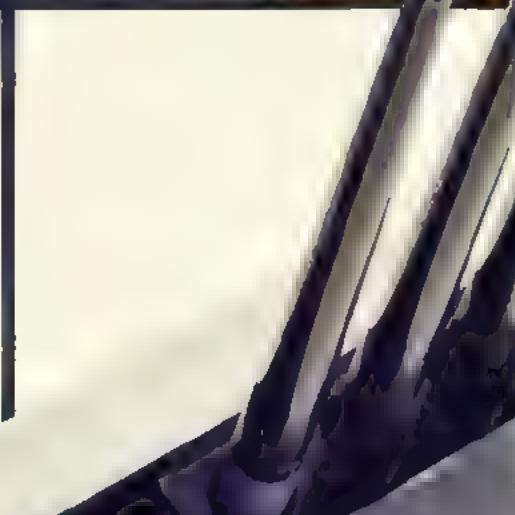
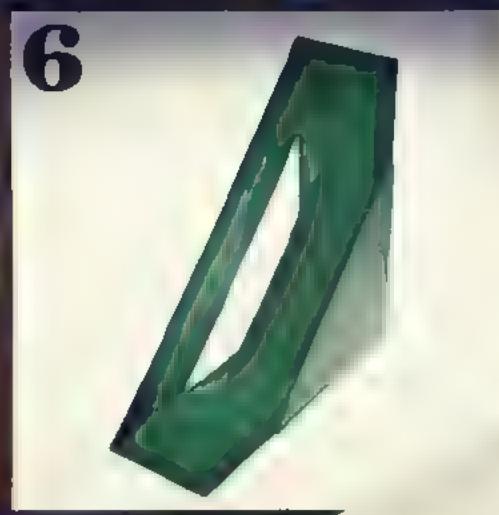
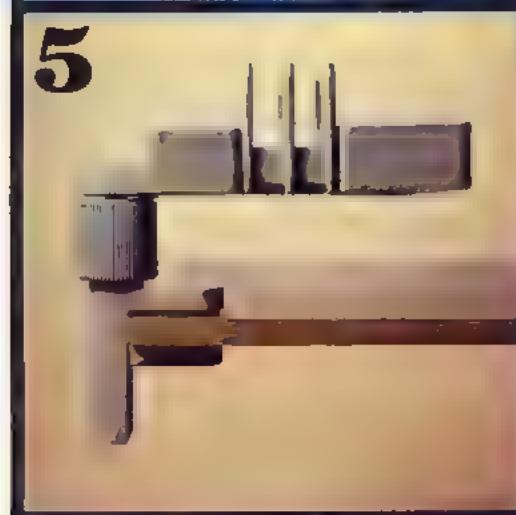
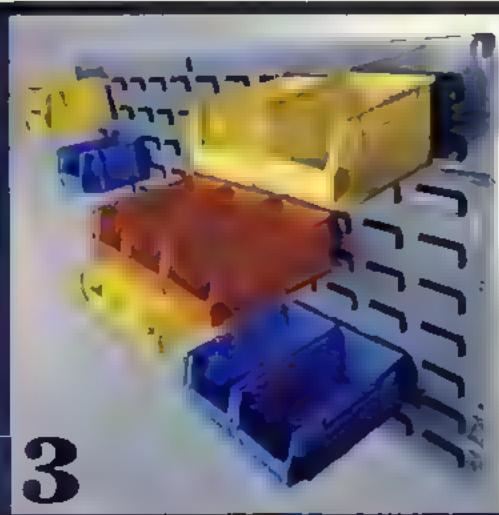


1

1. This tough, durable and lightweight non-porous plastic Co/Struc storage unit can be custom-arranged in many ways, by Herman Miller, Zeeland, Michigan, \$960 as shown.

nifty new ways to put your lifestyle in order

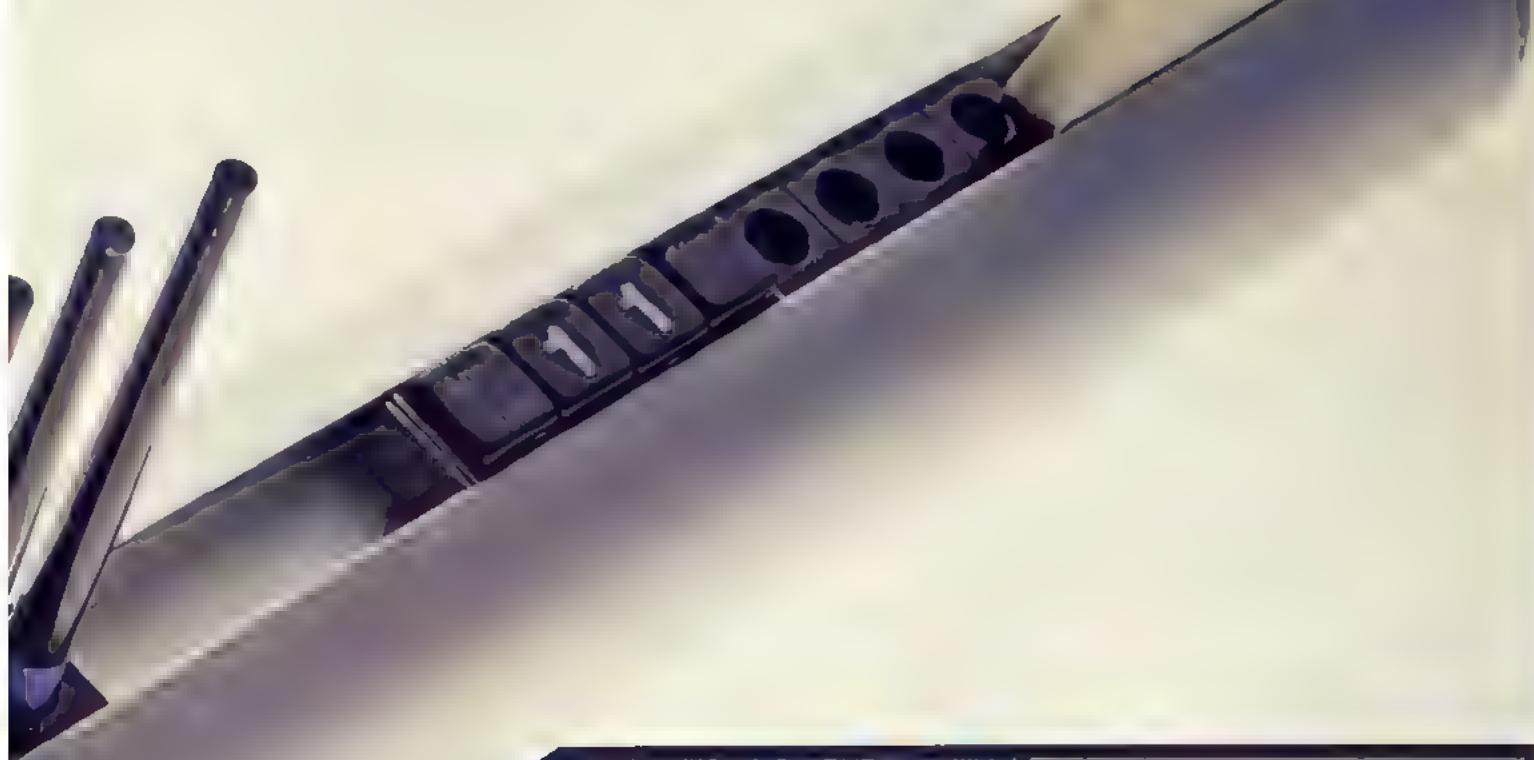
getting organized



5. Olivetti desk organizer, from Inter/Graph, New York, \$36. 6. Heller record album holder, from Crate and Barrel, \$5.95.

7. Brushed-aluminum desk organizer, from Atelier International, Chicago, \$148.50. 8. Leather attaché with strap and handle, from Robinson's, Los Angeles, \$55. 9. Divider box, from A. Liss, Long Island City, \$1.89 to \$7.77. 10. Stackable ice-cube trays, from Beylerian, \$7.50. 11. Lucite pot-and-pan rack, by Taylor & Ng, \$45. (Cookware by Commercial Aluminum Cookware Company.) 12. Polystrene seven-level document cassette with labels, by Facit-Addo, \$69.

2. Plastic magazine rack, from Beylerian, New York, \$33. 3. Wall-mounted plastic Akro-Bins, by Akro-Mills, are available in five different sizes from $4\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'' \times 3''$ high at 55 cents per bin to $16\frac{1}{2}'' \times 14\frac{1}{4}'' \times 7''$ high at \$6.99 each, from Material Flow, Chicago. 4. Stackable plastic Beylerian bins, from Crate and Barrel, Chicago, \$6.50 each, not including casters.



7



9



10



12



There Are Days

(continued from page 115)

"I remember taking a deep breath and demanding, 'Man, what the hell's happening?'"

people, women especially, were grabbing whatever they could get hold of, tugging at my arms, pulling at my clothes. I felt someone's hand thrust down inside my collar, then I felt my shirt's top buttons pop off. It was about then that a man in a red American Airlines jacket pushed right alongside me; I heard him say in a low tone, "Stay next to me and follow me," and he began moving. It was like a football play in slow motion. I sensed with great relief that he knew what he was doing, which I sure didn't. He'd push with the weight of his body behind his shoulder and thus make a little space, and I'd squeeze into that space right behind him, while constantly exclaiming, "Thank you!" "Yes, ma'am!" "Yes, sir!" with a pen in one hand scribbling some semblance of my name on the pieces of paper that were being thrust at me from all directions. After about five minutes of this, we reached a wall and suddenly the man opened a door I hadn't noticed and we both sort of popped through it, rather like a champagne cork, and the man quickly shut the door behind us. I remember leaning up against the wall and taking a deep breath and demanding of him, "Man, what the hell's *happening?*"

He laughed and said I'd better get used to it, for I'd be seeing a lot more of it. Then he said I'd have to be "pre-boarded." I hadn't ever heard the expression before. After what had just happened, I followed him without a whimper through various doors and corridors, and suddenly there we were, on the plane, which was still empty. I handed him my ticket. "I'm sorry, Mr. Haley," he said, but I'd really advise you to upgrade to first class." He saw my expression and began to explain, saying that in the experience of the airlines, VIPs couldn't expect much of a peaceful, relaxed flight if they were surrounded by a couple of hundred passengers. My hackles just rose at that, and I felt embarrassed. Wasn't I the same man I'd been for 50-odd years? I couldn't remember occasioning any public commotions in all that time. But when the fellow insisted, I gave him my credit card and he went to change my ticket.

I won't soon forget sitting alone in that first-class cabin, still needing sleep, astounded at the recent rush of events, my mind racing across the memories of all those years I'd lived alone in a little basement room on Grove Street in Greenwich Village, working through the nights,

trying to finish magazine articles to pay the worst bills, taking long walks in the predawn hours and wondering if all of it ever would lead me anywhere. Well, it finally had—beyond my ability even to comprehend it—and I found myself wishing that I still had that little basement room, along with the quiet life that had accompanied it, because if that morning's airport arrival was any evidence, then, just for starters, when in the world was I ever going to be able to sit down again and practice the discipline of being a writer?

Two years later, the blessings have continued to come to me; mixed in among them, though, have been a great many rude awakenings to the hard realities of what fame also brings, including just a few bitter pills.

Through what I might call the early *Roots* days, I still clung hard to the idea that before long, all of the big to-do was going to calm down and I'd discover myself with the dream come true of having the time and the money to write at my own pace, freed forever of the terrible economic pressures I'd known for so many years. Keeping my heavy list of appointments around the country, I also kept it in my head—like a promised lollipop—that before long, just wait and see, I was again going to be able to enjoy good evenings of visiting and chitchat with close family and friends. I was going to have the leisure to take long trips, to investigate the world. I love to travel, and I had many journeys in mind. I was going to Egypt to see the Pyramids—and ride a camel. I was going to visit North and East Africa. I was going to get a Eurailpass and indulge myself in the beauty of the European countryside. After my 20-year career in the U. S. Coast Guard, the kind of travel I love most is on shipboard; I was going to sail the seven seas—on slow freighters.

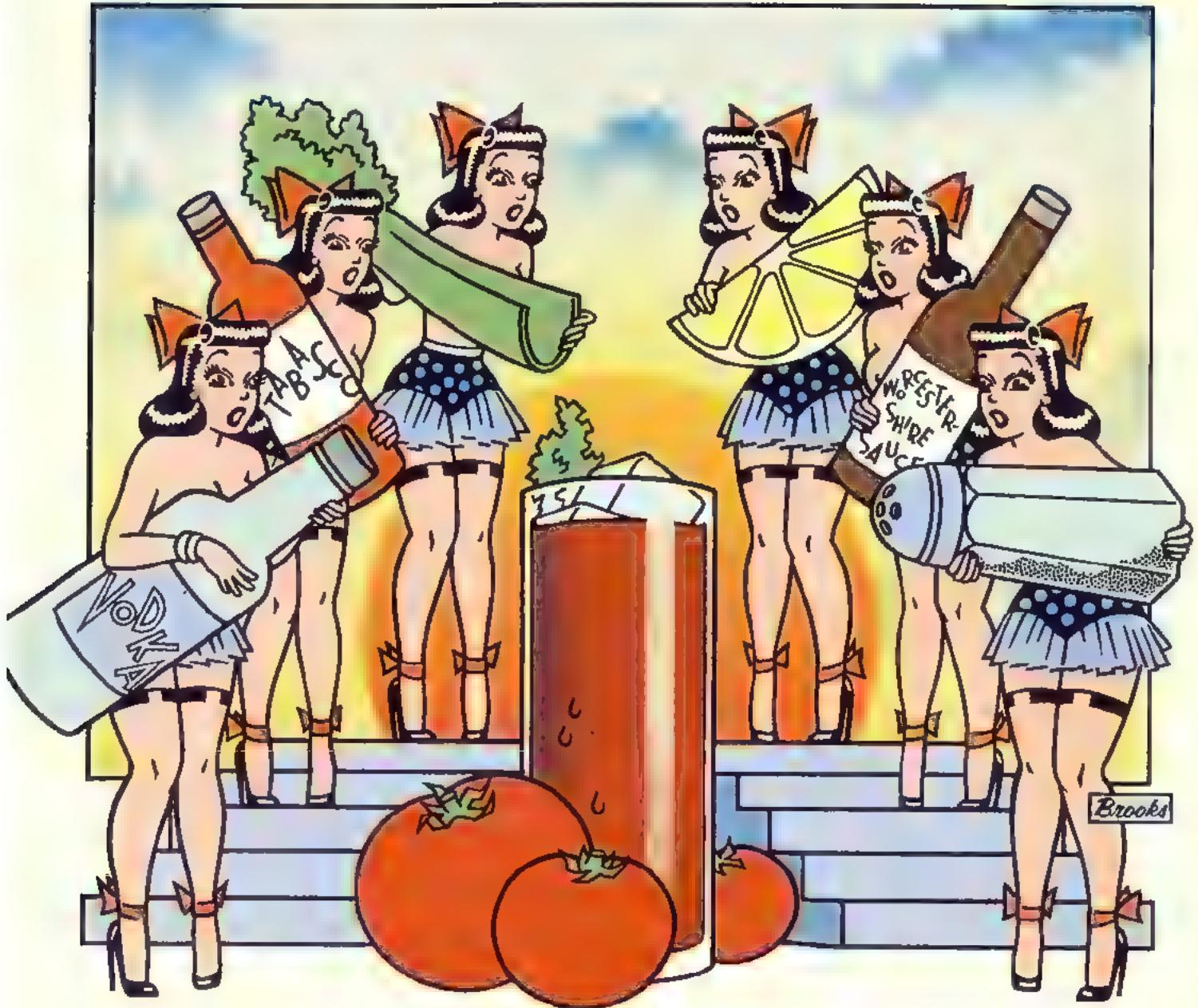
But what happened? That first year, *Roots* continued rather like a roller-coaster ride of talk shows, press conferences, magazine profiles, critical accolades, a few critical attacks, autographing sessions attended by thousands, receiving keys to many cities and more than a dozen honorary doctoral degrees (each one a new thrill for someone who didn't even finish college); being embraced as a friend by celebrities I'd previously written about as a journalist; being a keynote speaker before august assemblies I never imagined would be interested in hearing what I had to say. My lifetime's most moving

moments will have to include receiving special citations from the U. S. Senate, as well as from the House of Representatives, to both of which events I had the same internal reaction I've had so many times: wishing fervently that my momma and dad, my grandmas and grandpas—and all the others who came before them, slaves all, across the generations all the way back to Kunta Kinte—could have been with me, sharing such a moment. And then I'd realize that they were. Like my old cousin Georgia from Kansas City used to say, before she ascended to join them, "They all settin' right up there watchin' what you do, boy!"

In both a serious and a lighter vein, I've also been touched by how many relatives and friends *Roots* has surfaced for me, many of whom I never previously knew I had. As news of my good fortune began circulating, my inundation of mail, telegrams and phone calls included communications not only from dearly remembered old Service buddies but also from "shipmates" who named ships I never sailed on. Rather similarly, the relatives ranged from not a few with whom I'd long wanted to have direct contact, and just didn't know where they were, to others who fit best within the proverbial "16th-cousin" category. There is an almost infallibly repetitive pattern in my letters from no-slip shipmates and the 16th cousins: I am roundly congratulated upon my well-deserved success; they'd always known I'd make it one day—and they're certain I'll wish to manifest my appreciation of their deep faith in some financial manner. Some of them specifically state the appropriate sums, which have ranged to upwards of \$100,000—to pay off their debts, to establish them in a business or some other endeavor, to cover medical treatments for themselves or members of their family or any number of other needs, desires or occasionally sheer fantasies.

I don't mean to make light of these requests. Most of them are heartfelt and legitimate. But the point is that I simply haven't the resources to become a charitable institution on a personal basis. And while I'm in this financial area, let me try to point out something very few petitioners ever seem to reflect upon. It's the case not only with me but with any others of us in the free-lance creative positions about whom one hears the great big dollar sums. In the first place, of whatever we may happen to earn through our efforts, a good half goes to Uncle Sam. Then come other deductions—substantial ones—of a professional nature. What's left after all that isn't nearly as impressive as it looked at first. I'm surely not crying poor—for, God knows, I never dreamed I'd ever gross what I now net. With it, I have established a foundation

(continued on page 212)



drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

MAYBE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, but the country's in the throes of a bloody revolution. Don't ring up the FBI—there's nothing political going on. We're merely referring to the ascendancy of the bloody mary. Long a luncheon favorite and prized morning-after reviver, the bloody mary has risen to the top of the cocktail charts in a surge of interest. If it isn't number one, as some claim, it's certainly in place or show position.

Liquor seers credit this spurt to the proliferation of bloody-mary mixes—which include those packaged by Mr and Mrs "T." Heublein (Snap-E-Tom), Holland House and Tabasco. They're virtually a necessity for airlines, and a surprising number of first rate bars use them, too. You'd know why if you caught a harried bartender's bloody-mary act at a busy time—spraying storms of salt and pepper, dash-

up
against
the wall,
martini
lovers,
there's
an
upheaval
in the
cocktail
kingdom

ing Tabasco and Worcestershire furiously, squeezing lemon wedges, sprinkling onion powder and celery salt; and that's only the beginning. Prepared mixes are convenient, and consistent from drink to drink, which is critical to commercial operations. And they're indispensable at picnics, tailgate parties and bashes.

But when it's just you and Misty shaking things up, there's nothing like starting from scratch. Bloody mary is the most mutable of drinks, accommodating graciously to any personal preference or outlandish whim of taste. You like dill? Mary likes dill. Garlic? Terrific! Hot chili? *Fantastic!* A buff could tick off 50 to 60 variations on the bloody-mary theme, without half trying. Cut the tomato juice with clam juice and you have a bloody mariner; cut with bouillon and it's a bloody bull; with borscht—a bloody cossack. A (continued on page 179)

BLOODY REVOLUTION

sports

BY KEITH W. JOHNSGARD AND CHARLES FOX

THOUGH HE STILL APPEARED a most cavalier figure, Jackie Stewart was emotionally bankrupt. He had consumed almost all of his psychic resources.

On his way home to Switzerland, he stayed overnight at Kennedy Airport to meet with Peter Manso and discuss the book they were co-authoring: *Faster!—A Racer's Diary*, the journal of a Grand Prix season.

The season was at an end. It had been excellent for the book but disastrous from every other point of view. Stewart had failed in the defense of his world championship. He had lost the title to his closest friend, Jochen Rindt, the slender, hook-nosed Austrian, and in the process had lost his friend as well, for Rindt had died when his Lotus crashed in practice for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza and had become the first posthumous champion. The organizers had wanted to strip Rindt of the title and confer it on the runner-up. A dead champion was of little use to them. But the other drivers were outraged and threatened to withdraw, and so the organizers had relented.

Rindt's death left Stewart utterly bereft. For he had lost his only other close friend a couple of months before, when Piers Courage, a gentle, lighthearted Englishman, had been killed at Zandvoort in the Dutch Grand Prix. Together with their wives, this trio had been a family. The Stewarts and the Rindts built houses next to each other in Switzerland and when they were in London, the Courages' town house was where they could be found. In ways, Stewart's relationship with Rindt was perhaps even closer than a man may have with his wife. For there was no enmity between them, despite their rivalry. There was none of the turbulence that a man and a woman must experience.

"Jochen and I rarely talked about racing," Stewart said. "The two of us realized we were the best. Jochen was the only one I had to compete against and I think he felt the same way about me." And so, with the death of Rindt, the pressure of being the best was compounded massively for Stewart by the sense of isolation. Of all the other drivers, Rindt alone had under-

stood what it was to be "the mark," the yardstick against which the rest measured themselves and looked to beat.

One thing Rindt had been spared was the question of responsibility that confronted Stewart and had confronted Courage, as men with families. Stewart's children were old enough now to have some understanding. They had been watching the TV when Rindt's Lotus crashed spectacularly during the Spanish Grand Prix earlier that season and they had stood waiting at the door when Stewart returned from the race.

"Daddy, Daddy," they ran to him. "We saw Uncle Jochen fall out of his racing car. You're not going to fall out of your racing car, are you, Daddy?"

In the fatal crash at Monza, Rindt's Lotus had failed again. A half shaft sheared as he braked from 185 miles per hour for the Parabolica. The car pivoted uncontrollably about the broken wheel and drove itself like a wedge under the guardrail. Rindt "submarined" in the cockpit, opening his jugular on the Plexiglas windshield. He had more than once complained about the fragile construction of his car. Earlier in the season, he had threatened to leave the team if changes to the car weren't made.

In the motel room at Kennedy Airport, Stewart talked now with Manso of the impact of Rindt's accident and of his own fears and the mounting pressure. He was exhausted, he said, physically and psychologically. And then, quite suddenly, his reserve ran out and he broke down and wept and admitted to the enormity of his fear: that if he continued racing, he, too, would die.

Manso was at a loss. He could only urge Stewart to quit. Stewart's answer was that he wanted to but couldn't. Rindt had been caught in the same dilemma. He had bet his wife, Nina, \$25,000 he would quit at the end of that season. The problem of quitting is peculiar to the professional racing driver. It's not simply one of growing old and bowing out with dignity. It's more delicately a question of how long to let your money ride. For there's a special elixir to racing that has to do not so much with speed as with the

THE PSYCHE AND THE STARTING GRID

auto racing is a life-on the line sport, which means that the top drivers are usually tougher than their machines



MARIO ANDRETTI OPENS UP

We asked free-lancer Peter Manso to keep tabs on Mario Andretti throughout the past Grand Prix season. Andretti won the World Championship—the first American to do so since 1961—but at some considerable personal cost. Here, he talks with Manso about the premium he has had to pay, about why he races and why he wins.

PLAYBOY: Much has been made of Mario Andretti's bridging the worlds of Grand Prix racing and the Indianapolis 500. Yet driving the Grand Prix of Monaco is more demanding, more sophisticated, calling for a more varied technique than Indy, isn't it?

ANDRETTI: You can't draw any parallels, because they're two entirely different worlds. Each presents different problems. Just because you're zigzagging back and forth and shifting 3000 times a race at Monaco doesn't mean it's any more difficult than Indy, where you're averaging 200 miles an hour and the level of concentration is greater. Wherever you are, the slightest lapse in concentration will always drop you out of contention. Some Grand Prix drivers may be more diversified in order to be able to cope with rain, but developing that skill is within the reach of any Indy driver.

PLAYBOY: There have been drivers such as Stirling Moss, though, who were masters in the rain, who could adapt to almost any set of conditions—

ANDRETTI: Yeah, there are guys who've been labeled rainmasters, but it's no different from oval racing, where there are drivers who excel on dirt. In certain cases, their styles are just more appropriate. Take Niki Lauda, who's one of the best drivers in the world today. He refused to race in the

rain in Japan two years ago and possibly sacrificed his second world championship in the process, and then was widely criticized. It was all bullshit, though. They didn't know what they were talking about. Lauda had problems with his eyes tearing and what he did took balls and he doesn't have to defend himself to anybody. He doesn't have to say he loves rain, because nobody does. Only a fool loves to race in the rain. There's no driver in the world who needs that sort of compensation to function properly.

PLAYBOY: Compensation? What do you mean?

ANDRETTI: The only thing that counts is winning, being better than the next guy. When I'm not winning, I'm the most impossible son of a bitch around and I've probably suffered as many heartbreaks as anyone. I've always performed well at Indianapolis, and yet I've had the most piss-poor record of anyone there in years. I won in 1969, but in '66, '67, my second and third times out, I could have won the two easiest races of my career, but my car just wasn't meant to go the distance. After you break down, you've got so much energy you want to kill something. These things are *character builders*, though. In my own case, I've been lucky that I haven't been hurt too many times. As long as I have that going for me and can race the next day, or the next week, it keeps me going. I don't have a choice. I can either think that way or go bananas.

PLAYBOY: Do you know any drivers, either at Indy or in Formula 1, who have gone bananas?

ANDRETTI: No, I can't recall any, none of any (continued on page 194)

power of its distraction, as another state, a more urgent and separate reality.

Ten years ago, the British psychiatrist Berenice Krikler studied a group of Grand Prix drivers and concluded that they are a breed apart. She discovered no difference between the Grand Prix driver and the rest of us under normal street-driving conditions, including the way both groups react in an emergency. The difference emerges only as the speed increases. For most of us, the threshold at which the rate of data input in an emergency overloads our circuits isn't very high. But deluge the Grand Prix driver with an increasingly rapid flow of information and his mind keeps right on tracking. In fact, it functions better. No matter how imminent the danger, his mind keeps reasoning, sorting information, applying the pertinent, ignoring the extraneous.

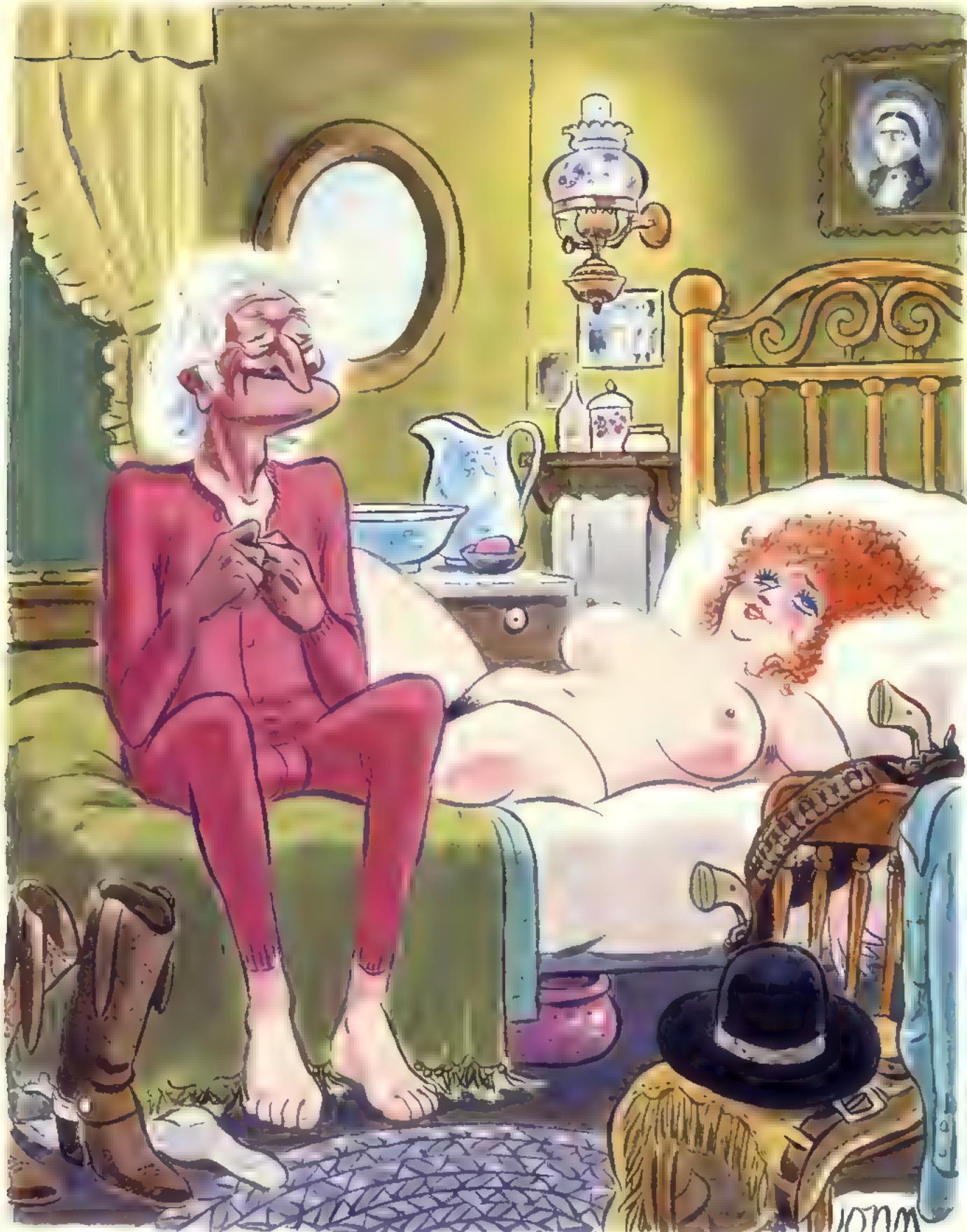
Rindt's practice crash at Indy several years ago is a good example of the racing mind at work. His brake pedal went to the floor as he entered Turn One at about 200 mph. That's 100 yards per second. He had about a tenth of a second to do the one thing that could save his life. A. J. Foyt, watching from the pits, said what followed was the most incredible piece of driving he had ever seen. Rindt instantly steered his Lotus into the wall, so that he hit it while the angle was still soft. Had he hesitated, the car would have slammed into the wall at the exit of the turn at close to a 90-degree angle, as the late Chuck Rodee had done a year or two before.

After it hit, Rindt's car ripped along the wall. Fire broke out in the engine. He saw the flames in his mirrors. He undid his harness and crouched in his seat while the wreck was still moving at 100 mph, waiting for it to slow enough for him to jump.

Fighter pilots and astronauts know this quality as "the right stuff." Tom Wolfe wrote about it in his *Dispatches from Cape Kennedy*. At Edwards Air Force Base in California, principal training ground of the nation's test pilots, it is taught that there's only one thing to think about when you're going off the island, not Allah or the Virgin Mary but *What do I do next?* At Edwards, they sometimes play tapes of final dives to rookie pilots, last words of men diving into the ground at Mach 2, shouting into the microphone that they had tried this and that and was there anything else? Men who were looking for the answer right up to the moment the microphone clicked off. These men had the right stuff.

The question that intrigues is, What makes the right stuff? Keith Johnsgard recently completed an eight-year search for answers at San Jose State University, with help (continued on page 188)





John
Dempsey

"No doubt about it, Kid. You have the fastest guns in the West."

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED CHEER



LEADER? GOODBYE!

when we unwrapped pro football's side-line beauties last Christmas, we thought it was the essence of good cheer the n.f.l. disagreed

pictorial essay by

WALTER L. LOWE and
DAN SHERIDAN

"WE WERE a group of girls who really gave our all for the team. You'd think no problem would be so big that the management couldn't sit down and talk it out. But we ran into a wall of silence. We felt like we were waging a war."

What Jill Fleming, ex-San Diego Chargette, was talking about wasn't so much a war as a shoot-out. And her part-time employers, the National Football League's Chargers, fired the first salvo last September when they dismissed the entire 20-member troupe of Chargette cheerleaders because they learned that one girl had posed nude for the lavish 12-page December **PLAYBOY** pictorial in which we uncovered the cheerleaders of pro football. Even before that issue exploded on the newsstands, five more N.F.L. teams had gone for leather and nearly 50 of America's most visible female football fans had bitten the dust. They died, so to speak, with their boots on . . . and admittedly little else.

We foresaw that our pictorial (*Pro Football's Main Attractions*) would arouse controversy when we began putting it together last summer. A few N.F.L. teams were immediately resistant to the idea of their cheerleaders' appearing in **PLAYBOY**, and some threatened to fire those girls who cooperated with us. On the other hand, the cheerleaders who did pose for us felt they were well within their rights to do so on their



The Great Cheerleader Controversy began even before our December 1978 issue (above), featuring the undraped cheerleaders of the N.F.L. Our uncoverage the public loved, but several N.F.L. clubs didn't. Among the first casualties in the pompon purges was San Diego Chargette Elizabeth Coleca (left), who has the last "word" in this series of photos.

Media 'Uncoverage' Amazes Playboy

By MARICE DOLL
Denver Post Staff Writer

Executives at Playboy magazine refuse to release the names of the Bronco Pony Express cheerleaders who they claim posed both nude and semi-nude for a 16-page pictorial in National Football League beauties.

"Our posture is we don't want to put any more pressure on the girls," said

cheerleaders would pose for Playboy — a violation of their contracts.

OFFICIALS ARE TAKING the stand, according to Jim Saccomano, assistant public relations official with the Broncos, that some photographs were taken while the girls were performing on the football field during a game.

Playboy photographer Nicholas DeSousa of Denver affirmed that many "action on the field shots" were taken, but

that also he shot two girls for "glamour shots" separately.

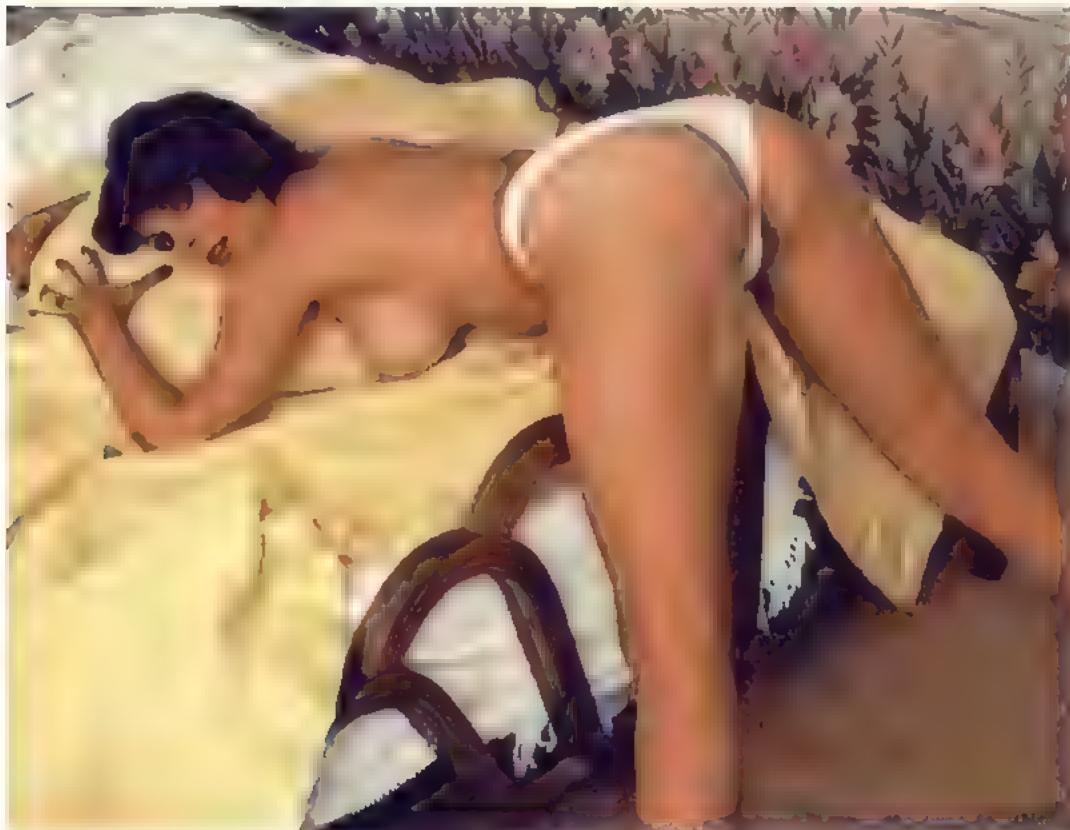
When a list of girls' names was published by the Rocky Mountain News who allegedly posed were read to him, DeSousa said, "Two of them are right. One of them isn't with the team this year. But no individual girl knows the name of the other girls."

The Playboy photo layout will appear in its December issue scheduled to be on the newsstands Nov. 2.

The press wrote dozens of articles on the controversy. Some N.F.L. clubs were angry long before they knew what they were angry about (see above).



LYNITA SHILLING (above and below), one of the first San Diego Chargerettes given the boot, admits now that she "had no idea it would turn out like this." But if Lynita is seeing her future in that viewer on Malibu Pier (above right), it probably looks bright. There's a very good possibility she'll soon be working for a local modeling agency, and Lynita, 21, hopes that will lead eventually to a shot at television.



own time. After all, the clubs generally paid them \$15 or less per game for a "job" that—including rehearsals—demanded anywhere from four to eight hours a week.

Of course, the N.F.L. teams didn't see it that way. Long before the December issue was out, we were getting calls from clubs demanding to know just which women had posed—and what, if anything, they were wearing. The tone of most calls was close to frantic. Although we refused to give out names, some of them became known, and the dismissals began.

Not only was the San Diego Chargers' cheering squad disbanded but Baltimore Colts cheerleader Andrea Mann was cashiered, Honey Bear Jackie Rohrs lost her job with the Chicago Bears, New England Patriots cheerleader Karen Ita Siders was bounced (although the Patriots claimed she had been dismissed earlier) and the already problem-plagued 24-member Angels cheering troupe of the New Orleans Saints was banished from the Superdome. Denver Broncos cheerleader LouAnn Ridlenoure didn't even bother reporting for work with the Pony Express after management learned she had posed partly nude.

Meanwhile, the press was having a wonderful time with the story, a fact that so unnerved the N.F.L. owners that when they met with commissioner Pete Rozelle in Chicago, they hammered out a statement on what had come to be known as the Great American Cheerleader Controversy.

The owners—particularly the ones who had fired cheerleaders—had taken a beating in the newspapers. While not all of the dozens of editorials and columns written about the controversy lauded the cheerleaders, almost every one chided the N.F.L. owners for their sudden fit of morality, pointing out that before PLAYBOY entered the picture, clubs had been fiercely competing to outfit the most, ah, photogenic cheerleading squads.

Los Angeles Times columnist Jack Smith summed up the over all press view of the firings this way: "The most wonderful aspect of all this is the solemn hypocrisy that the girls were hired in the first place to lead cheers or inspire the team. They were

hired to entertain us male fans on television, and nothing else."

Ironically, before the dust had died down, the girls weren't even entertaining us fans on television. Interviewed by *The Washington Star* on Thanksgiving Day, ABC's *Monday Night Football* director Chet Forte piously vowed he wouldn't put any more scantily clad N.F.L. cheerleaders oncamera. That pronouncement caused syndicated columnist Carl T. Rowan to bestow upon Forte the title Turkey of the Year, pointing out: "If the ABC brass had not figured out how to exploit televised sex, the network would have gone out of business years ago. There isn't a cheerleader in 26 N.F.L. cities who parades the stadium showing more cleavage, or more bosoms hugged by wet clothing, than do ABC's *Charlie's Angels*."

But it wasn't just the press who found the cheerleader issue worthy of thousands of words. The fans also had much to say about the situation. It seemed that once the story broke, everyone who'd ever watched a pro-football game had an opinion: Housewives called talk shows to say they had never liked their husbands' ogling the cheerleaders, anyway; feminists said the firings added one sexist insult to another; and, of course, those fans who like their half times spicy expressed outrage.

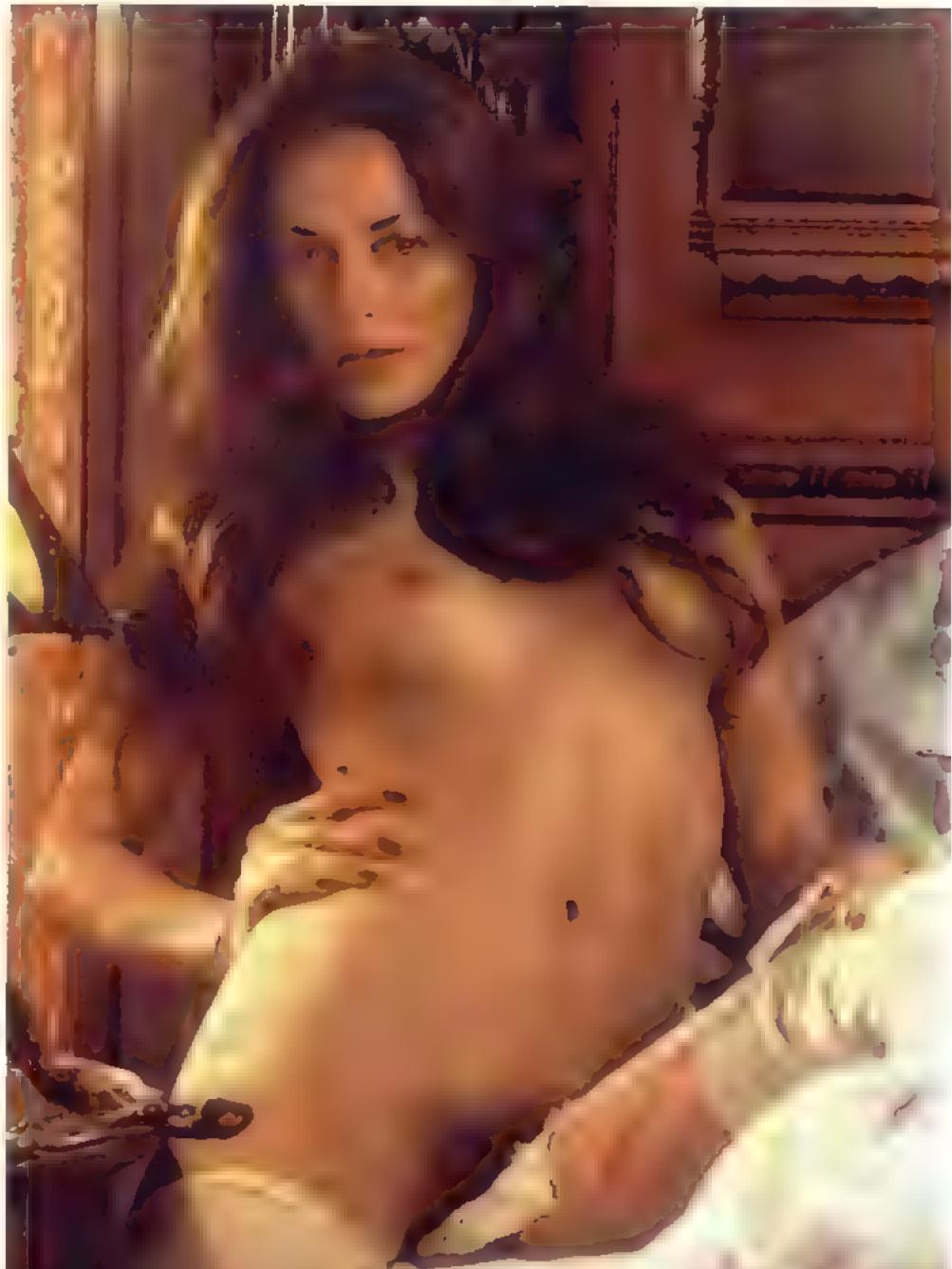
Some people saw even deeper meaning to what happened. "PLAYBOY defiled the temple," said Princeton University sociologist Bruce Finnie when we asked his opinion of the N.F.L.'s response. Football, said Finnie, is a veritable religion.

"Sure. Why do we play it on Sunday? Why do we sing the national anthem before it? Why do we treat it with such reverence? Why is it getting immunity from laws that nothing else gets? Why are Pete Rozelle and other high priests interviewed as though their words were Holy Writ?"

Dr. Finnie, who has taught a course in Sport and Society at Princeton, said many people feel that a basic purity, a basic set of noble motives, was threatened when the cheerleaders-cum-temple virgins were shown



We wish we could reprint all the newspaper cartoons satirizing the cheerleader controversy, but the *Rocky Mountain News*'s Dan Gibson gave us a good laugh with this one (above).



An NFL penalty in Playboy territory

Offsides for false modesty

THE FANTASIES of men are among the more inviolable of our national religions, and yesterday there arrived the latest in the series of events between Football League, a couple of false pros, and Playboy, a state of mind.

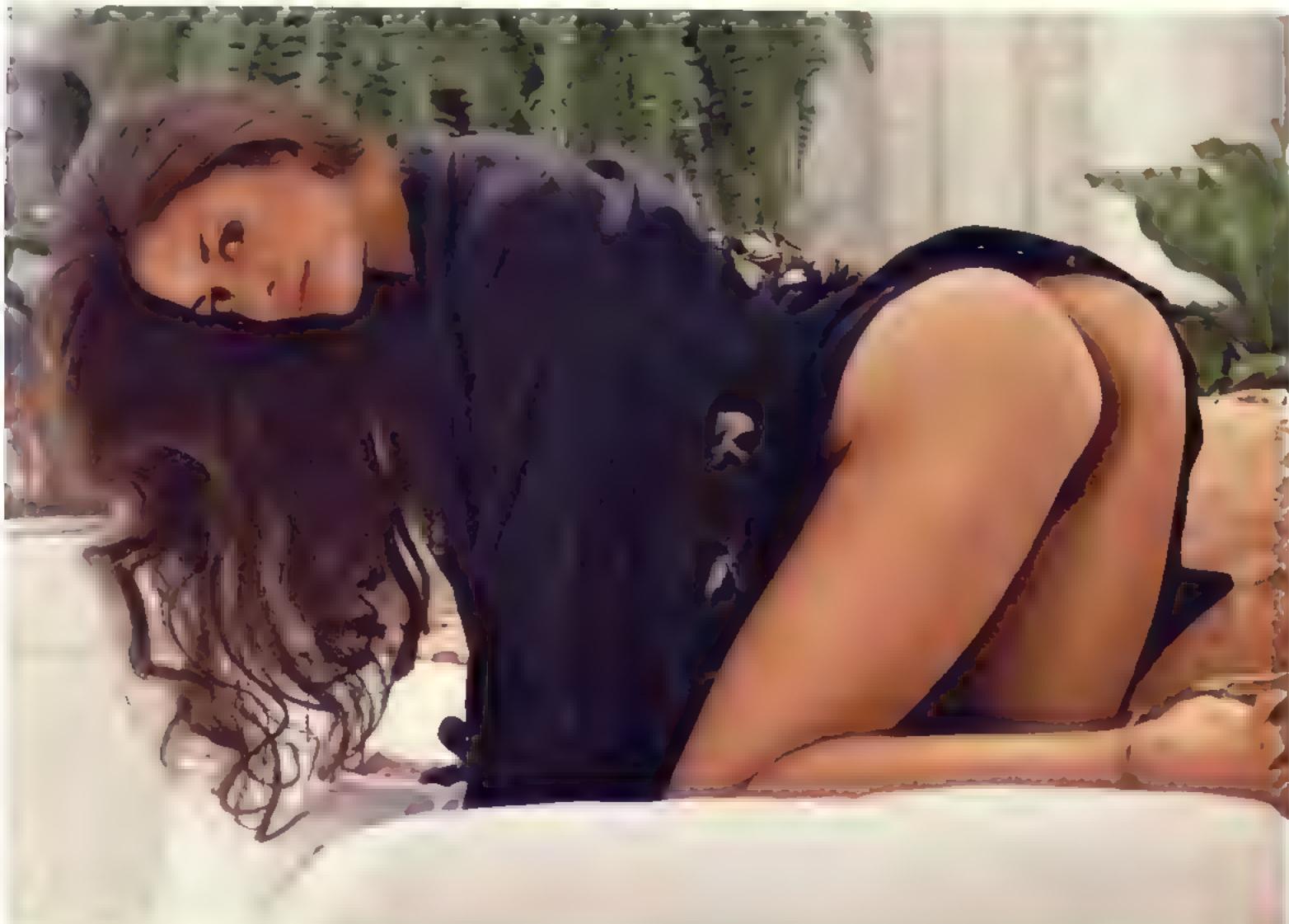
The quartet of former NFL cheerleaders who had been unhooked for display



By
MURRY
Princeton



Before KAREN ITA SIDERS (opposite page, right and below) was released from the New England Patriots' cheerleading squad, she'd distinguished herself as one of its most "expressive" dancers. "I danced differently from the other girls. More hip movement." Her moves were first displayed on the football field at Annapolis High in Maryland (above). Karen, 20, a make-up artist for a Boston modeling agency, has found new popularity in Beantown. The Boston Herald American profiled her, she has appeared on several talk shows and a local radio station took her out for a night on the town.





Maryland postal worker **ANDREA MANN** (above and below) had been a Baltimore Colts cheerleader (above, middle and right) for six months when she was fired for her *PLAYBOY* appearance. The *Baltimore News American* editorialized on Mann's firing: "We fail to see the rationale. If you set up sex as a standard for entertainment in the stadium, why swing the ax for extension of the product off the field? It's a double standard."



as real women with a direct—not coy—sexual appeal.

Whatever the truth of Finnie's hypothesis, the N.F.L. owners, in their meeting with Rozelle, decreed that each club would be responsible for the dress code and conduct of its cheerleaders. Some clubs are investigating the legality of requiring cheerleaders to sign a contract forbidding nude modeling for magazines. Previously, the cheerleaders' contracts required only that they remain covered before the television cameras, a rule that had been broken—to the delight of male viewers—several times by well-endowed young women popping out of their skimpy outfits.

As ultimate evidence that pro football, like Charles Colson, had been born again without lust in its heart, the Washington Redskins restitched the costumes of the Redskinettes to cover their navels and other distracting bodily regions.

But while the N.F.L. was busy shoring up its public image and a no-longer-amused America turned to more pressing issues, the lives of the fired women had been irrevocably changed. For some, the publicity was a blessing in disguise. Others wished they had never been pro cheerleaders in the first place, feeling betrayed by the football clubs to which they had once devoted so much of their time. The name of Elizabeth Caleca, the Chargee who provoked the Chargers to disband their cheerleading squad, leaped into the headlines; her phone rang off the hook for nearly two weeks. "At first," she says, "there were newspapers, radio reporters, television people. After that, the obscene phone calls started."

Some of the latter callers referred indelicately to Liz's lifestyle. A nudist for three years, she had been voted Miss Nude California 1977, a fact that, oddly enough, didn't seem to bother the Chargers until she was photographed—not surprisingly, in the nude—for *PLAYBOY*.

Since the purge, Liz has moved to Los Angeles in search of a career in films. So far, she's landed appearances on several television talk shows, including Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show, as well as a role in her first film, a United American Pictures production called *Skin Deep*, which she expects will have an R rating. According to Liz, the plot is roughly based on her life. "It's a love story set in an environment of social nudity. Cheerleader meets surfer, they explore the meaning of life."

Liz says that although her father wasn't (*text concluded on page 172*)



Former Honey Bear **JACKIE ROHRS** (above) has only affection for the Chicago Bears (as you can see at right), even though they released her over her appearance in *PLAYBOY*. And why not? Her life has improved since then. "I've gotten so many offers for modeling I can't believe it," she says. "And I've even received two proposals of marriage." Jackie recently signed with Renaissance Talent Ltd. in New York City.



Above, Jackie (center), Liz Caleca and L.A. Rams cheerleader Julie Jourdan (who also appeared in our December pictorial) are interviewed by *Tomorrow* show host Tom Snyder. Below, Bear fans rib the club, which lost seven straight games after Jackie was cashiered.

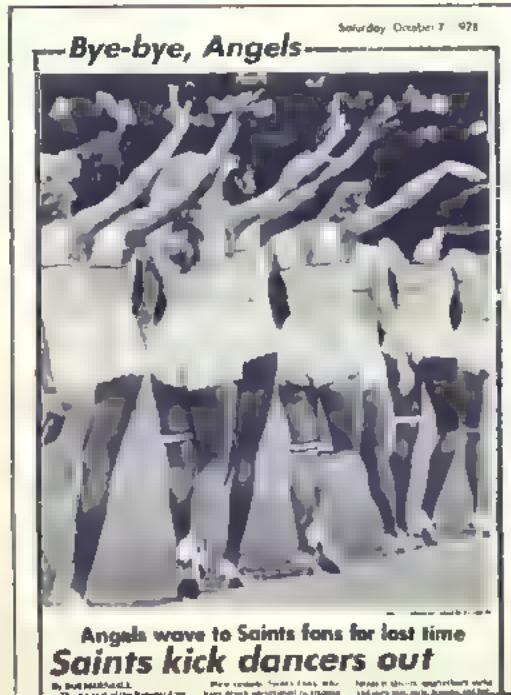




Former New Orleans Angel Bunny Hover (above) appears at a *PLAYBOY* press conference (below) in New York with (from left) Lynita Shilling, Jackie Rohrs and Andrea Mann to introduce the December issue.



BUNNY HOVER was the card girl at the Muhammad Ali-Leon Spinks fight in the Superdome. As you can see above, she added a new dimension to the simple act of stepping through the ropes. Bunny, 2B, is a full-time legal secretary and a serious dance student. After the cheerleader flap died down, she found her modeling talents in demand, even while the other booted Angels were trying to find work as a troupe. "I became a cheerleader for the exposure," says Bunny, "and I suppose I got more than I bargained for." Now that she has a little free time on her hands (no more cheerleading practice), she's devoting it to dance classes and hoping for a career in radio broadcasting.



Angela wave to Saints fans for last time
Saints kick dancers out





*"When you get too old to hunt, you teach a course
in how to read buffalo shit."*

"I was on a sweet morning,
When violets were a-springing,
The dew the meads adorning,
The larks melodious singing;
The rose trees, by each breeze,
Were gently wafted up and down,
And the primrose, that then blows,
Bespangled nature's verdant gown.
The purling rill, the murmuring stream,
Stole gently through the lofty grove;
Such was the time when Darby stole
Out to meet his barefoot love.

Sweet Una was the tightest,
Gentelest of the village dames;
Her eyes were the brightest
That e'er set youthful heart in flames.
Her lover to move her
By every art in man essay'd
In ditty, for pity,
This lovely maid he often pray'd,
But she, perverse, his suit deni'd.
Sly Darby, being enraged at this,
Resolv'd when next they met to seize
The lock that scatters Una's piss.

Beneath a lofty spreading oak
She sat with can and milking pail;
From lily hands at each stroke
In flowing streams the milk did steal.
With peeping, and creeping,
Sly Darby now comes on apace;
In raptures the youth sees
The blooming beauties of her face.
Fir'd with her charms, he now resolv'd
No longer to delay his bliss,
But instantly to catch the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.

Upon her back he laid her,
Turned up her smock so lily white;
With joy the youth surveyed her,
Then gaped with wonder and delight.
Her thighs they were so snowy fair,
And just between appeared a crack;
The lips red, and overspread
With curling hair of jetty black.
Transported now, Darby beholds
The sum of all his promised bliss,
And instantly he caught the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.

Within his arms he seized her,
And pressed her to his panting breast;
What more could have appeased her,
But oaths which Darby meant in jest.
He swore he'd but adore her,
And to her ever constant prove;
He'd wed her, he'd bed her,
And none on earth but her he'd love.
With vows like those he won her o'er,
And hoped she'd take it not amiss
If he presumed to catch the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.

His cock it stood erected,
His breeches down about his heels,
And what he long expected
He now with boundless rapture feels.
Now entered, and concentered,
The beauteous maid lay in a trance,
His bullocks went like elbows
Of fiddlers in a country dance.
The melting Una, now she cries,
I'd part with life for joy like this;
With showers of bliss they jointly oiled
The lock that scatters Una's piss. Y





Devil's Backbone Reef hides the world's strangest shipwreck... and a case of Canadian Club.



Since Columbus first came ashore here, sailing men have been littering the Bahamas' blue waters with shipwrecks. Some carried treasure, some crowned heads. But the strangest of all carried a train.

Hell for ships, heaven for divers.

The train lies off Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef. At least six wrecks are strewn here: a

diver's paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Romora Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the reef. Nearby Dunmore Town could offer Bahamian entertainment, complete with Canadian Club. But no one could provide us with a reliable story of how or when the train had sunk on the reef.

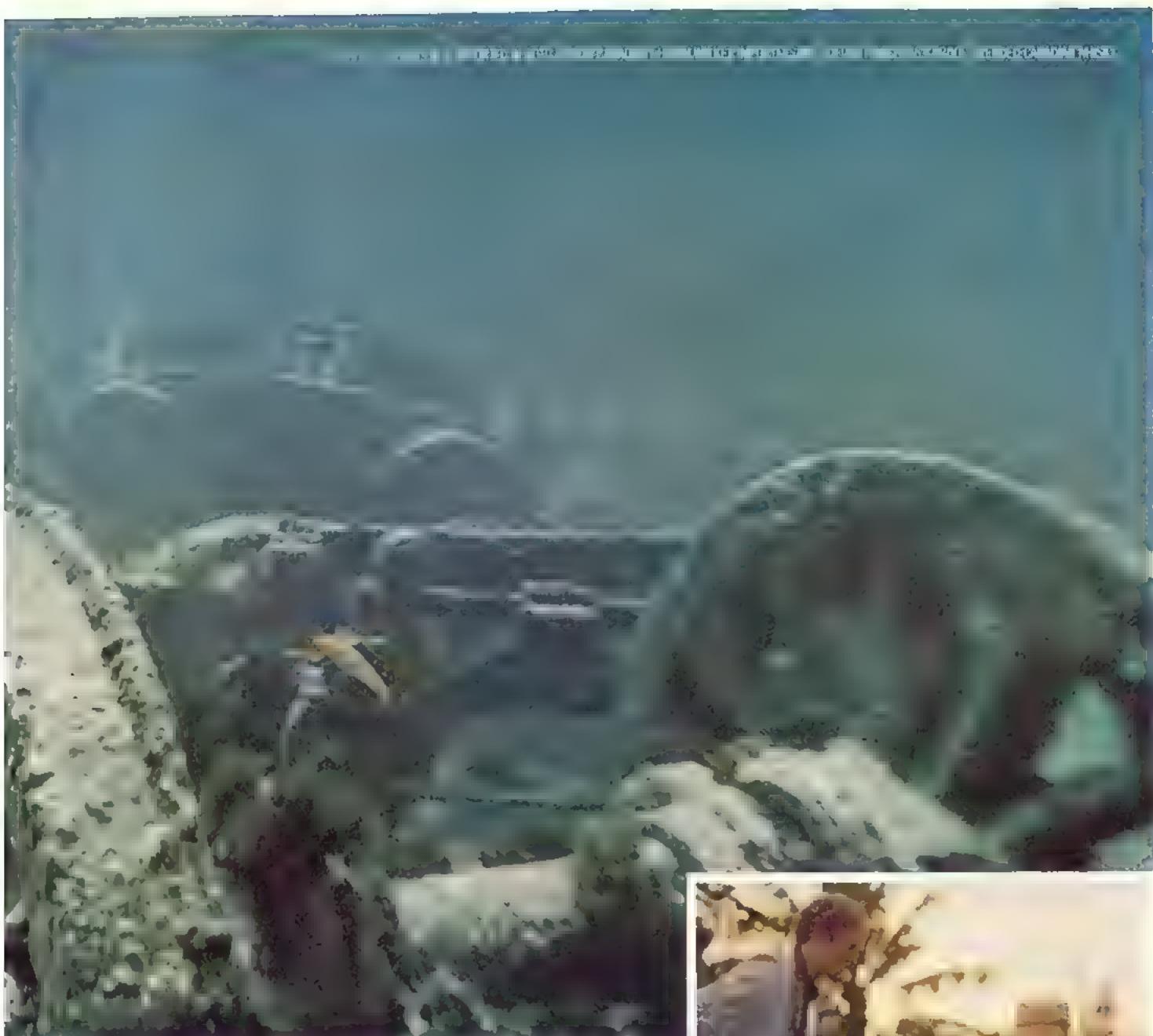
A barracuda stands watch.

During our first dive, our guide pointed to a silver shadow above. Five feet long, half of that jaws, the menacing presence was a barracuda. Keeping a respectful distance, our search for a hiding place fanned out from the train wreck. We combed Devil's Backbone until we found a devilish hiding place

for our watertight case of Canadian Club. Seek groupers, and bring muscles.

To raise the C.C., you'll need scuba gear guts and muscle: it weighs 200





heavily weighted, watertight case of Canadian Club. You can see exactly where it lies in the picture above.

May your seas for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or package stores by just saying "C C., please."

pounds. Start where a "dinner boat" went down on Devil's Backbone. Follow a channel across the reef to an old Ward Line steamer wreck (try this only in bright sunlight or you'll lose your boat). Take a bearing from its bow. Not more than 200 yards along, where the reef slopes into deep water and a big Nassau grouper lives, we sunk that



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"™ is even better in the Bahamas.



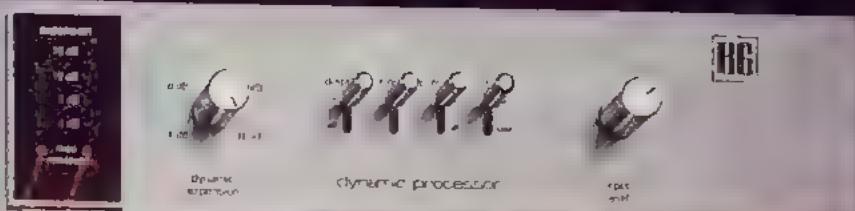
Right: The 3BX Dynamic Range Expander separates your music into three bands—low, midrange and high—thus enabling you to heighten whichever audio range you prefer; the unit can also be used with a tape machine, by DBX, \$650.

UP YOUR FIDELITY

audio add-ons to help that rig scale new heights

Right: The SG-9500 Stereo Graph Equalizer, by U. S. Pioneer, lets you tailor your music by giving you individual control of 10 different frequency responses; thus, you can manually complement the sound personality of your stereo and environment, as well as to heighten the sonic realism, \$300. When finished with the adjustments, you have a visual "graph" of how you've altered the sound.





Left: If it's concert realism you're after, consider investing in the RG Pro-16 Dynamic Processor; the unit not only helps electronically re-create the impact and excitement of a live performance, it reduces low-level background noise, hiss, rumble and hum, by RG Dynamics, \$299, with two-year warranty.



THE PIONEER hi-fi system at the center of this spread includes an SA-8500II amplifier, a TX-9500II tuner, a PL-560 turntable and a CT-F900 cassette deck, all hooked up to a pair of HPM-100 speakers. Although the sound it puts out is top-drawer (at a price, of course—about \$2300), there are still things you can do to beef up the system. The audio add-on units shown here—many of which are direct descendants of equipment used by recording technicians—go about improving your stereo's fidelity in different ways, but it all sounds good to us.



Left, above: The Model 510 gives the hi-fi buff a highly accurate indication in LEDs of the strength of signals being recorded and/or the power-amplifier output of whatever sound system you've hooked it to, by Audio Technology, \$129.95. **Left, below:** Here, the 510 is coupled to Advent's Sound-Space Central, a sophisticated unit that electronically expands via a computer the sound of the music you're playing, \$595.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

"These are our golden years, when men like us appeal to all women between sixteen and sixty-five."

awkwardly. "I have to be honest. You might have to get a better wife."

"Than Belle?" Gold was elated.

"I'm sorry." Ralph was solemn. "Belle would be OK for Labor or Agriculture But not for Secretary of State or Defense."

"Belle and I have not been close," Gold confided.

"In that case, I'm happy," said Ralph. "Try someone tall this time. You're rather short, you know. It would add to your stature if you had a tall wife."

"Wouldn't a tall wife make me look smaller?" inquired Gold.

"No," said Ralph. "You would make her look taller. And that would add more to your stature and make her look smaller. Andrea Conover would be perfect."

"I'm seeing her tonight. Is she tall enough?"

"Oh, easily. And her father is a dying career diplomat with tons of money and the best connections. Propose."

"Tonight?" Gold demurred with a laugh. "I haven't seen her for seven years."

"So what?" Ralph laughed back in encouragement. "You can always get a divorce. Andrea's doing a great job with the Oversight Committee on Government Expenditures. She's the reason we can't make personal phone calls anymore. You know, Bruce"—Gold rose when Ralph did—"these are really our golden years, that period when men like us are appealing to all classes of women between sixteen and sixty-five. I hope you're making the most of them. A lot of them go for your kind."

"My kind?" Whatever currents of euphoria had been coursing through Gold's veins congealed.

"Yes," said Ralph.

"What do you mean by my kind?" Gold asked Ralph.

"The kind of person you are, Bruce. Why?"

"As opposed to what other kinds, Ralph?"

"The kinds of person you aren't, Bruce. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, never mind," said Gold, and then he decided to take the inky plunge. "Lieberman thinks you're anti-Semitic."

Ralph was stunned. "Me?" His voice was hurt and astonished. "Bruce, I would feel just awful if I thought I ever did or said a single thing to give you that impression."

Ralph was sincere and Gold was contrite. "You haven't, Ralph. I'm sorry I brought it up."

"Thank you, Bruce." Ralph was plucked, and his handsome face fairly shone with grace when he grinned. "Why, I copied your papers at Columbia. You practically put me through school. It's just that I don't feel Lieberman is an especially nice person."

"He isn't." Gold laughed. "And I've known him all my life."

The strain gone, Ralph said, "Let me take these notes to Dusty and have her type them up. We've really covered a lot of ground today, haven't we?"

Gold was not certain, but never in his lifetime had he felt more sanguine about his prospects. He glanced out the window at official Washington and caught a glimpse of heaven. Through the doorway, the view of the open office space was a soothing pastoral, with vistas of modular desks dozing tranquilly under indirect fluorescent lighting that never flickered; there were shoulder-high partitions of translucent glass, other offices across the way as imposing as Ralph's and the dreamlike stirrings of contented people at work who were in every respect impeccable. The women all were sunny and chic—not a single one was overweight; the men wore jackets and ties, and every trouser leg was properly creased. If there was a worm at the core in this Garden of Eden, it escaped the cynical inspection of Gold, who could find detritus and incipient decay everywhere. Gold could look through a grapefruit and tell if it was pink.

"You'll like it here, won't you?" said Ralph, reading his mind.

"Is it always like this?"

"Oh, yes," Ralph assured him. "It's always like this when it's this way."

Gold succeeded in speaking without sarcasm. "How is it when it isn't?"

"Isn't what, Bruce?"

"This way."

"Different."

"In what way, Ralph?"

"In different ways, Bruce, unless they're the same, in which case it's this way."

"Ralph," Gold had to ask, "don't people here laugh or smile when you talk that way?"

"What way, Bruce?"

"You seem to qualify or contradict all your statements."

"Do I?" Ralph considered the matter

intently. "Maybe I do seem a bit oxymoronic at times. I think everyone here talks that way. Maybe we're all oxymoronic. One time, though, at a high level meeting, I did say something everyone thought was funny. 'Let's build some death camps,' I said. And everyone laughed. I still can't figure out why. I was being serious."

"I think it's time for me to go," said Gold.

"I'm afraid it is. I'd give just about anything to lunch with you, Bruce, but I can't pass up the chance to eat alone. It's a pity you can't stay through the weekend, although I can't see how that would make any difference. Alma would love to have you out to see her terrarium, but Ellie would be upset."

"Alma?"

"My wife."

"What happened to Kelly?"

"I think you mean Ellie."

"Yes?"

"She got a year older, Bruce. And there was that thin scar from her Caesarean. Ellie would prefer that Alma and I don't start entertaining as a married couple until people first find out I've been divorced." To the blonde woman outside his office, Ralph said, "Dusty, please tell Rusty and Misty I'll be showing Dr. Gold to the elevator myself. Ask Christy to step inside my office. Tell her I'm horny."

"Sure, love. Bye, sweetheart."

"Who's Christy?" Gold asked.

"The nice looking one. I don't think you've seen her."

"And what's all this Dr. Gold shit?"

Ralph lowered his voice. "It makes a better impression. Everyone knows professors don't make much money and doctors do. Oooooops—there goes one. Did you see that beautiful ass? Bruce give my love to Andrea. You might find her a trifle prudish, but she's really as good as gold. It wasn't easy being the only child of Pugh Biddle Conover, with all those riches and horses. They ride them, you know." Ralph pronounced this last detail as though describing a tasteless practice. "And give my love to Belle, too. How are the children?"

"One. One is still at home."

"That's too bad," said Ralph. "Let me give you some good advice, Bruce, from an unofficial opinion of the U.S. Supreme Court. It was seven to one, with the other member abstaining because he was under heavy anesthesia. When you get your divorce, don't fight for custody of the children, or even visitation rights. Make them all ask to come to you. Otherwise, they'll think they're doing you a favor by letting you spend time with them, which you will quickly discover they are not."

Nearing the elevators, Gold could

(continued on page 182)

MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine. FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



**"Real's got dynamite taste!
Strong...more like a high tar."**

The strong tasting low tar.

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humor by
S. F. FOLKES

MORE DAMSEL S IN DISTRESS

*another helping
of hapless maidens and
fates worse than death*



"Heavens, no, the Holy War was last year."



*"He said it may be an unnatural act,
but it was perfectly natural for him."*



"Guess what we're having for dessert."



*"But, Sir George, I fail to see how taking off
my clothes can help the balloon rise."*



*"That's what I hate nowadays.
There's no dalliance."*



*"Oh, and there's another thing.
We do it upside down."*



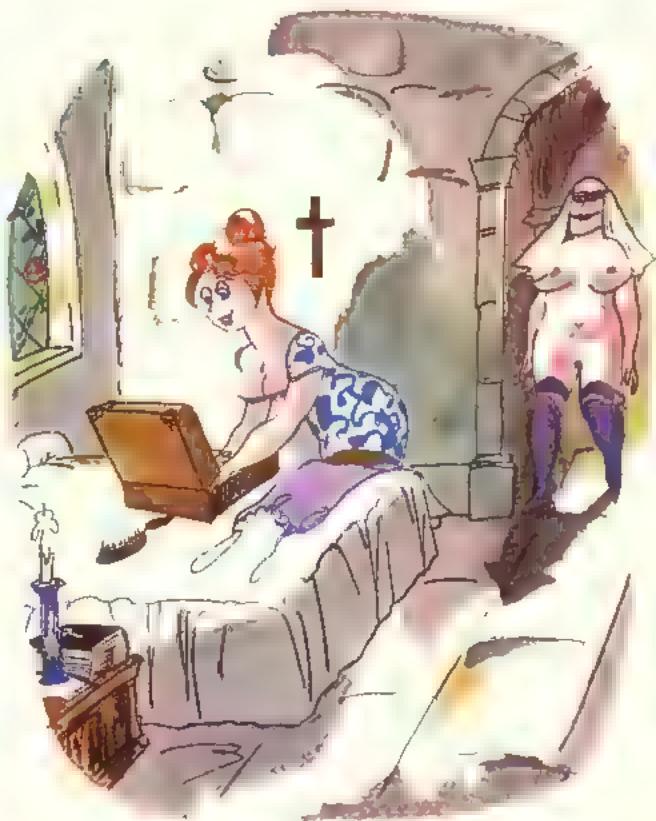
"Then the police arrived and re-enacted the crime."



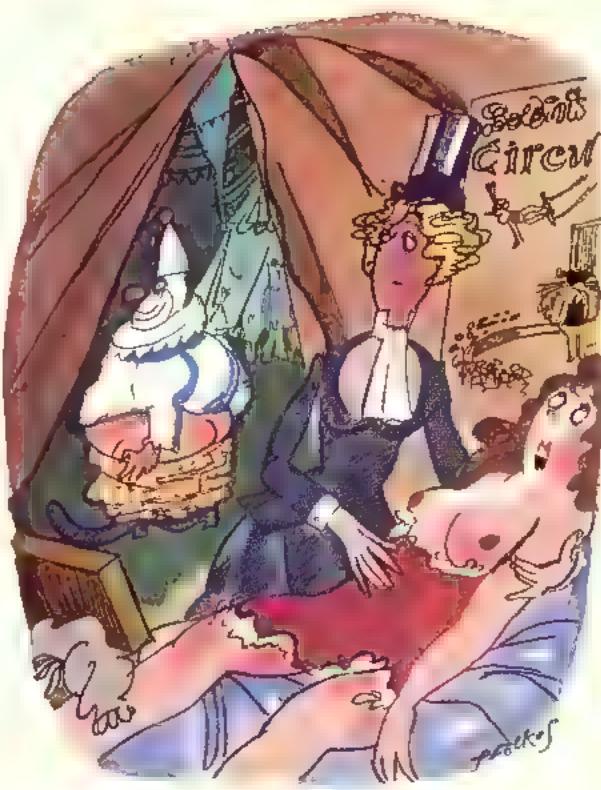
"Now they sight a rescue ship!"



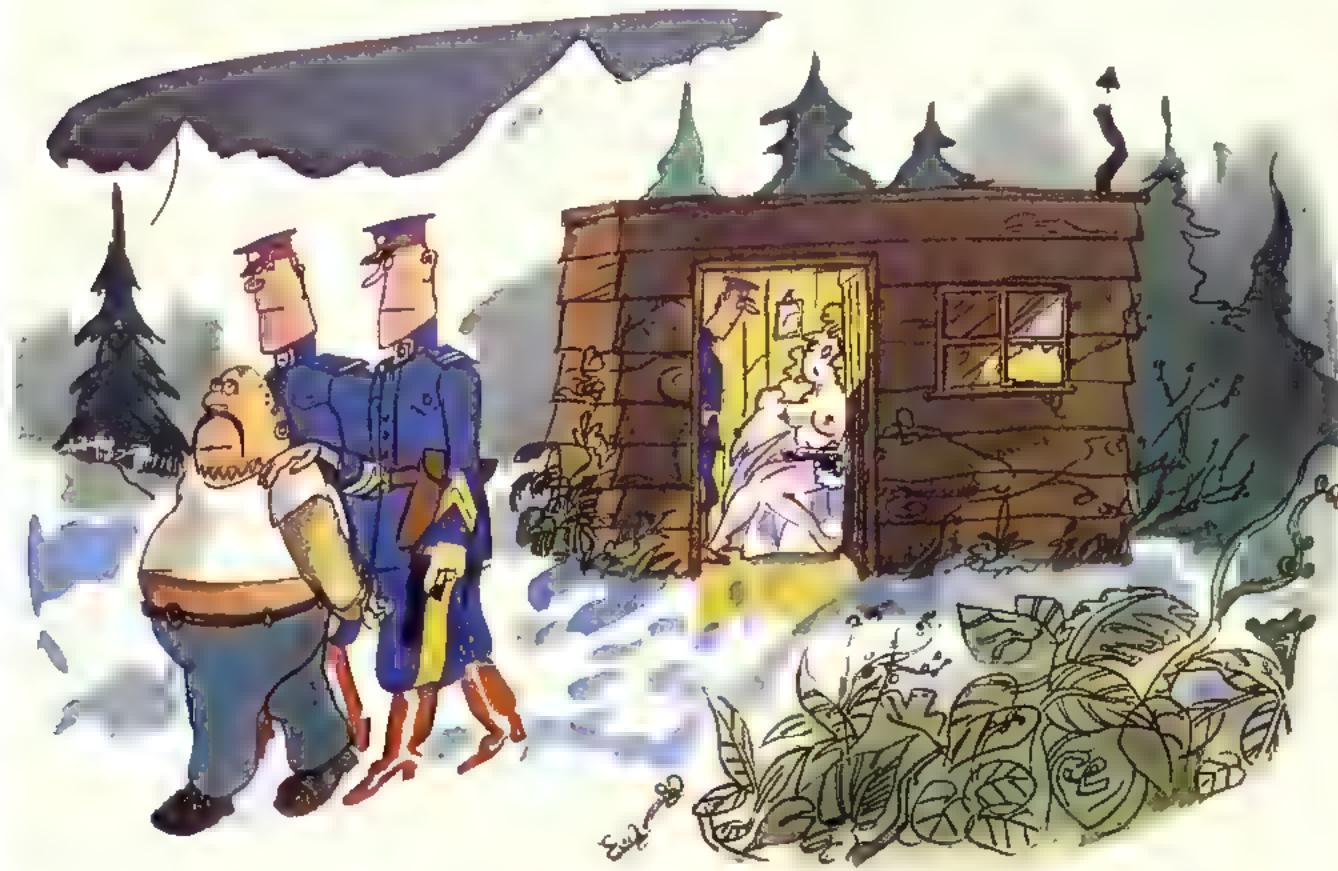
"I was one of the people you can fool all of the time."



"So I said to myself, if a girl's not safe in a nunnery, where is she going to be safe?"



*"Unfortunately, he made me laugh
until I was helpless."*



"I was held incommunicado seventeen times."

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Seagram's 7 "crowns" any drink with great taste because it tastes better all by itself. On the rocks, or with soda—in the classic Manhattan or whiskey sour—there's just nothing better. And enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



MAN & WOMAN



EX-RATED DATING

Your best friend and the love of his life have just called it quits. Good buddy that you are, you're advising him to put it behind him, pick up the pieces and start over. The only trouble is that there's one of the pieces you wouldn't mind picking up yourself—namely, *her*. Dating your best friend's former flame may not be right up there on the national no-no list with child molesting and diddling Sis, but it can be a mating dance with trickier steps than a double-tempo tango hustle.

First of all, there's the matter of timing. If you've got any feeling at all for your friend's mangled emotions, you can't just pounce on his erstwhile sweetie like a mutt diving for table scraps. At least give him time to get back in the social whirl.

But even if you can keep yourself in the dugout for a few innings, the rules of the game call for you to touch base with him before trying to score with her. It's not that you're asking his permission, exactly—he certainly has no claims in that department—but common courtesy calls for forewarning him, especially if your dating agenda involves showing up with her at, say, his party. Even then, don't really expect him to be ecstatic at seeing you make a go of it where he ground to a halt.

The other ex-rated dating scenario—asking out friends of your own late lamented ladylove—doesn't really call for the same kind of bomb-fused delicacy, at least not on your part. Your ex's friends are fair game, and you may be delighted to find that they've had their eyes on you for quite a while. Of course, they may consult your ex out of loyalty, but you'll be surprised how often they'll be willing to pick up where she left off. You'll also probably be surprised about how much of an in-depth dossier of your intimate inclinations they may have assembled. One lucky friend of ours showed up for a first date with his ex-lover's friend to find his favorite meal on the table, his favorite music on the stereo and his hostess well-rehearsed in his favorite bedroom choreography.

The touchiest ex-rated dating scenario occurs when two couples have shared a lot over the years and then have both split up. If you've been involved in such an arrangement, you may find yourself thinking about dating a woman who is at once your best friend's ex and your ex's best friend. The only person you have to consult in that instance is your shrink.

GENTLE AGGRESSION

Ever lay a friendly hello on a woman, only to be rebuffed by a vacant stare? Well, assuming you weren't

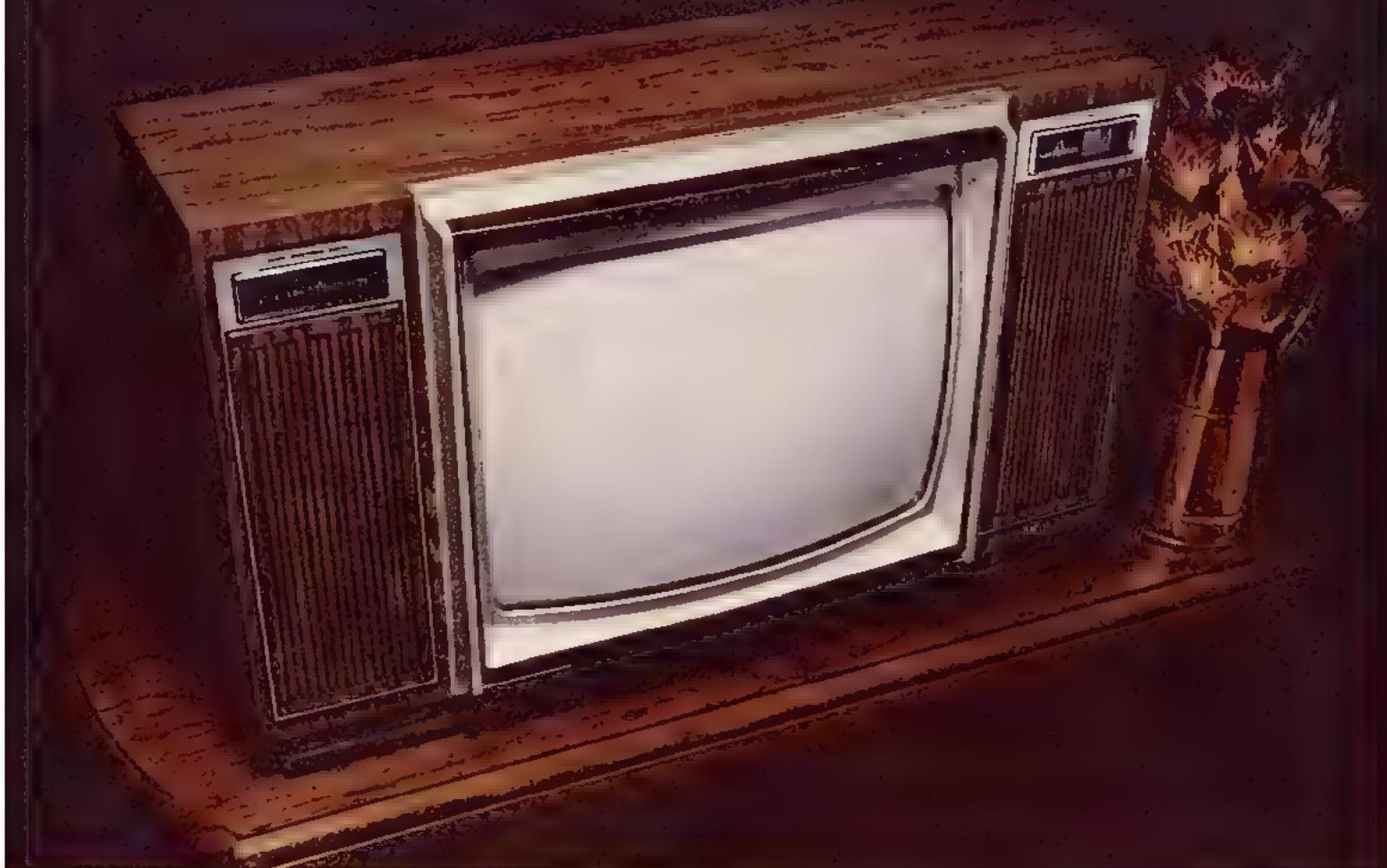
sporting a Day-Glo butterfly bow tie with NERD spelled out on it in sequins, your only problem may be that you invaded the lady's space too suddenly, committing an inadvertent psychic mugging.

Short of being John Travolta, there's no sure-fire strategy for picking up women. But there are techniques for increasing your percentage of pleasurable experiences in the pickup arena, and they're described in *Brief Encounters*, by Emily Coleman and Betty Edwards.

Besides having an inside line by virtue of their being women, Edwards is a social scientist and Coleman is president of something called the Man-Woman Institute in California, through which she has conducted hundreds of "brief encounter" workshops. And contrary to male folklore, they say, women do not appreciate a blatantly sexual approach. (Sometimes a hot-and-heavy come-on appears to succeed, they admit, but usually only because many women have still not learned how to say no assertively.) A slow starting pace and sensitivity to your partner's needs are hallmarks of the good lover in bed, and the same style should apply to the initial encounter.

Coleman and Edwards would like to trade the high pressure meat-rack madness of the American singles bar for something closer to the ambience of the British pub. In the world of ale and darts, the authors maintain, when men and women have a drink together or engage in conversation, there's no sense of obligation on anyone's part nor any assumption that the interaction is inevitably going to lead to sex. The opportunity to "chat up" another person and get to know her a little better is considered a pleasure in itself. In keeping with that spirit, Coleman and Edwards recommend cultivating an attitude of "gentle aggression" that allows you to make your moves in a way that increases your chance of contact while minimizing the odds of receiving a facelul of rebuff.

In the gentle-aggression approach, it is important to make sure the woman is fully aware of your presence before you move in. There's nothing more off-putting than suddenly being confronted with a grinning head looming from out of nowhere. Contact should be made in a series of small steps that show you want to get together with her but are willing to wait until she's ready. One gentle aggressor described in *Brief Encounters* always stands or sits where he can catch the eye of the woman he's interested in. When he gets her attention, he smiles, and sometimes he gestures with his glass to ask if she wants a drink. If she nods yes, he sends one to her, but he doesn't follow the drink until they've exchanged smiles. "By the time we do start talking," he explains, "a lot of barriers are already down."



Why don't most 19" diagonal television sets cost as much as this one?

It's because the attractive Quasar® set pictured above offers you some of the most innovative features you can find on any television set. And they're all in the regular price. Including remote control!

This set gives you Quasar's highly advanced 100° deflection Dynabrite® picture tube with its extra focusing lens for an incredibly sharp, clear picture.

And you get our Dynacolor® tuning system that constantly keeps the color picture perfectly balanced—even if the signal from the station varies. (It's so sophisticated it even adjusts picture brightness to changing room light!)

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(We even included a tone control and a balance control for greater listening enjoyment.)

And only our set offers you Quasar's own Compu-Matic™ Touch Tuning. With a sophisticated built-in microcomputer that lets you switch silently, directly, instantly from channel to channel.

But perhaps the most important thing our set gives you—that no other can—is Quasar's famous reliability. It may not seem important right now, but it could mean everything to you in a few years. So if this

Quasar seems a bit costly now, consider how much more you'll get from it in the years to

come. And see if you're not willing to pay a bit extra for all those extras.

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SHOULD YOU INCORPORATE YOURSELF?

Tax evasion, as every good citizen knows, is a crime. But tax avoidance is legal, and as American as apple pie. Not only has the Supreme Court sanctioned tax avoidance but there's a general consensus that if you don't take advantage of every legal device and loophole to lower your tax liability, you're not very bright.

One of the best tax-saving devices around is the corporation. A corporation is a legal entity created to carry on a variety of activities in behalf of its shareholders. Because corporations are taxed differently from individuals, many Americans—especially single people with incomes of at least \$25,000 a year—have found it advantageous to conduct their jobs, professions or businesses as corporations, thereby substantially reducing their own personal income-tax liability.

WHY YOU SHOULD INCORPORATE

Following is a list of reasons you should incorporate. All may not apply to you, but they do give an indication of the kind of financial security and savings that are available once you add an Inc. to your name and holdings.

1. You can greatly limit your personal liability for lawsuits against your business by conducting all of your business activities within your corporation. Your personal assets not owned by the corporation are almost always immune from lawsuits unless you are a licensed professional.

2. There are tax benefits for investors in your corporation if it is a Subchapter S corporation, which, unlike other corporations, pays no income taxes to the IRS. Profits and losses show up on the stockholder's personal return. (A Subchapter S corporation is a limited kind of corporation, organized under IRS rules as a domestic business, limited to a maximum of 15 shareholders, neither owning stock in any other corporation nor owned by any other corporation, issuing only one class of stock and having no nonresident alien shareholders.)

3. By incorporating, you can establish your own retirement, pension and profit sharing plans that are entirely exempt from taxes until you retire.

4. You can obtain a 100 percent deduction of medical expenses through a corporate medical-reimbursement plan.

5. By incorporating, you can set up a legal-reimbursement plan under which your corporation can pay for any legal service you may need without its being considered taxable income to you.

6. If your corporation invests in stocks of other corporations, 85 percent of all dividends your corporation receives will be tax-free.

In addition, like partnerships and individuals, your corporation can benefit from real-estate-depreciation

allowances. Not only can the costs of buildings and improvements be depreciated but maintenance and repairs are also tax-deductible.

If your corporation is based at your residence, whatever the corporation pays you as rent and for utilities is tax-deductible to the corporation. Of course, you'll have to report the rental income on your personal tax return, but you'll ultimately benefit from business real-estate depreciation and interest and tax deductions. Also, by basing your corporation at your home, you can deduct travel expenses whenever you leave from home on corporation business. Your corporation reimburses you for the business usage of your car and that, again, is not taxable income.

WHERE TO START

Starting a corporation is a fairly simple and orderly procedure. Hundreds of corporations are created every day. If you're seriously interested in forming one, first consult the Corporation Department of the Secretary of State's office in your state government. It will supply you with detailed information on incorporation procedures, fees and samples or blank Articles of Incorporation. States vary in their requirements, so if you are in a position to incorporate in a number of states, find out which is the most advantageous. An informative book on the subject is *How to Cut Your Taxes in Half by Incorporating Your Job or Business*, by Phillip and Susan Fry, available from Let The People Know Law Book Store, Inc., Route 1, New Concord, Ohio 43762. The price is \$50.

Once you have incorporated your business or professional practice, you sell your goods and services as a corporation to your customers and clients. If your company will cooperate, you can sell your services to your present employer either as an independent contractor or as an individual with a special employment contract. In the latter case, the salary you earn is deposited in your corporation's checking account and your corporation, in turn, pays you.

WHO SHOULDN'T INCORPORATE

Some people don't have the temperament for legal forms, language and procedures, just as some people are turned off by math and technical writing. So if you aren't willing to keep detailed records, pay attention to the fine print, keep up on fiscal rulings or pay an expert accountant or lawyer to do so, you might think twice about incorporating. But if you like the business of making money and enjoy adding up columns of figures and are not intimidated by legalese, then you'll no doubt find the corporation a very creative legal instrument for your own economic benefit.

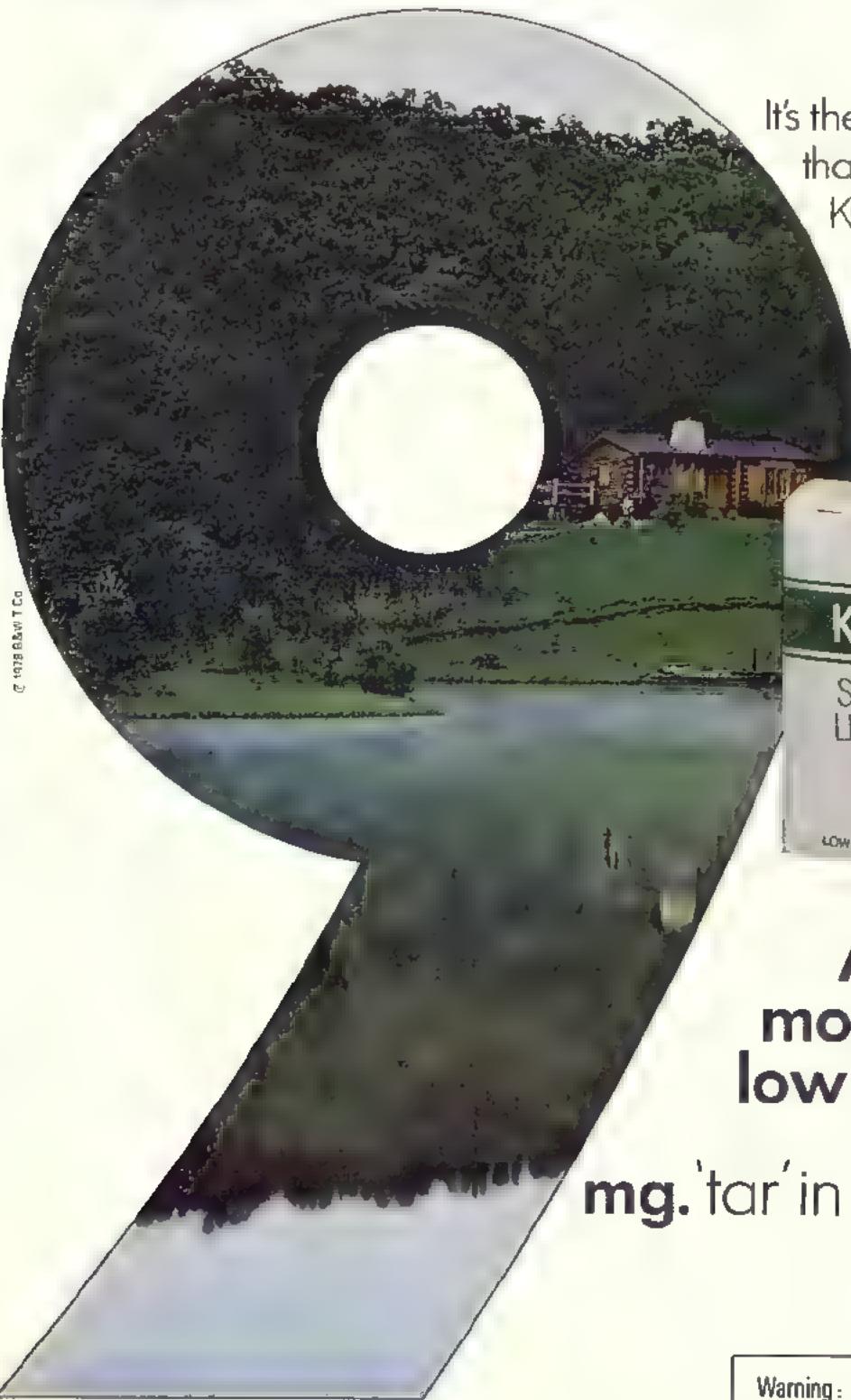
—SAMUEL L. BLUMENFELD



Does your low 'tar' feel like a lot of hot air?

Feel the refreshing coolness of

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS



© 1978 R&W T Co.

It's the special coolness
that only comes from
KOOL. The kind of
refreshment you've
never had before
in a low "tar."



**America's
most refreshing
low 'tar' cigarette.**

mg. 'tar' in both sizes.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

DEALING WITH A DELUXE RESTAURANT

Coping with a deluxe restaurant is as much a stylized performance as taking part in a tribal ceremony, which in some respects it resembles. Everyone has a role to play and the movements must be executed with charm and authority.

CHOOSING

The first responsibility is selecting the right restaurant for business or for pleasure. Besides the criteria of fine food and drink, it's wise to consider for a business luncheon or dinner a restaurant in which the tables are far apart, so that it provides not only extra elbow room but also insurance that your conversation can't be overheard. In New York, a good example is Four Seasons. For social entertaining, other considerations may be more important, such as the view of Notre Dame from Tour D'Argent in Paris.

ORDERING

If you wish to omit cocktails, ask for a wine list along with the menu. If you aren't drinking at all, it's civilized to have a Perrier with a slice of lime or lemon but not a soft drink that may render your palate incapable of appreciating the superior food that it's presumed will follow.

When the menu is written in a language that you don't understand, ask the waiter or, better yet, the captain to translate and to explain how the various dishes you're considering are prepared. That's why they're there.

If no *prix fixe* lunch or dinner is featured on the menu and you must order à la carte, limit the number of courses you order to three at most—perhaps an appetizer, main course and salad, or main course, salad and dessert, especially if the restaurant has a reputation for its confections. Either combination should satisfy anyone but a gourmand.

After you've decided on your main course, consider the wines. No law says you must order the most expensive on the list. Tell the sommelier that you would like a pleasant, medium-priced dry white wine or, if you prefer, a red. Be a bit more specific if you can, requesting, for instance, a chablis or a Bordeaux, or whatever. Then let the sommelier make his suggestions. That's what he's there for.

If the wine poured has turned sour, you have every right to return it and no decent sommelier will disagree, but you must be enough of an oenologist to trust your taste against his. If the wine has not soured but is, nevertheless, not to your liking, some restaurants will decline to take it back, though they might do so to accommodate a regular customer. Either maneuver should be executed with courtesy and finesse. Be firm but not disagreeable and, in any case, avoid making a scene.

TIPPING

Whatever else can be said about tipping, it's certainly less an exact science than it is a fine art. Sensitivity is the keynote, with the ability to take into account such variable factors as the customs of the country you're in, the particular restaurant, the relevant circumstances (are you hosting an elaborate dinner for eight or merely lunching with a friend?), the quality of service and so on.

In some countries, the waiter may be tipped as little as ten percent. In the United States, the minimum to the waiter is probably about 15 percent (a bit too low in most sections) and the maximum about 20 percent (often a bit too high), from which he tips his busboy. The captain may be tipped five percent if he renders some small service, such as carving the duck or boning the fish.

When it comes to the sommelier, there are two schools of thought. A Chevalier du Tastevin (a member of the prestigious Burgundy wine society) whom I consulted said that he didn't necessarily tip a sommelier each time he ordered wine. But occasionally, when the sommelier had served two wines at the same meal, for example, or had attended to a dinner party, he gave him five or ten dollars. Another *bon vivant* admitted that he always tipped the sommelier at least two dollars for a modest wine, more when he felt it was indicated. Neither man based the amount of his tip on the price of the wine but on the extent of the service received.

The maître de need not be tipped unless he has helped arrange a luncheon or dinner party or has given you special attention on several occasions.

When you're using a credit card to pay the tab, you can indicate the percentages you'd like to give to the waiter, the captain or whomever and let the cashier figure out the amounts. For most men, it's a feat to walk the tightrope between feeling like a fool for over-tipping and feeling stingy because they haven't tipped enough. And the hazards multiply in a strange country. Incidentally, it's not crass but smart to meticulously review *l'addition*.

NAME CALLING

When you'd like to summon the waiter, call him by his first name, if you know it. Otherwise, call him Waiter. Call the captain by his first name or call him Captain. If you intend to patronize a particular restaurant, you might as well find out the maître de's first name and use that when addressing him. If the meal has been exceptional, tell the waiter and the captain so and send your compliments—with your card, if you like—to the chef. Genuine appreciation of work well done oils the wheels of our complex society.

—CERI TROTTER



You know what Panasonic Thrusters do for bass.

Panasonic Thrusters are the speakers with a passive radiator for an extra thrust of bass. Maybe that's why they're Panasonic's best-selling speakers.

Now to that famous thrust of bass, Panasonic's new SB-350 Thrusters add Double Drivers. So you get low distortion for rich, clean and natural sound. They're also highly efficient which means they'll make a little amp sound bigger and a big amp sound better.

The 5 1/4" Double Drivers not only give you a double-barreled thrust



of midrange, they also team up with an 8" passive radiator for a big, punchy, extra thrust of bass. And with its 2 1/2" tweeter, high frequencies sound crisp and clear.

But you'll really appreciate the SB-350's when you realize what they come with: Every Panasonic Systems 5000 stereo system. All come with an AM/FM stereo receiver and an 11" automatic record changer, while one adds 8 track and one adds cassette.

Thrusters with Double Drivers. Because two are better than one.

Cabinetry is simulated wood.

Now listen to what Double Drivers do for Thrusters.



Two 5 1/4" drivers, a 2 1/2" tweeter and an 8" passive radiator give a double-barreled thrust of midrange, clean, shimmering highs, and a big, extra thrust of bass.

Panasonic
Systems 5000

WHAT'S UP WITH WARRANTIES

Your new digital wrist watch stopped digitizing? Your waterproof boots aren't? Your color TV specializes in puce? It's warranty time. And, thanks to the Magnuson-Moss Warranty Act, you now have a buddy in Uncle Sam. But you have to know your rights.

Starting in 1977, the Magnuson-Moss Act mandated that warranties on \$15-and-up items must be available for scrutiny before purchase. And they must now be written in down-home American—no legalese, no fine print.

So before you buy, read. What the salesman says means zilch. It has to be in print. Comparison shop: A product with a better warranty may be worth a few extra bucks. But even if a product does not carry one that is written, it probably does have a warranty that's implied.

WARRANTY BY IMPLICATION

In all 50 states, unwritten guarantees bind sellers who provide no printed warranties. To wiggle out, they have to state, in writing, that their product carries no warranty, written or implied, and is sold "as is." Then all future problems are yours.

No disclaimer means that a warranty is implied. In most states, it covers "merchantability"—the seller guarantees that the product will perform. A watch should accurately tell time. A color TV should produce more than puce. Waterproof boots should take you through puddles dry-footed.

In some states, implied warranties of suitability also cover sellers' assurances that their products will perform specific jobs. If the salesman says a sleeping bag is warm down to zero degrees, it had better keep you snug.

Service contracts offer extra protection for an extra fee. Be sure they provide more protection than the warranty, which doesn't cost you a nickel.

SPELLING IT OUT

Written warranties are either full or limited. Full warranties give you at least five benefits: (1) A defective product will be fixed or replaced free; (2) it will be fixed within a reasonable time; (3) you needn't do anything ridiculous to get service, such as shipping a baby grand back to the factory; (4) every owner of the product is covered during the period indicated on the warranty; (5) if the product proves unfixable after reasonable effort, you get your choice of a new one or your money back. Also, the full warranty cannot disclaim or modify the implied warranty.

But a full warranty may cover only part of the product. Example: On a new car, it may exclude the tires. So make sure you read *all* the way through the warranty.

A warranty is limited if it omits at least one of the five full-warranty benefits. It may cover only parts, not labor. Or reduce refunds as the product ages. Or exclude shipping. Or cover first owners only.

They can also be mixed; e.g., a full warranty on a TV picture tube, a limited warranty on the rest of the set.

Good warranties cover consequential damages as well. Besides guaranteeing the product itself, the manufacturer owes you for damages caused by defects. If your freezer conks out, for example, the manufacturer must reimburse you for spoiled food. Its only out is specifying in the warranty that no consequential damages are covered. So if your antifreeze fizzles and your Jaguar's engine block cracks, the chemical company owes you a couple of gallons of antifreeze, period.

What if a manufacturer stalls until the warranty expires? It's still obligated. But it's up to you to push.

GETTING YOURS

Before buying, scrutinize the warranty so you know what you're getting. Send in the warranty card. Study the instruction manual: Incorrect use of a product can void the warranty. And save both the warranty and your sales slip—you may have to prove date of purchase.

So one day your snazzy Jet-Action Pulsar II goes pfft? Take it back to the dealer. If it's under a manufacturer's guarantee, the dealer may direct you to a service center. Tell all: date purchased, date it broke, precise problem. If your Pulsar II is too big to carry, give its model and serial number. Usually, that will do it. If not, go to war.

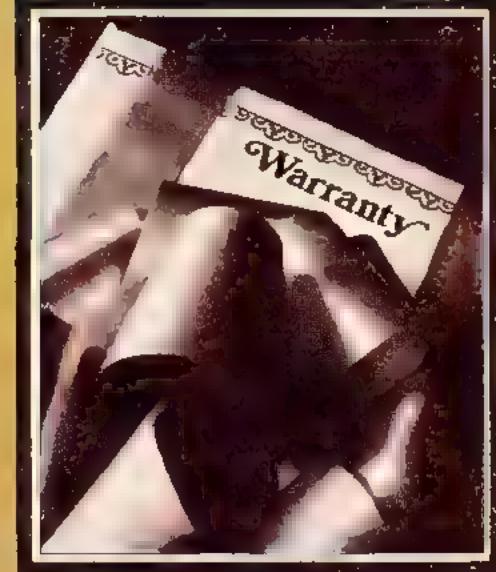
First, write to or telephone the manufacturer's customer-relations department, keeping copies of all correspondence. Explain exactly what you believe is due you under the warranty—repair, replacement, refund, consequential damages. Send only photocopies of sales slips, canceled checks or other proofs of purchase, keeping the originals for your own records.

Still no relief? Write to the company president (most libraries have company directories). Send him all pertinent details and photocopies of previous correspondence. Twist the knife by listing consumer agencies you're notifying—e.g., Better Business Bureau, radio and newspaper action lines, state consumer office.

If the company continues to stonewall, your warranty may provide for arbitration. If not, and the sum involved is small, go to small-claims court, where costs are low, procedures simple, lawyers unnecessary.

But if all else fails, check with a consumer agency to be sure your case is valid. Then hire a lawyer and shoot it out in court.

—RICHARD WOLKONIR



"You gotta admit they're a hard team to be a fan for," says ex-Chargette Jill Fleming."

enthusiastic about her posing for PLAYBOY, her parents have supported her throughout her arduous transition from stadium side lines to silver screen. She particularly credits her mother with being "tremendously understanding."

"You gotta admit they're a hard team to be a fan for," says Jill Fleming. Jill, who was one of five Chargelettes PLAYBOY photographed, didn't appear in the pictorial, but nonetheless suffered through several days of people's asking if she was one of the "nasty five." "It would have been nicer and easier if this hadn't happened," she says, "but no one can ever make me ashamed."

Lanita Shilling, one of the Cigarettes who did appear nude in the December pictorial, says that when she posed for **PLAYBOY** "I had no idea it would turn out like this. But I'll tell you one thing. I wasn't sure **PLAYBOY** was a class magazine before this happened, but from my first shooting through everything that's happened since, I'm convinced it's the best, most beautiful magazine around."

Shilling, Andrea Mann, Jacquelyn Rohrs, Karen Ita Siders and Bunny Hover (whose *PLAYBOY* appearance may have contributed to the disbanding of the New Orleans Angels) were popular guests on radio and television talk shows across the country when the controversy peaked. As a result, all five girls have probably received more media exposure

than they ever would have in the boom-boom line. For Shilling, it has been a mixed blessing ("My fiancé has been kind of negative about the whole thing," she says). Rohrs and Hover believe the exposure has boosted their careers. But for Andrea Mann, the hurt of her dismissal by the Baltimore Colts lingers.

"I got a call from management, saying, 'We don't want your kind of girl,'" she says. "They told me sex has nothing to do with Colt cheerleaders, that the cheerleaders have a wholesome image—and that anyone who'd pose for *PLAYBOY* wasn't wholesome."

That treatment was a tremendous disappointment to Andrea, a postal worker and a lifelong Colt fan. "I hadn't sneaked around behind the team's back," she says. "I had been told I could pose for *PLAYBOY*. But afterward, the Colts said they didn't realize the pictorial would involve nudity. Do you believe that?"

Jackie Rohrs, who markets her own line of cosmetics (Jacquelyn K Creations), was delighted to find that her dismissal and the subsequent publicity gave an unexpected boost to her business.

"I was worried about the effect all this might have on my company," she says, "since all my clients knew me as a very straight lady in a suit with a briefcase."

"But when I came back from a short trip after the December issue came out, my answering service had messages from

33 people across the country inquiring about my products. My business partner was going crazy."

Rohts—who has a wonderful sense of humor about her own ambition ("Hey, listen," she says, "I've come a long way I was Miss Garbage Disposal Bag at a trade show a couple of years ago")—admits there have been a few sad moments "My eight-year-old daughter, Machaeh Ann, cried when I was fired. She was like a mascot at our practices. I had made her a little Honey Cub outfit with the number eight on the back. But she held up under the pressure of the publicity pretty well. At school, a little boy teased her with, 'I saw your mommy in **PLAYBOY** nude,' and my daughter responded, 'Well, your mommy wasn't asked to be in **PLAYBOY**.'"

The cheerleader controversy has also been good, more or less, for former New England Patriots cheerleader Karen Ita Siders (who used only her middle name in the December pictorial). "My parents took it kind of negatively," she says. "I was told to leave the house, and they wouldn't talk to me for three weeks. On the other hand, the experience has given me a lot of confidence and the courage to be myself, to follow my own convictions."

Karen 20, a make up artist for a Boston modeling agency, has been a regular model for a well-known Boston artist and sculptor. "I've gotten a lot of opportunities from this fiasco," she says. "I've posed for *PLAYBOY* again [for which we're sure the viewers of these pages are most grateful]. I've done the *Evening Magazine* [a local talk show] and a couple of other programs." Shortly after the December issue appeared, a local radio station had a banquet for her (she was driven to the ceremony in a limousine), at which her fans let her know they didn't think she had been naughty.

Ex-Angel Bunny Hover hasn't had much time to worry about her dissatisfaction with the Sainis. For one thing, she's a full-time legal secretary. For another, she's a serious dance student who's got, as the song says, "offers comin' over the phone." Bunny (whom you may remember as the card girl for the Muhammad Ali-Leon Spinks title match last fall) received a request for her cheerleading services from a table-tennis team in Iceland, and a New Orleans radio station has asked her to be its "traffic Angel in the sky"—a rush-hour helicopter traffic-flow reporter.

In addition, Bunny has been busy with her fellow ex-*Angels*, who have been trying to find work as a troupe elsewhere. "It's been hard to keep the group together," she says. "We've taken our show into a few local discos, but it's hard to find an employer for a 24 girl dance troupe."

Maybe what we need is another Radio City Music Hall.



“Say, what’s that catchy little tune you’re humming?”



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

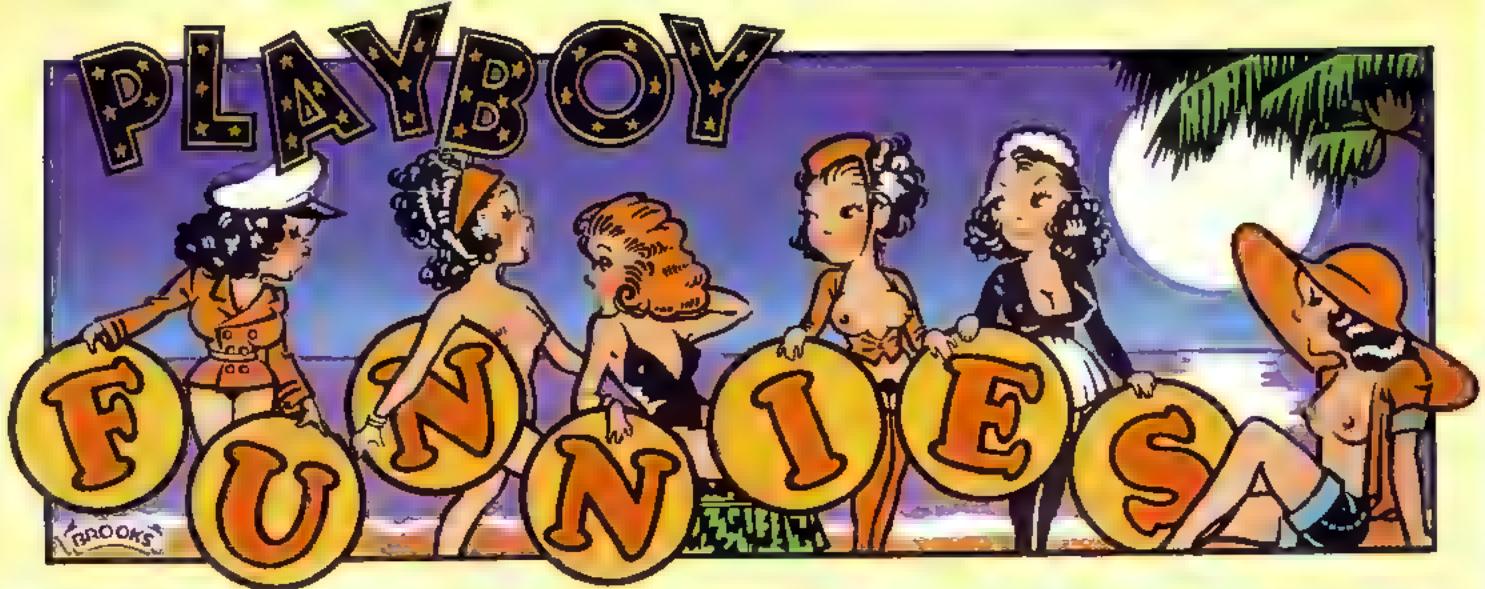
The smoothest man.

This Canadian has a reputation for smoothness. So you won't catch him drinking anything less than the smoothest whisky around.

Windsor. A whisky made with glacier-fed spring water and aged in the clear, clean air of the Canadian Rockies.

WINDSOR CANADIAN.
It's got a reputation for smoothness.

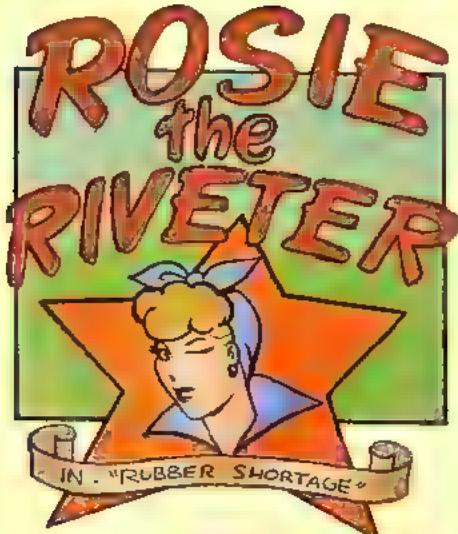
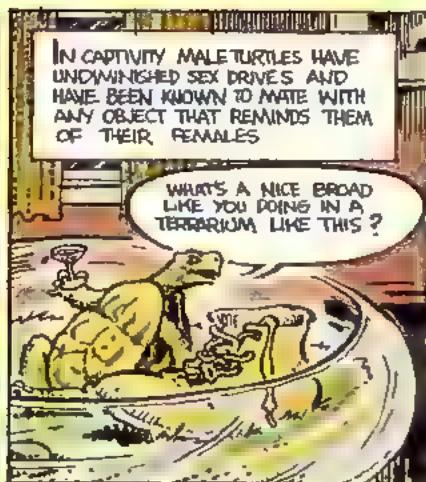
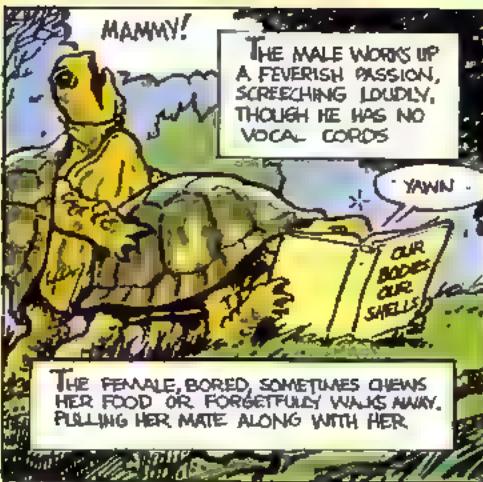
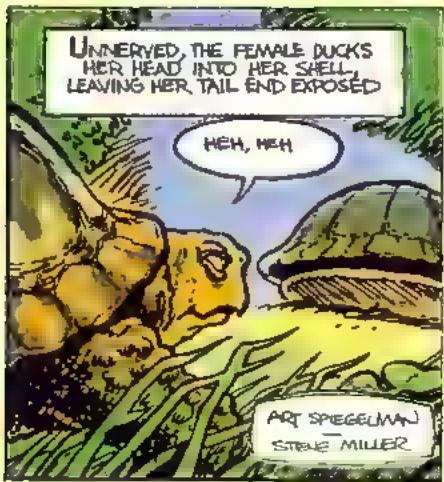
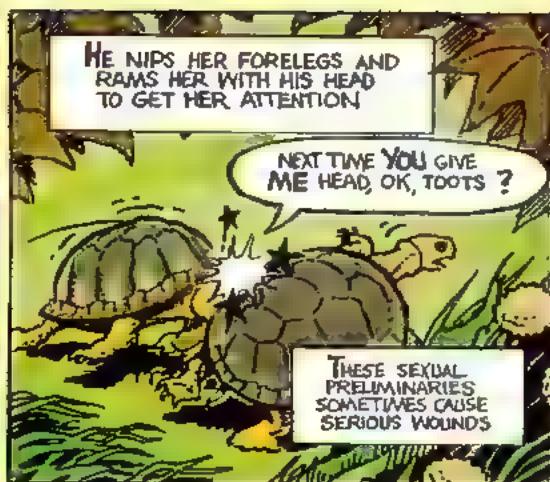
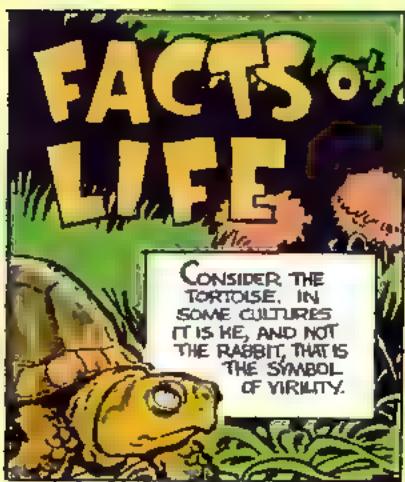




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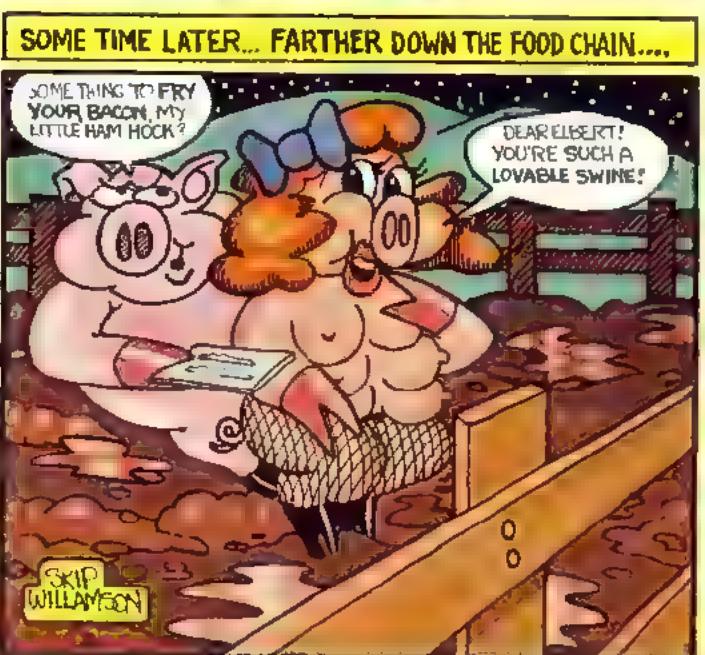
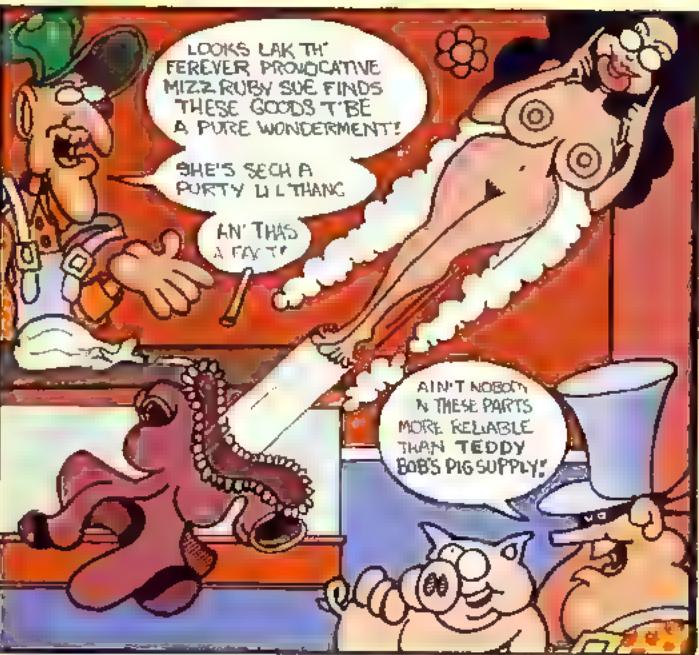
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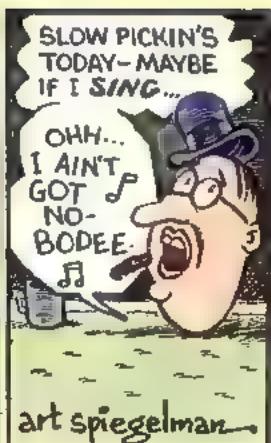




DOWN ON THE FARM

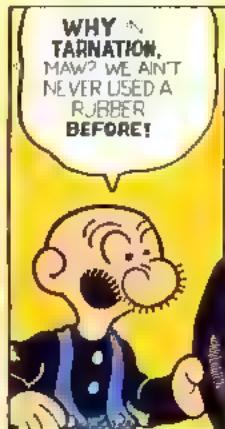
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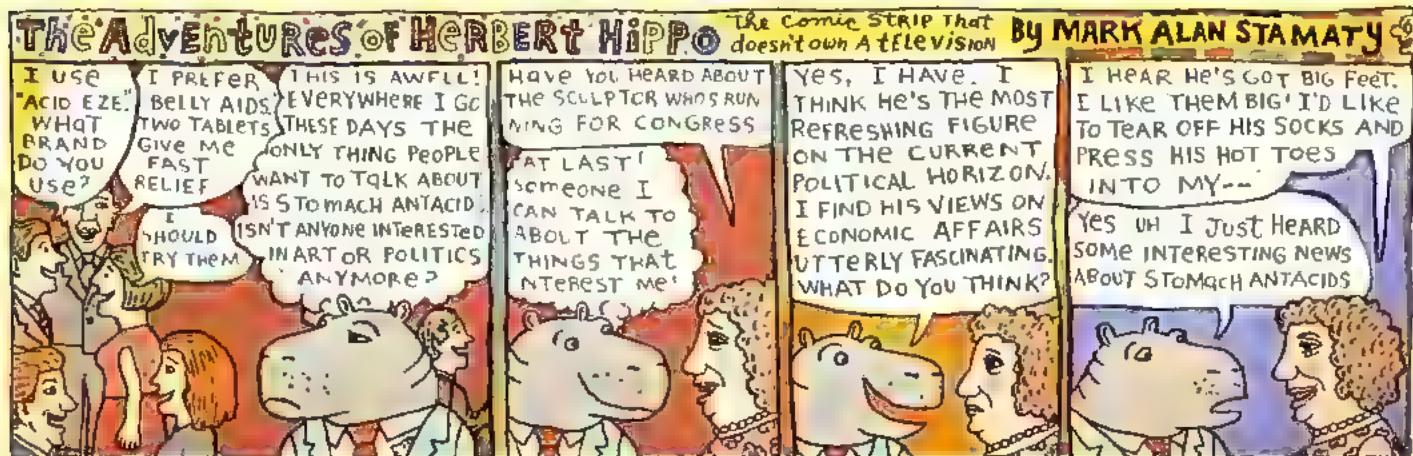


art spiegelman

SCRUFFY SMITH



SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE SCULPTOR WHO'S RUNNING FOR CONGRESS

AT LAST! SOMEONE I CAN TALK TO ABOUT THE THINGS THAT INTEREST ME!

YES, I HAVE. I THINK HE'S THE MOST REFRESHING FIGURE ON THE CURRENT POLITICAL HORIZON. I FIND HIS VIEWS ON ECONOMIC AFFAIRS UTTERLY FASCINATING. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I HEAR HE'S GOT BIG FEET. I LIKE THEM BIG! I'D LIKE TO TEAR OFF HIS SOCKS AND PRESS HIS HOT TOES INTO MY--

YES UH I JUST HEARD SOME INTERESTING NEWS ABOUT STOMACH ANTACIDS

Single-play vs. Multi-play.

(You can't lose with ADC Accutrac®.)

The fight rages on: the benefits of a single-play versus the advantages of a multi-play. Truce!
Accutrac has perfected both formats with a whole new patented technology: computerized track selection!

With the computerized control panel on any Accutrac turntable you can play the tracks on a record in any order you like, as often as you like, even skip the tracks you don't like.

The Accutrac 4000 single-play format offers you everything from computerized track selection to remote control. The Accutrac 4000 is engineered with a Direct Drive motor, with rumble measured at better than -70dB (DIN B), and flutter less than .03% WRMS.

Accutrac+6 is the ultimate multi-play design that plays six records, but doesn't drop them! Because Accutrac+6 has the remarkable Accuglide™ spindle that spirals up through the platter, and lowers each record, like an elevator, into playing position. And after all six records have played, lifts them back up to the starting position.

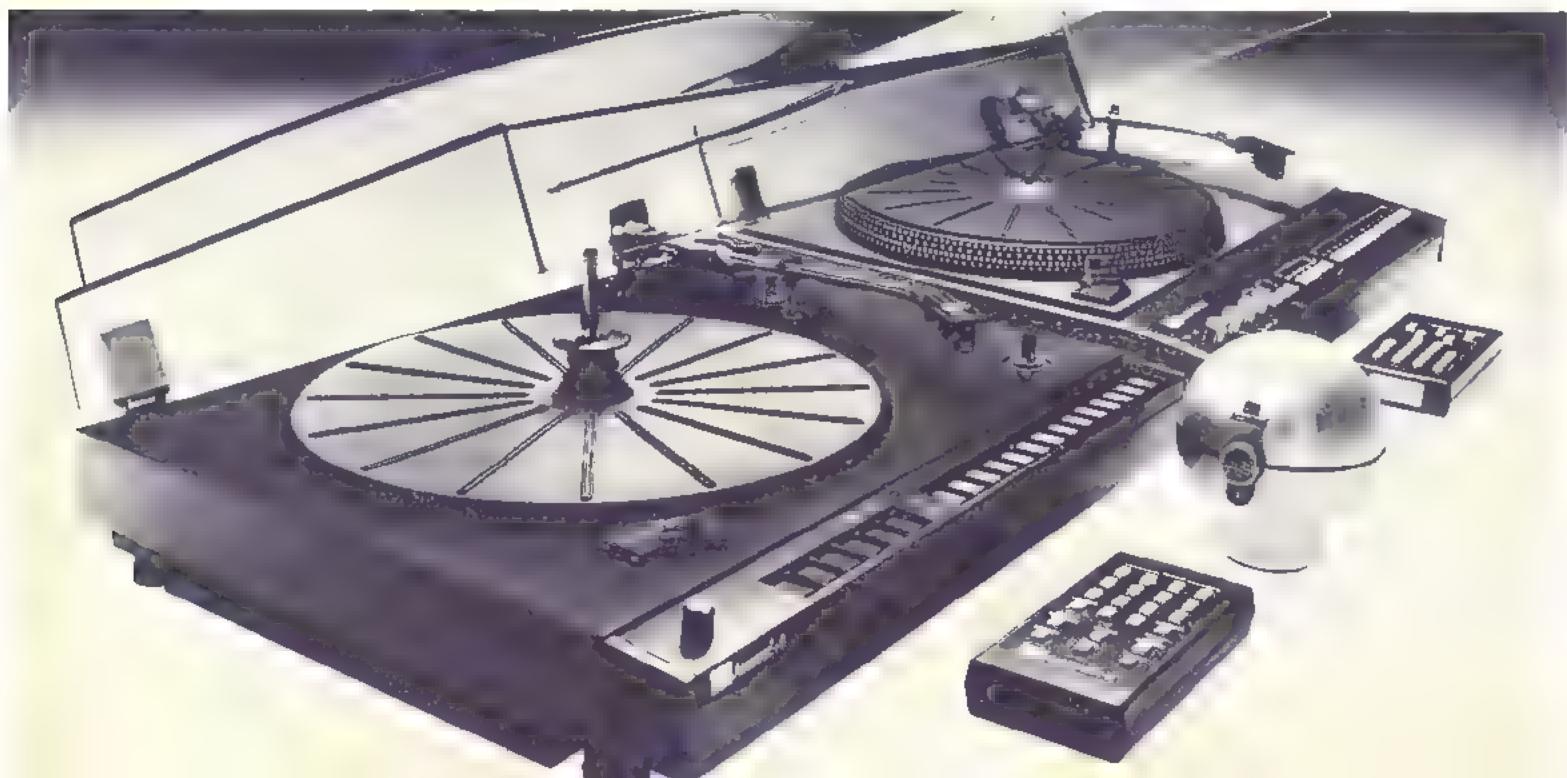
Accutrac+6 offers you a belt drive motor, with rumble measured better than -66dB (DIN B), and flutter less than .04% WRMS. The Accutrac+6 also has the added feature of remote volume control.

And all of the Accutrac turntables feature the famous ADC magnetic cartridge.

We invite you to write for the full details of the Accutrac systems, or visit your nearest Accutrac dealer. Whether you prefer single-play, or multi-play, Accutrac does it best.

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"Vodka's hold on the bloody mary has loosened. Others opt for tequila, white rum, brandy, Scotch."

slug of sauerkraut juice gives you a krauter or a bloody hun, depending on the bar; but half tomato and half o.j. can only be a screw mary. A posh New York eatery once promoted a "natural" mary, made with fresh tomatoes. Just one small problem: Customers didn't care for the drunk. Peasants!

Vodka's singular hold on the bloody mary has also loosened somewhat. No less a maven than the "21" Club's Jerry Burns, who can have anything he wants, prefers aquavit in his danish mary, calling it a "more sophisticated drink." Others opt for tequila, white rum, light brandy, Scotch or vermouth—as in a wine mary. Flavored vodkas are also beginning to get a play. And further ethnic interest can be added by mixing your bloody with vodkas from Poland, Russia, Finland, Turkey or even the People's Republic of China.

If all the stories on the genesis of the bloody mary were collected, there'd be enough material for a book, titled, no doubt, *Son of Aesop's Fables*. The current wisdom is that an itinerant American bartender from Canton, Ohio, with the French name of Fernand Petiot, invented the bloody mary while working at Harry's New York Bar in Paris during the early Twenties. At that time, the drink was simply equal parts of vodka and tomato juice, a restorative for the morning trade. "One of the boys suggested we call it bloody mary, because the drink reminded him of the Bucket of Blood Club in Chicago, and he had a girl there named Mary."

Back in the States, after Prohibition, Petiot unleashed his creation at the King Cole Bar. It was not an instant smash. "Too bland," said the jury. A quick study, Petiot added a smidgen of this, a nip of that, and pretty soon the drink began to catch on. Most *aficionados* agree on ingredients for your basic bloody mary: vodka, *thick* tomato juice, Worcestershire, fresh lemon juice, salt to taste, a grind or two of pepper and Tabasco. After that, it's every man for himself. However, regional patterns do assert themselves. New Englanders want lots of Worcestershire and an extra squirt of lemon juice; Californians lean to gin and the light native brandy; and Southerners go heavy on the Tabasco. Food guru Craig Claiborne, a good ol' Mississippi boy, won't board a plane without his little shaker bottle of Tabasco.

Unlike martini zealots, bloody-mary fans are restrained in their partisanship. The closest thing to a bloody-mary controversy is whether to stir, shake or blend. Premier Manhattan bars such as those run by Le Vert-Galant and "21" are staunch on shaking. Nevertheless, many devotees are content to mix each drink in the glass, first making sure that all ingredients are cold. There's also the matter of garniture. Petiot's morning trade would have flinched at the sight of a celery stick or a scallion sitting boldly in a bloody mary. But if you're like us, you'll welcome celery, scallion, gherkin, pearl onion, pickled mushroom or even a plump, pink shrimp curled over the rim of the glass—and you'll relish the change.

Following are ten zingy bloody-mary recipes. Enjoy them, then go on to number 11—the perfect one that you invent to satisfy your own personal taste!

BASIC BLOODY MARY (With variations)

1½ ozs. vodka
3 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled
1-2 dashes Worcestershire sauce
1-2 dashes Tabasco
Salt, to taste
Grind of black pepper
Lemon wedge

Pour vodka and tomato juice over ice in large rocks glass. Add seasonings. Squeeze lemon into glass, add rind. Stir well.

- For more assertive drink, use 100-proof vodka. Pour the new, 160-proof Double Tvariski Vodka and you have a double mary.
- Substitute lime wedge for lemon, to moderate sharpness.
 - Use gin instead of vodka.
 - Add 2 dashes sherry pepper liquid instead of Tabasco.
- For bloody pickle, substitute 1 oz. pickle juice for 1 oz. tomato juice. Skip salt and Worcestershire.
- For a shanghai mary, use Chinese vodka, soy sauce instead of salt and garnish with water chestnut on pick.
- Use sake instead of vodka and you have a bloody mary quite contrary.

GLASGOW MARY

1½ ozs. Scotch
3 ozs. tomato juice
1 teaspoon lime juice
Salt, pepper, to taste
Sprig fresh rosemary

Pour all but rosemary over ice in large rocks glass. Stir well. Bruise rosemary slightly and drop into glass.

BLOODY BILL

This mary variation was first presented at New York's Pen & Pencil restaurant. It still does a first-rate job. According to proprietor John Bruno, the secret is un-diluted bouillon and the bit of egg white.

1½ ozs. vodka
1½ ozs. tomato juice
1½ ozs. canned concentrated bouillon
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon egg white, optional
Grind of pepper
Scallion with about 2 inches green
Shake all ingredients except scallion with ice. Strain into 6-oz. goblet. Garnish with scallion.

SANGRITA MARY

Mexicanos alternate sips of tequila and sangrita. Enjoy it that way or just pour the liquor into the sangrita and drink away.

3 ozs. tomato juice, chilled
1 oz. orange juice, chilled
½ oz. lemon or lime juice
½ teaspoon grenadine
Dash each chili powder, garlic powder
2-3 dashes each Tabasco, salt
2 ozs. vodka or tequila
Lime wedge
Coarse salt

Shake juices and seasonings with ice. Strain into goblet. That's the sangrita. Pour liquor into shot glass and put lime wedge and mound of salt on small dish. The way it goes is a sip of sangrita, a sip of liquor, a bite of lime and a taste of salt. *Salud!*

DANISH MARY

1½ ozs. Aalborg Jubilaeums Akvavit
3 ozs. tomato juice
Juice of ½ small lime
Salt, pepper, to taste
Dash Tabasco
Sprig fresh dill, optional
Pour all but dill over ice in large rocks glass. Stir well. Garnish with dill sprig

Note: Jubilaeums has a subtle dill flavor, in addition to the caraway, that adds extra dimension to the drink. If Jubilaeums is not available, use regular aquavit.

MC ILHENNEY'S BLOODY-MARY PITCHER (For eight)

When Walter McIlhenney can't get his Tabasco bloody-mary mix, this is how he puts together bloody marys for a crowd.

1 quart thick tomato juice
4 teaspoons lime juice
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Tabasco
12 ozs. vodka, chilled
Lemon or lime slices
Combine tomato juice, lime juice and 179

seasonings in pitcher. Stir well. When ready to serve, stir again. For each bloody mary, pour 1½ ozs. vodka over ice in highball glass and add tomato-juice mixture to taste. Garnish with lemon or lime slice.

BLOODY VIPER

1½ ozs. vodka
½ oz. Pernod
1 oz. tomato juice, chilled
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper, to taste
Dash Tabasco

Cornichon

Pour all but *cornichon* over ice in large goblet. Stir well. Impale *cornichon* on pick and set in glass.

BLOODY MUG

1 ozs. tomato-vegetable juice
1 tablespoon Romanoff tomato-bouillon powder
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1¼ ozs. vodka
2 grinds pepper
Salt, if desired
1 tablespoon minced scallion, green and white

Preheat cup or mug by rinsing with boiling water. Heat juice with tomato-bouillon powder; pour into preheated mug. Add lemon juice, vodka and seasonings. Stir well. Garnish with minced scallion.

RUSSKI MARY

Hold the Tabasco on this one. The Pertsovka is pungent and peppery.

1½ ozs. Pertsovka vodka
2 ozs. tomato juice
1 oz. yogurt
2 shakes salt
1 teaspoon grated onion
Sprig parsley
Shake all ingredients but parsley with ice. Strain into rocks glass. Garnish with parsley.

BLOODY MARTINER

2 ozs. vodka
2 ozs. tomato juice
2 ozs. clam juice
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish, or to taste
Pinch thyme
Pinch celery salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Celery stalk
Shake all but celery stalk briskly with ice. Strain into highball glass. Garnish with celery.

One final word of caution: Don't forget to add the liquor—which happens on occasion—because if you do, *that's* a bloody shame.

THE AD THAT SPARKED A REVOLUTION...

It was 1955. Little did we know that one ad (on your right) could spark another American revolution. But the Toastmaster General of the United States stood there and proclaimed what he proclaimed. And to this day, Georgie Jessel insists that it was his tomato juice, and his bottle of Smirnoff Vodka that created the first Bloody Mary, and changed the drinking habits of America.

Smirnoff[®]
Leaves you breathless.



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"I, GEORGE JESSEL, INVENTED THE BLOODY MARY"

"I think I invented The Bloody Mary, Red Snapper, Tomato Pickup or Morning Glory," reports George Jessel. "It happened on a Night before a Day and I felt I should take some good, nourishing tomato juice, but what I really wanted was some of your good Smirnoff Vodka. So I mixed them together, the juice for body and the vodka for spirit, and if I wasn't the first ever, I was the happiest ever."

it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA



The Recipe:
To a glass of the best tomato juice you can get add a jigger of mellow Smirnoff 80 Proof. Season with worcestershire and serve ice cold.

"He moved his lips about her ears and neck, as though in thirsting search of an erogenous zone."

contain his curiosity no longer. "Ralph," he said, his fingers clenching nervously, "what do you do here?"

"Work, Bruce. Why?"

"I need some assurance, Ralph, don't I? Before I start making changes, shouldn't I find out a few things?"

"I don't see why not."

"What kind of job do you have?"

"A good one, Bruce."

"What do you do?"

"What I'm supposed to."

"Well, what's your position exactly?"

"I'm in the inner circle, Bruce."

"Does that mean you can't talk about it?"

"Oh, no. I can tell you everything. What would you like to know?"

"Well, who do you work for?"

"My superiors."

"Do you have any authority?"

"Oh, yes. A great deal."

"Over who?"

"My subordinates. I can do whatever I want once I get permission from my superiors. I'm my own boss. After all, I'm not really my own boss."

"Well," said Gold, "what are my chances?"

"As good as they ought to be."

"No better?" Gold inquired facetiously. "Not at this time."

"When should I get in touch with you?"

"When I call you," said Ralph. "Pugh Biddle Conover can help while he's alive," Ralph shouted into the elevator car as the doors were closing.

Gold's mind was slumbering with fantasies of approaching eminence as the car descended. Secretary of State? Head of the CIA? A voice inside cautioned, *Zei nicht narish*. Where does someone like you come off being Secretary of State? What's so crazy? he answered it brashly. It's happened to bigger schmucks than me.

By the time he was outside, only one disquieting thought survived. He'd been lusting.

Seven years back, when Gold had his fellowship at the Senator Russell B Long Foundation and she was a research assistant doing advanced work in home economics, Andrea Conover had been too old for him. Now, nearing 35, she was just right. Gold was no longer attracted to very young girls. With everybody doing everything to each other now, Gold had only his middle age and his large reputation as a minor intellectual to recommend him as a lover. It was

all he wanted. He had never really liked going down.

Andrea was taller than he remembered. Or he had grown shorter. She paid for the drinks and dinner with a credit card, shyly confiding she would charge the expense to the Oversight Committee on Government Expenditures. Gold wondered what in the world she saw in him. She was easily the most beautiful woman he had ever been with, the richest, his first society girl. Her hair was blonde. She had blue eyes, a small, straight nose, a broad forehead. Her complexion was light, her skin unmarred. To Gold, who was still shepherding the last of three children through orthodontia, her splendid teeth were of transcending symbolic importance. Her posture and muscle tone were good.

"You must learn to think more of yourself," he told her at one point during dinner and took her hand lightly for a few seconds. "After all, if you are not for yourself, who else shall be for you?" A self conscious prudence deterred him from attributing the paraphrase to Rabbin Hillel.

Andrea was timid and deferential, and he was not certain how to proceed with a woman of such quality. In the taxi outside her condominium, he asked if he might come up for a drink. She consented with evident relief, grateful, it seemed, for his pre-emptive move. The apartment was large for a single person, even for one so tall, and the unexpected good order suggested the daily ministrations of an efficient cleaning woman. The furniture was ghastly, the pieces outsized.

"It was left this way when I bought it," he was pleased to hear her explain.

Gold took it as propitious that she seated herself on the sofa near him after bringing him his cognac.

"All that year together at the Senator Russell B. Long Foundation," she said with some bashfulness, sipping her vodka, "I thought you didn't like me."

"Really?" said Gold. "I always liked you. I thought you didn't like me."

"I always liked you."

"You should have said something."

"I thought you hated me. I never thought you even noticed me."

"Oh, come on."

"Really Dr. Gold—"

"Call me Bruce," he interrupted.

She blushed. "I'm not sure I can."

"Try."

"Bruce."

"You see?" he laughed.

"You're so much fun."

"Why did you think I hated you?"

"Because you knew I liked you," she answered.

"I didn't know you liked me," he said. "I thought you hated me."

She was moderately overwrought, as though charged with something heinous. "Why would I hate you?"

"I don't know," said Gold, and noticed his hands moving about restlessly. "I had so little to offer a single girl like you who was so sensitive and intelligent and even had her own Ph.D."

"I wouldn't have cared," she said in soulful apology. "I was so impressed with you. Everyone was. You were always so quick and domineering and sexy."

"Sexy?" Gold was astounded.

"Of course. All the girls thought so."

"Do you still," asked Gold, "think I'm sexy?"

"Oh, yes." She blushed again.

Gold wondered what to do next. He laughed loudly and punched her lightly on the arm, as one good fellow to another, and then brushed the back of his fingers against her cheek, as though in unpremeditated extension of his jocular disbelief. Her reaction surprised him. Instead of stiffening or withdrawing, as he more or less expected her to do, she leaned into his hand and continued bringing herself toward him on the sofa. In a moment, they were kissing. Brandy splashed onto his knees as he blindly divested himself of his glass and took her in his arms. Her fingers were clasping the back of his head. Again, he was at a loss to proceed with a girl like her. He moved his lips about her ears and neck, as though in thirsting search of an erogenous zone. A waste of time, he knew from experience. Erogenous zones were either everywhere or nowhere, and he meant to write about that someday, too, when neither Belle nor his daughter would be scandalized by his knowledge. With a guilty start, he realized his mind had been wandering and refocused his attention upon Andrea. He clutched her all the harder to compensate for moments lost in digression and feigned a gasping shortness of breath. Moaning softly, he kissed her eyes and waited for something to happen. Andrea dropped her hand into his lap and took hold of his penis. Then he knew he had it made.

Gold woke up in love and a believer in miracles. Andrea did not seem to mind his scrawny chest and sinewy, hairy legs and arms. He showered and, after breakfasting with just a yellow towel knotted raffishly about his waist, began to dress lazily. Gold had made the coffee, while Andrea sliced overripe bananas into breakfast cereal. At his suggestion, she added raisins. On his next trip, he would bring her a coffee grinder, a pound of his favorite blend

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the best taste I can get.
I smoke Winston."

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"You mean to say you haven't even put your face on yet?"

and a French drip coffeepot of ceramic. Gold could cook when he had to. He would introduce her to Irish oatmeal.

"Will you want to see me again?" she asked from her dressing table.

"Of course," said Gold.

"Lots of men don't."

"Lots of men?" Gold, sitting on the edge of her bed, paused with a sock half way up his ankle.

She nodded, turning faintly pink. "I don't mean lots in here. But lots of men take me out and say they'll call me and then they never do."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Do you really want to see me again? I'll understand if you don't."

"I'd like to come back next week."

"You could stay here with me in the apartment," she said. "I won't be in the way."

"I was hoping you would ask."

She was pleased. He was mystified. "I'm so glad you liked me," she told him. "Was I all right?"

"Andrea, you must never ask that," he instructed. As a matter of fact, she had not been all right, but Gold was far too astute to delve into that can of worms now. "And I think I'm in love with you."

Gold was struck afresh by the number of stunning tall women who fell in love with shorter men like himself who were rapacious, egotistical and calculating. Andrea might not be expected to know he was rapacious and calculating. Surely, though, she must suspect he was shorter. The explanations that came most readily to his fore were anything but complimentary to either of them. Was it possible that someone so self-assessing as himself had qualities of attraction he was not aware of? It was possible, for Andrea in the nude was as gorgeous as he'd imagined, and she seemed to adore him.

In morning light, her eyes were lavender. Her legs were long and straight, her hips small, her grip strong, and all her fair flesh was imbued with a golden tinge that contrasted beautifully, he thought, with his own swarthier pigmentation. She loved his darker color. She was charmed by the hair on his chest. He watched with the possessive air of someone special as she slipped a tasteful print dress over her head and shook out her hair. That she was rich added an extra dimension of vitality and eroticism to the quixotic passion he felt for her. Nothing equals the feel for tightness. Gold remembered Ernest Becker had written in *The Denial of Death*, but hers, both bare and snod, were as unremarkable to him as his own.

"When I was young," she ruminated aloud, adjusting a thin gold necklace. "I wanted to be a model. I guess I still do. Not a fashion model. A sex model." She applied make-up sparingly to her

lips and eyes. "I wanted to be a cheese-cake model or pose in the nude. Then when all these obscene newspapers and magazines began coming out, I wanted to be a pornographic model or act in dirty movies. I used to sit in front of a mirror for hours and practice sucking dicks. For the camera, I mean. Like those models in cosmetic ads. I got to be quite good at it, I think. Would you like to see?"

"I have to go back to New York," he replied in the steadiest voice.

"It's just a small motion of the mouth."

"I have a one-o'clock class."

"It only takes a second, silly," said Andrea, and made a small motion of her mouth above her cylinder of pale lipstick. "Isn't that good?"

"Yes," said Gold. "That's quite good."

"I was such a nimby as a child, the only child of Pugh Biddle Conover," Andrea went on. "I didn't know anything until I left home. I had to go to two finishing schools before I was ready for college, and then to three colleges. At Smith, the other girls would talk about sex all the time, and I didn't understand. I remember I never could figure out why any body would want to suck a rooster."

Gold was immobilized. In less than two days in Washington he was learning to handle with numb amazement the many bizarre surprises to which he perceived he was going to be increasingly subjected. "I can see," he said, "how that might be confusing to some one who did not understand." He straightened his other sock and put on his shoes.

"Once I found out, of course," said Andrea, "I took to it all like a duck to water. Last summer, I was at the swimming pool at Daddy's estate with this new beau, and he did the strangest thing. I was scraping a callus off the bottom of my foot with a callus scraper. He stood up suddenly and said he never wanted to see me again, and he drove away without packing his things or even saying goodbye to Daddy. Do you know why?"

Gold came up behind her and stroked her shoulders. "Were you near each other when you were scraping off the callus?"

"We were together at the pool."

"Does it make a noise?"

"Like sandpaper."

"I might have done the same thing."

"I don't know things like that."

"I will teach you."

Andrea pressed his hand to her lips rapturously. Gold wondered if she were crazy. "Sometime soon," she said, "if you still want to see me again——"

"I will want to see you again."

"Would you like to come out for a weekend to visit Daddy before he dies? It's really a lovely estate."

"What is your father ill with?"

"He won't say. Six years ago, he

bought an electric wheelchair, and he's been confined to it ever since. Every weekend, he has mobs of people out to ride and shoot."

"Shoot?"

"Quail and pheasant. Sometimes rabbit and deer."

"No people?"

"Not yet. I think you'll enjoy meeting my father."

"I shall spare you," said Gold, "from ever meeting mine."

Ralph phoned the next morning, while Gold was making breakfast to tell him the President wanted to see him to congratulate him personally. "He tried phoning you at your hotel, but the switchboard told him you weren't taking any calls."

"I'm staying with Andrea," said Gold. "Registering at the hotel is a way of protecting myself."

From Ralph came a low whistle of homage. "You're deep, Bruce. That's exactly the safeguard we all should use to protect our most vital secrets. Be at the White House at eleven. Use the delivery entrance."

Gold followed directions and was ushered upstairs through a pantry into a private waiting room just as Ralph emerged on tiptoe from a private inner office and led him back out. The appointment was canceled. The President was asleep.

"He's taking a nap," whispered Ralph.

"At eleven in the morning?" cried Gold.

"The President," Ralph explained, "is a very early riser. He is up at five every morning, takes two sleeping pills and a tranquilizer and goes right back to bed for as long as he can sleep."

"When does he work?" asked Gold.

"What do you mean?" said Ralph.

"When does he work?"

Ralph's chief emotion was perplexity. "I still don't get it."

"When does he do what he's supposed to be doing? As President?"

"Twenty-four hours a day," said Ralph. "The poor man is probably working right now, even while he's napping. You've been promoted, you know. He meant to tell you that."

"To what?" Gold exclaimed in surprise.

"We haven't decided, but it's a big step up."

"From what?"

"We never found out did we? You can just about have your pick now, unless you can't. That much is official, although it has to be approved, and it must remain secret until we announce it, in case we decide we won't. You're way past a spokesman and a source now."

"Will I make more money?" Gold wanted to know.

"As much," said Ralph, "as you can. 185



get away with, although the competition is always strong. You know, Lyndon Johnson and Jack Javits were not the only ones to get rich while serving in Government. I bumped into Harris Rosenblatt and found out what the Secretary of the Treasury does," said Ralph as they settled down comfortably in his office. "People of your religious beliefs inevitably do well there."

Gold cleared his throat. "I have no religious beliefs, Ralph."

"You know what I mean, Bruce," said Ralph. "I was trying to be tactful."

"I'm very grateful for your tact."

"There's something mysterious happening with Harris Rosenblatt, Bruce," Ralph said with a furrowed brow. "Each time I see him, he looks more and more like someone like me and less like someone like you."

Once more, Gold found difficulty speaking. "In what way, Ralph, does Harris Rosenblatt look more and more like you and less like me?"

"He gets taller and leaner, Bruce," Ralph answered simply and honestly and seemed unmindful of the frostiness with which Gold had spoken. "And he stands up straight. You remember how short and flabby he used to be. And he seems to be getting paler, too. I saw Andrea at a party the other night and I'm worried about her, also. Didn't she used to be taller?"

"Taller?" Gold searched Ralph's eyes for some beam of shared intelligence. "Taller than what?"

"Than she is. I'd check it if I were you. You wouldn't want her to get too short, would you?"

"Too short for what, Ralph?"

"For you, Bruce. I don't think it would add much to your stature if your second wife turned out to be as short as Belle, would it?"

"I'll ask, Ralph, when I have the chance. What does the Secretary of the Treasury do?"

"He reassures the business people."

"I could do that," said Gold.

"Sure you could," Ralph agreed. "And promises to hold down deficits. He doesn't actually hold them down, you understand, but merely promises to. He also looks after the financial interests of himself and his friends so they can continue to live on the level they're used to."

Gold was losing interest. "I'm not so crazy about my friends," he confessed, "and I'm trying to improve the level I'm used to."

"Your heart wouldn't be in it."

"I've been giving second thoughts to chief of NATO, Secretary of Defense, director of the CIA or the FBI, and even to Secretary of the Army, Navy or Air Force, if it isn't too late."

"No, of course it isn't," said Ralph.

"unless, of course, it's already too late. Did we come to a decision on Health, Education and Welfare?"

"I'm interested only in my own."

"What about Housing and Urban Development? It helps to know what it's like to be poor."

"I've been poor."

"And identify with the underprivileged."

"Count me out."

"How about Attorney General, Bruce? That one really packs a wallop."

"I have an open mind," said Gold. "I think I could really get behind such issues as busing and integration, now that my own children won't be affected by them. But don't I have to be a lawyer to be Attorney General?"

"I don't think so. Not as a matter of law."

"Could you find out?"

"I'll ask the Attorney General."

"Let's pass it up."

"How do you feel about the State Department?"

"It's where I think I'd fit in best."

"The President may think so, too." Ralph, rising, stretched contentedly. "I know I can just about guarantee that you'll get the appointment you choose as soon as you want, although I can't promise anything. So please don't hold me to that."

Although there was nothing but pure friendship in Ralph's voice, Gold determined he might bear closer inspection. "Ralph, I find myself listening to things here that I can't believe I am hearing."

"I know just how you feel." Ralph ran his hand through his auburn cowlick. "Now that I've been in Washington awhile, I'm willing to believe almost anything."

Gold wondered if he were being too abstruse. "Ralph, I'm hearing them from you."

"From me?" Ralph spoke with frank surprise. "Bruce, you can believe what I tell you, because I will never lie to you. Everything I've promised has come to pass, hasn't it? Tell me how you're handling your job at the college."

"I've promoted all my students into the honors program," said Gold, "and assigned them term projects. I may never see any of them again."

Ralph gasped approvingly and tapped the side of his nose with his finger. "You're deep, Bruce, deep, indeed. I doubt there's a problem in Government you won't be able to solve with ease. All that remains is for you to leave Belle and marry Andrea. It would be so much better, Bruce, if you did that before your confirmation hearings began. It's always bad for the country when some one waits until after he's made it big in Government before dumping his old wife. That may be acceptable ethics for a Senator or a Congressman, but you're much bigger than that now."

"I am?"

"I thought you knew that," said Ralph, "although there's no way you could have found it out. Leave Belle, Bruce. Do the right thing."

Gold was slightly cowed. "Leaving a wife is not so easy, Ralph."

"You say that to me?"

"And how do I know Andrea will marry me?"

"How can she refuse when you tell her about your promotion?"

"How can I tell her when it has to be a secret?"

"Oh, you can give her a hint," said Ralph. "She's probably been listening in, anyway. Have you met Pugh Biddle yet? He's special, you know, and so is his estate in the hump country. What are you working on these days?"

"I still have to do that book on . . ."

"Jewish people?" Ralph showed off.

"Jews," Gold said bravely. "Although it's more in the nature of a personal history now. And I'm organizing material for a humorous book on David Eisenhower and a serious one on Henry Kissinger, although it may turn out the other way around."

"How will you treat Henry Kissinger?"

"Fair."

"I never liked him, either. Oh, yes, the President asked me to find out from you if Russia will go to war if we reduce our military strength."

Gold looked at Ralph through the corner of his eye. "How should I know?"

"Could you find out?"

"From whom? Ralph, doesn't anyone here have an idea?"

"Oh, we have lots of experts. But the President feels your guess might be as good as anyone else's."

"I'll ask around."

"You're aces, Bruce," said Ralph. "The President will be grateful."

"Ralph," said Gold, with skepticism predominating again over a multitude of other concerns, "do you ever really see the President?"

"Oh, yes, Bruce," Ralph answered. "Everybody sees the President."

"I mean personally. Does he see you?"

"The President sees a great deal, Bruce."

"Do you ever see him to talk to him?"

"About what?" asked Ralph.

"About anything."

"Oh, Bruce, you can't just talk to the President about anything," Ralph chided. "The President is often very busy. He may be writing another book."

Gold persisted rationally in the face of a gathering log of futility. "Well, Ralph, if you did have something of importance to discuss with the President, could you get in to talk to him?"

"About what?" Ralph asked again.

"About whatever you had that was important—no, don't stop me—like war, for example."

"That's not my department," Ralph

said. "That's out of my area."

"What is your area?"

"Just about everything I cover, Bruce."

"What do you cover?"

"Everything in my area, Bruce. That's my job."

Gold was struggling to keep his voice down. "I've been trying to find out, Ralph, just what your job is."

"Well, I'm glad I've been able to help," said Ralph, pumping his hand. "Please give my love to Belle and my best to Andrea, or my love to Andrea and my best to Belle, whichever seems more appropriate."

Gold stood wearily. "And you give mine," he said, "to Alma."

Ralph looked blank. "Which Alma?"

"Isn't Alma the name of your wife?" Gold demanded.

"It's also the name of the girl I'm engaged to," said Ralph. "She's almost a full year younger, Bruce. Take my advice. If a man is going to leave one wife to marry another, it's better if he divorces the first before he marries the second. I've tried both ways. And leave them quickly, before they start getting those tumors and hysterectomies. Yes, it's always practical to leave your wives while they're healthy and young enough to attract another husband to pay the medical bills and make those dreary hospital visits. Oh, yes, I'm supposed to find out if there is anything disgraceful in your

life that would be embarrassing to us if it were made public."

"I like what?" Gold watched him shakily.

"I haven't any idea."

"I then I have to say no."

"Have you ever done anything worse than the rest of us?"

"Absolutely not."

"Then you're in the clear." One would have guessed from his serenity of expression and the deep breath Ralph took as he stared out the doorway at the banks of desks on the office floor that he was contemplating a fertile meadow and inhaling breezes enriched by privet and honeysuckle and astir with the seasonal humnings of countless butchic copulations. "Isn't this breath taking?" he exclaimed. "It's been said, Bruce, by two out of three of our most dependable think tanks, that if someone stood in this doorway of mine long enough, sooner or later he might see the President walk by. Would you care to wait?"

Gold looked at him askance, doubtful once more that he had heard his Protestant friend aright. "I have to propose to Andrea."

"The President will be pleased."

Another excerpt from Joseph Heller's forthcoming novel, "Good as Gold," will appear in our April issue.



"The pro racer is psychologically the toughest of all athletes. He is the man with the right stuff."

from the San Francisco Region of the Sports Car Club of America.

He gave three standard psychological tests to nearly 700 race drivers, had follow up interviews and analyzed their track behavior. With the help of the U. S. Aeromedical Laboratories and the U. S. Parachute Association, he and associates tested a large number of the best American sports parachutists for comparison and had similar data available on a wide variety of amateur and professional athletes, from aerobatic pilots to pro football players. He found that the pro racer is psychologically the toughest of all athletes tested, that he, above all, is the man with the right stuff. As admirable as this may seem, he also found that the right stuff comes very dear and only to the most special animals.

Consider the environment in which the Grand Prix driver operates. He must constantly compete with hundreds of other drivers for a grand total of no more than 26 places in the entire league, knowing at that, that only a half dozen or so of those places are likely to be in com-

petitive machines. So that even after he has broken into the top ranks, he must continue to struggle to promote himself. Once he has done the all but impossible and won his place, which often involves sacrificing everything and everyone around him, he takes his place in a game played on a field of fixed objects at speeds of up to 220 mph. His two-layer, all enveloping, fire-retardant uniform is in itself, stiflingly hot and he is then strapped into a cockpit, surrounded by as much as 75 gallons of high-octane gas, where air temperatures climb to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. He must then function flawlessly with a body temperature that will rise to around 104 and a pulse rate that will on occasion soar to 200. He will be soaked and sometimes blinded by sweat. The roar of the engine, inches behind his head, will deafen him for hours and he must work against sustained lateral g loadings a stunt fiber experiences only momentarily, knowing that one mistake, not only by him but by another driver or by one of the men who built or serviced his machine, is general

ly disastrous. And he goes to the line knowing that, in the long run one in every three Grand Prix drivers dies at the wheel. He must operate in this state for two hours at a stretch without a moment's break. No other intentional activity that comes to mind is as hard on a man as Grand Prix racing.

To best understand the prerequisites for success in this arena, it's simplest to examine a man whose track record and psychological test results show that he, indeed, has the right stuff.

Such a man was the semiretired Parnelli Jones. He is probably best known as the winner of the 1963 Indianapolis 500. Jones was a near-perfect model of a professional racing driver. Measured against the general population, he showed more abstract intelligence and a greater need to win and was more aggressive than nine out of ten of the rest of us. These are three primary requisites for a successful driver. The 30 professionals tested, for instance, had an average need to win greater than 92 percent of the general population.

In all-American style, this need emanated from the crewcut Jones like radar. Few men could enter a corner side by side with Jones and not be aware that they would be the first to back off. To make these qualities doubly effective from a driver's standpoint Jones was also basically an unsympathetic man. Former motorcycle and World Drivers' champion John Surtees was the English equivalent of Jones, and yet when the two of them met in a road race in California one summer, Jones literally shouldered Surtees' machine out of the way, though they were traveling at well over 100 mph on a narrow track when the Englishman tried to block him and hold him up. Surtees pulled in to the pits at the end of the lap and retired his damaged machine. He was virtually speechless and there were tears in his eyes. Whether they were tears of rage or of disappointment is a moot point, but there is no doubt that the indomitable Surtees was psychologically whipped by the unprecedented manner in which the American had taken the law unto himself, written his own rules. It seemed to him that Jones had behaved in a completely irresponsible fashion by normal standards—and so he had. But there was little "normal" about Jones as Surtees may have reflected as he stood watching him win the race. The incident also served to show how little fear Jones had of hurting himself and how completely confident he was of being able to handle any situation.

Jones even won the 500 in a storm of controversy over whether his car should have been black-flagged for dropping oil. In the last few laps, Jimmy Clark, who was closing fast, was forced to fall back, and Eddie Sachs spun on the back straight, at over 160 mph, apparently in Jones's oil. But Jones scarcely seemed to



"She's not getting an obscene phone call—she's making one!"

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pital, but still you found time to telephone and cheer me up. Those calls did a lot to speed my recovery and I want to thank you, too." He paused again. "Others of you" he continued solemnly, "had to dash off and catch airplanes and simply didn't have a moment to even give me a ring after the race before you left America, but you somehow found a moment to write me a note or send a card, which I found deeply touching. These people I would like to sincerely thank, also." He paused again. There was silence. "And then there were some of you," he went on, "who couldn't find the time to visit me or make a phone call or drop me a get-well card. And to all of these people, I would like to say" he paused again—"Fuck you!" A broad grin spread slowly across his face and he sat down to great applause. Race drivers are exhibitionistic and Hill was the master, even off the track.

Few racing drivers are neurotic, but most have mildly psychopathic personalities (they are quite unconforming, tend to avoid close interpersonal ties and have a remarkable absence of guilt). Of the hundreds of drivers examined, only a handful (and only two among the top 30 professionals) had serious psychological problems that compounded the hazards of racing. But many deviated from the mold. Some results were amusing, as in the case of a former world champion with a colossal reputation as a ladies' man. In fact, his score on a scale that measured heterosexual needs was zero. When the subject was broached, he only laughed.

"I know," he said. "It's a joke, isn't it? I couldn't care less about it. I've got a good wife at home and when I come to a race, there's just so many things more important to me than getting laid."

But few women had the perception to see this or believe themselves if they did. And fair enough. Most Grand Prix drivers are extremely lusty men. This one man's coolness only drove the camp followers to more frantic lengths to bag him and it inevitably seemed that he must have been a prodigious lover.

But not all the deviations from the right-stuff profile are amusing. Take Jackie Stewart's case. Stewart is a man of vast energy and enthusiasm, a restless man ceaselessly in motion. This energy is his single greatest characteristic and most of it was channeled into his need to be the best.

So far so good. Stewart differed from other racers in important ways that helped make him the best. He had an unusual willingness to take criticism and a great need for order in his life. He had a strong need to see things through to completion. But he also differed in some other very important ways that exacted a huge toll. While the typical Grand Prix driver is a nonconformist, free to write his own rules, Stewart was the opposite. Underneath his long hair

(he was really the only Grand Prix driver to let his hair down), he's a relatively conservative man. And he doesn't have the typical strong need to dominate. Neither is he particularly assertive or aggressive. In fact, he's a very sensitive man, unlike most of his tough-minded and unsentimental fellows.

Worse yet, Stewart is a man unable to let things go, a man who has difficulty externalizing his anger. He tends to take a great deal of responsibility for what happens in situations involving him, to blame himself if things go wrong, to be concerned about other people, to feel guilt.

In life, such a person can find many ways to reduce such conflict; but in racing, it's impossible, so Stewart was trapped in an extremely aggravating environment. Certainly, he could drive a racing car with dazzling brilliance; technically, he could operate precisely and correctly under the most amazing conditions of stress, but he was not equipped to handle the less routine matters, the killing, the bereavement. He was far too involved with people, too concerned about his relationships with wife, children and friends and about what happened to them. He cared. So, in a sense, for him, racing was a nightmare. The proof of this came when he developed an unprecedented ailment for a racer - a stomach ulcer. And, undoubtedly, the breakdown that occurred with Manso in the motel room that day was not an isolated incident. Stewart must have known a great deal of depression, even at the height of his success. Manso realized the extraordinary nature of Stewart's conflict. It staggered him. This man had quite rightly become afraid that he, too, would die in a racing car. But no matter how afraid he was, no matter how great the anguish he and his family suffered as a consequence, Stewart remained hooked, addicted to the distracting kaleidoscopic world of professional motor racing, attempting to ignore those other aspects of his own self that placed him in such awful conflict. What would happen when the glory, the constant hubbub, the endless travel and the adulation of superstardom ceased and he was left in silence?

Stewart has been retired for several years now, but he keeps his calendar as heavily booked as he did when he was racing. He complains of still not having enough "time to himself." Stewart's agony and fear of self-confrontation were well founded. Precious few of us face up to the task. There is perhaps nothing more difficult than finding out who you are and then being that person, nothing with more risk attached, more pain. In a sense, by comparison, auto racing is as safe as jumping rope.

The fact that this healthy need and concern for others, this humanness in Stewart was his single greatest weakness.

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as a driver is a severe indictment of the rest of the right-stuff fraternity. It makes it very apparent that the brotherhood of the right stuff admits few well-rounded souls.

The professional driver sets the standard for contemporary masculinity, but he is as conscious and existential a soul as Clint Eastwood's "Man with No Name." He gets seriously involved only with hardware: fast cars, motorcycles, aircraft and weaponry.

The protean male who models himself after such heroes finds that, just as in the movies, it does attract women. But, in reality, few men can handle the isolation, the sheer loneliness, required to maintain the role, to keep that cool façade. They stalk through life looking for the place where it is *really happening* but never do find it, since they themselves don't exist in any full sense. And women drawn to the strength of these Hud carbons drift from one to another, wondering why all real men turn out to be bastards.

It hardly seems coincidence that celluloid heroes such as Steve McQueen, James Garner and Paul Newman have all dabbled in racing. Here's a chance at "the real thing." These men have spent their careers playing psychopathic heroes; free of attachment, in love with cars and guns, throwing themselves into impossible situations, taming them, rolling over the leading lady and moving on. What's this if it isn't the life of the pro racer?

In his world, the Grand Prix driver is one of the chosen few; he has the power and the glory, the race is a perfect channel for his overwhelming energy: here is the hardware he loves and the sensuality he seeks; the endless supply of available women for brief sexual encounters, ample excuse for avoiding any prolonged involvement that might painfully expand his humanness, so saturated by stimuli and the demands of the race that he is rarely aware of his essential loneliness.

Amazingly, it is a life for which there is fierce competition, a life dreamed of by most and, once achieved, one that few men willingly abandon. But the race driver is not a complete anomaly. He is an extreme, but most of us are caught up in our own compromises, expending tremendous energy to avoid seeing and being who we fully are. We mostly stumble about in a state of semiawareness, hating in others what we cannot accept in ourselves and looking outside ourselves for a quick and painless path to the good life.

And who in God's name wants to deal with all that? So all hail the right stuff. Screw consciousness. Gentlemen, start your engines.



Erikson



"Tell me, doctor, when was the last time you had a checkup?"

"Weak is a bad word in this business. It means that somebody can be psyched out too easily."

significance, that is. The current crop of drivers is too philosophical, too fatalistic. You know that an accident can happen and, consequently, you've prepared yourself. The whole thing is a calculated risk from the word go.

PLAYBOY: Which is to say that professional race drivers are tougher than other athletes, more self-aware?

ANDRETTI: I think so, because of the elements we're up against. A tennis player may find himself with an upset stomach or something and it's just an off day, no sweat. For a racer, though, there isn't that kind of leeway. The pressures are too great, not to mention the consequences of fucking up. During practice, I might be a half second quicker than anyone, and then as I'm on the starting line, ready to make my qualifying run, the blower might go. The mechanics will install a new supercharger, but everything still has to be adjusted and there I am, facing two laps of qualifying during which I've got to dial my pressure in as well as set a fast time. I'll be running upwards of 200 mph and, meanwhile, this other stuff is going to screw up my concentration. But it's the kind of thing you learn to live with—just as you live with the possibility that something can go wrong and put you into the wall. I mean, how in hell can you cry over problems like your car breaking down when other people have been killed?

PLAYBOY: Still, there's the question of courage, just maintaining that kind of composure.

ANDRETTI: Oh, sure, but now we're talking about people who've been just flat-out frightened, and they're rarely the ones who make it to the top. If that kind of thing is going to be a problem every time you sit in a race car, you'd better stay home and sell shoestrings. If you're upright, your mind isn't free to perform and you're bound to make a mistake; and if I ever found myself that way, I'd just quit, no question about it.

PLAYBOY: What's your greatest fear?

ANDRETTI: Fire, because nothing maims you like fire. Nothing is more permanent than a fire injury—it disfigures you and it's something you've got to live with for the rest of your life. You can have broken bones or lose a leg, but it's nowhere near as bad as facial burns or burns to the upper body, which is generally where you get them. Something like that has got to affect you psychologically. The fear of being burned is greater, I think, than the fear of dying.

PLAYBOY: Are you working from the assumption that most racing accidents

result from mechanical failure? That by choosing your equipment carefully you minimize the risk?

ANDRETTI: Yeah, most fatal ones do, and so there're ways of preventing them. I don't know of any driver who's been hurt in a Ferrari due to suspension failure, or in a McLaren, either. Certain people—designers and teams—care and you've got to insist on this. Even Jochen Rindt was joking around that he'd be world champion if he didn't kill himself. Well, fine, he didn't speak up loudly enough, and while he became a champion, he also managed to kill himself. There was a brake failure, a broken half shaft, and the car had already had a couple of failures earlier that season. He should have insisted to [Colin] Chapman that it had to stop or he was going to quit. He just wasn't decisive enough.

PLAYBOY: And the opposite of decisiveness is weakness?

ANDRETTI: Right. It's just like a weakness in a car—I won't tolerate it. Weak is a bad word in this business. It means that somebody can be psyched out too easily, and that means he's dangerous. He's a threat and you have to work against him, just as you do the guy who takes tranquilizers or dope.

PLAYBOY: Does the same apply to incompetence?

ANDRETTI: You're goddamn right. It's one thing when someone doesn't know something, but incompetence is when somebody just doesn't give a shit. Either he doesn't care or he's too stupid to comprehend. Either way, it pisses me off. Not everybody can be a good soldier, and why? Because to be a good soldier requires solid judgment and a pair of balls that won't fit in this room, and it's just that—that special kind of excellence—that drives you on in this business. There are maybe half a dozen Grand Prix drivers in the world capable of winning, no more, and what I'm saying is that you reach a point where you recognize the kind of discipline such talent costs, that you've actually worked all your life for it and when somebody comes along and puts down the idea of winning, I don't want to be anywhere near him.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've said that excellence can't always be measured by the record book.

ANDRETTI: Granted. In my own case, almost 50 percent of the races I've run I should have won, but I didn't. I've been fucked so many times by fate.

PLAYBOY: Fate? What about the notion that a man is responsible for himself?

That racers are our last existential heroes?

ANDRETTI: Bullshit. Maybe in the case of your own destiny as a whole, but not when we're talking about leading a race and then having a 20-cent bolt let go. I've gotten screwed more than my fair share and percentagewise I'm walking a very thin line. The odds are numerically against me. Most drivers will do 15 races a year, I've done 30. Hence, my chances of getting hurt are double, and yet, even though I have other interests, such as being involved on Wall Street, real-estate investments and other businesses, nothing compares with racing, nothing else can really satisfy me. I've got to be better than anyone else around, and it's a need that just doesn't go away. Finishing second is losing, and winning, I suppose, is the only way of knowing you're your own man.

PLAYBOY: At the Grand Prix of Italy, you clinched last season's world championship, though—in the same race—your closest challenger and teammate, Ronnie Peterson, was killed. Afterward, in assessing what had happened, were your feelings mixed?

ANDRETTI: Totally. I had dreamed about becoming world champion for years and thought if the moment ever arrived, I'd be beside myself, but Ronnie's death just overshadowed everything. I was in the hospital while they were operating on him and knew I had the championship from the time I first saw just how badly battered up he was, and I accepted the fact. Then the next day, when he died, nothing mattered. People wanted to congratulate me, but I felt guilty. I'd gone back to the hospital and gotten the news in the parking lot and then just split, drove around by myself for a while. Finally, I went to see my relatives in Florence. The following Wednesday, we had an opening of our steakhouse franchise in West Chester, Pennsylvania, back here in the States, and I called the whole thing off. I didn't want to have to deal with the press, not then.

PLAYBOY: And now?

ANDRETTI: Time has a way of putting things in perspective. The championship is going to be with me as long as I'm alive and the pleasure of actually having won it increases daily. When everything else looks gloomy, I say, "Christ, at least something went right." Basically, you learn to resign yourself to the fact that things happen, that they're beyond your control. Initially, you may have trouble accepting them out of your own guilt, but that passes.

PLAYBOY: What about the notion that race drivers are suicidal types, that despite all the rationalization, you're out to kill yourselves?

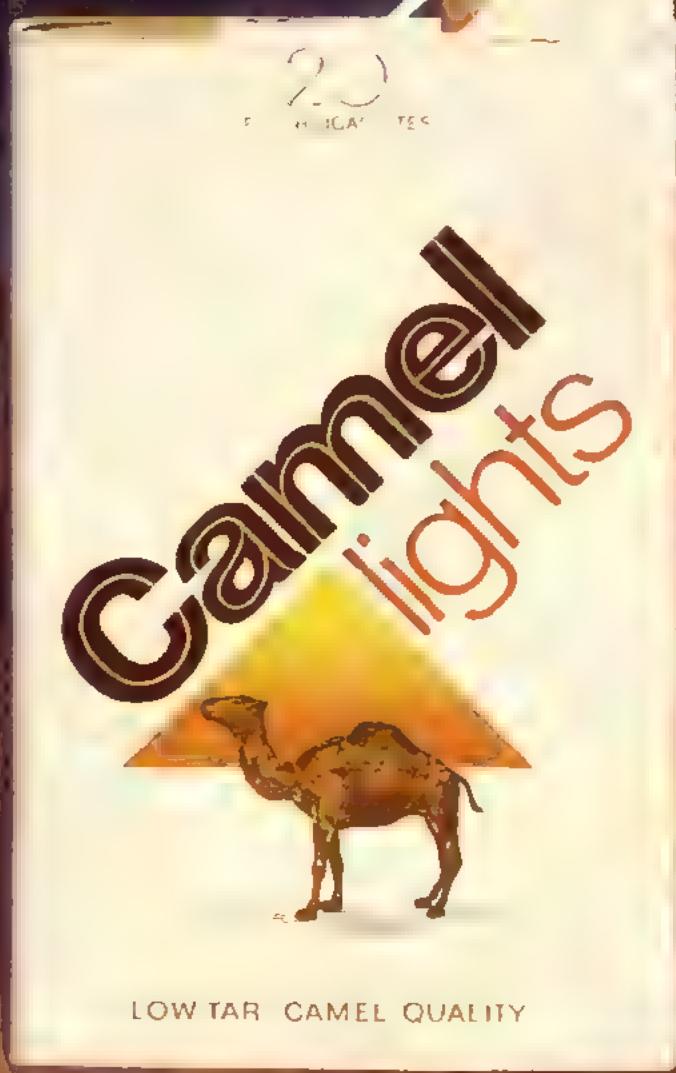
ANDRETTI: Bullshit. The risks we're taking are entirely calculated. I have fear. I don't want to get hurt or leave my kids fatherless any more than the next man. I

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need motor racing to enjoy life to the fullest, and I pay for it by taking risks. I'm aware of the equation and as far as I'm concerned, and I'm not alone here, it's a calculated assessment of the pluses and minuses.

PLAYBOY: Yet most clinical profiles insist that aggression, even libidinal aggression, is the cornerstone of drivers' personalities.

ANDRETTI: That's just an opinion—and a wrong one. If there's any generalization that works at all, it's that racing drivers are placid and calm, particularly the new guys, because the hotheads just aren't around anymore. Knocking a guy in order to get a better position may have been acceptable ten years ago, but now you can't get away with it. The rules are stricter, but more important, the speeds just won't allow it. Also, there's your sponsor. You can't cheat like you used to, because his name's plastered all over your car, and if you get caught, he's been caught, and obviously, that isn't the kind of publicity most sponsors are looking for. Personally, I don't have scruples that run so deep I wouldn't cheat if I thought I had a good chance of getting away with it, but as things stand, the risks are just too great.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying, then, is that not only has the racing scene changed but psychiatric studies haven't kept pace. By the same token, though, has it changed all that much when it comes to racers and their women?

ANDRETTI: Definitely, and in this respect, I think most of the psychiatric profiles are wrong, too, like when they claim drivers don't need families. The social scene in Formula I has diminished tremendously. In the old days, and here I mean even as late as the early Seventies,

we'd go to Italy, say, and with practice at three-thirty in the afternoon, you could stay out all night. The poor bastards who'd be slaving would be the mechanics, but now there's practice as early as nine-thirty and you've got to be up by seven. It's pressure, pressure, pressure, and, let's face it, there are big bucks involved. Your sponsor's name is tied to yours and if you go out and screw around—anything, even taking a goddamn speeding ticket—you've got a black mark against you. Your reputation counts and, believe me, there are people who keep score.

PLAYBOY: Do drivers' contracts include morals clauses nowadays?

ANDRETTI: They're not written, but they're there, definitely. If you get out of line, you'll be spoken to. You're a public figure and next week your sponsor might be planning on doing a commercial with you, and if I were seen at a press conference, say, with a chick hanging on my arm, I can guarantee you somebody would mention it to my wife and kids and I'd be told to cool it. The old freedoms are simply gone, and gone forever. Too much money is involved.

PLAYBOY: Have today's racers become cogs in the corporate wheel? All of a sudden, are you wearing three-piece suits?

ANDRETTI: Of course, and the only reason you conform is that if you don't, you won't get the right rides, the proper equipment. So you conform. Like it or not, it's where professionalism comes in. I don't know whether what we used to do was actually fun or plain vandalism, but the pranks have disappeared. My God, I can recall once when Pedro Rodriguez and I had a rental car at the 24 Hours of Daytona, we were hot and tired and figured we needed to cool off, so we just

drove the thing down into the surf.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the new professionalism, though, also increased the level of competition, possibly created a better class of drivers?

ANDRETTI: In general, yes, particularly in Formula I. Nowadays, the competition's far more sophisticated than it used to be. The turkeys just can't make it to the top anymore. There are still a few rich guys who're buying their own equipment and can't drive for shit, but it's not like it used to be when maybe half the field was made up of "amateurs." All you have to do is look at the qualifying times: For almost every Grand Prix last season, the first dozen positions on the grid were separated by maybe two seconds, the first four by fractional tenths, and, again, I think it comes back to money. You don't see any of the wealthy buggers coming in and tearing anything apart, because they're not hungry enough. The bait you're after has got to be the big dollar bill. There's got to be blood on your teeth or otherwise the whole thing, all the pressures and complications, just isn't worth it.

PLAYBOY: It's rumored that Renault offered you \$1,500,000 to drive its turbocharged Grand Prix car. Are the pressures of having won the championship worth it?

ANDRETTI: The championship sweetens the pie, puts me in a far better bargaining position. The people buying me are trying to sell me and I'm not going to forget that I'm a salable item. With the Formula I championship, the figures can triple. Depending on how much energy he's got, on how greedy he wants to be, a guy can put away \$2,000,000 for the following season. Whereas you thought you were really well off asking \$3500 a day for personal appearances, say, for an auto show or whatever, now you can ask \$15,000. But I don't think I'm going to want to work that hard.

PLAYBOY: You'll be concentrating on Formula I, then?

ANDRETTI: Right. I'm planning on not doing Indianapolis. Finally, something is catching up with me and I don't know whether it's age or the effects of transatlantic travel, but I've got to restrict myself. I've only realized this recently, started to do a real search as to what the hell is happening inside myself, and I realize I've just been trying to do too much. The opportunities are there and you can't believe the money, it really boggles your mind, but there are limits and you're the only one who can impose them.

PLAYBOY: In other words, the championship has come along so late in your life that you're not about to be swept off your feet like a lot of rock stars.

ANDRETTI: Exactly. Instead of enjoying my racing, on occasion, I've found myself beginning to hate it, and that can be very dangerous.



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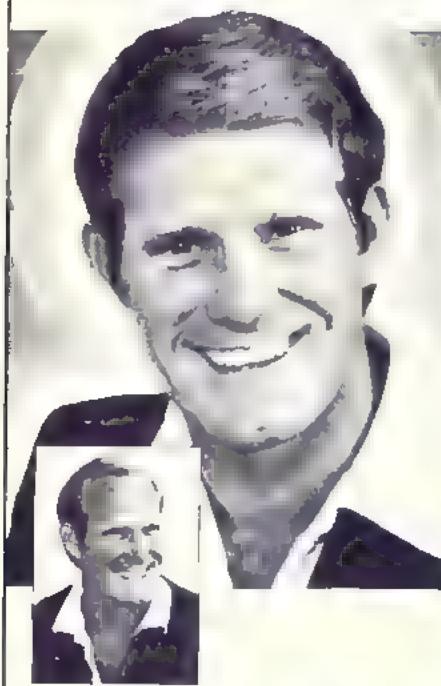
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ALL THE BIRDS

(continued from page 132)

"She came back to bed, leaned over and kissed him. It was the merest touch and meant nothing."

And they stayed that way, silently, for a while. Once, he touched her naked thigh, feeling the nerve jump under his hand; and once, she reached across to lay her hand on his chest, to feel him breathing. But they didn't make love again. And after a space of time in which they thought they could hear the dust settling in the room, she said, "Well, I've got to get home to feed the cats."

"You want to stay the night?"

She thought about it a moment. "No thanks, Mike. Maybe another night, when I come prepared. You know my thing about putting on the same clothes the next day." He knew. And smiled.

She crawled out of bed and began getting dressed. He watched her, ivory-lit by the single bed lamp. It never would have worked. But then, he'd known that almost from the first. It never worked well for an extended period. There was no Holy Grail. Yet the search went on, reflexively. It was like eating potato chips.

She came back to the bed, leaned over and kissed him. It was the merest touch of lips and meant nothing. "Bye. Call me."

"No doubt about it," he said; but he wouldn't.

Then she left. He sat up in the bed for a while, thinking that it was odd how people couldn't leave it alone. Like a scab, they had to pick at it. He'd dated her rather heavily for a month, and they had broken up for no particular reason save that it was finished. And tonight the party, and he was alone, and she was alone, and they had come together for an anticlimax.

A returning. To a place neither had known very well. A devalued neighborhood.

He knew he would never see Martha again.

The bubble of sadness bobbed on the surface for a moment, then burst; the sense of loss flavored the air a moment longer; then he turned off the light, rolled over onto the dried wet spot and went to sleep.

He was hacking out the progression of interrogatories pursuant to the Blieker brief with one of the other attorneys in the office when his secretary stuck her head into the conference room and said he had a visitor. Rubbing his eyes, he realized they had been at it for three straight hours. He shoved back from the conference table, swept the papers into the folio and said, "Let's knock off for lunch."

The other attorney stretched and musculation crackled. "OK. Call it four o'clock. I've got to go over to the 9000 Building to pick up Barbarossi's deposition." He got up and left.

Kirxby sighed, simply sitting there, all at once overcome by a nameless malaise. As though something dark and forbidding were slouching toward his personal Bethlehem.

Then he went into his office to meet his visitor.

She turned half around in the big leather chair and smiled at him.

"Jerri!" he said, all surprise and pleasure. His first reaction: surprised pleasure. "My God, it's been... how long...?"

The smile lifted at one corner: her bemused smile.

"It's been six months. Seem longer?"

He grinned and shrugged. It had been his choice to break up the affair after two years. For Martha. Who had lasted a month.

"How time flies when you're enjoying yourself," she said. She crossed her legs. A summary judgment on his profligacy.

He walked around and sat down behind the desk. "Come on, Jerri, gimme some slack."

Another returning. First Martha, out of the blue; now Jerri. Emerging from the mauve, perhaps? "What brings you back into my web?" He tried to stare at her levelly, but she was on to that it made him feel guilty.

"I suppose I could have cobbled up something spectacular along the lines of a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against one of my competitors," she said, "but the truth is just that I felt an urgent need to see you again."

He opened and closed the top drawer of his desk, to buy a few seconds. Then, carefully avoiding her gaze, he said, "What is this, Jerri? Christ, isn't there enough crap in the world without detouring to find a fresh supply?" He said it softly, because he had said "I love you" to her for two years, excluding the final seven months, when he had said "Fuck off," never realizing they were the same phrase.

But he took her to lunch, and they made it a date for dinner, and he took her back to his apartment and they were two or three drinks too impatient to get to the bed and made it on the living-room carpet, still half-clothed. He cherished silence when making love, even when only screwing, and she

remembered and didn't make a sound. And it was as good or as bad as it had ever been between them for two years minus the last seven months. And when she awoke hours later, there on the living-room carpet, with her skirt up around her hips and Michael lying on his side with his head cradled on his arm, still sleeping, she breathed deeply and slit her eyes and commanded the hangover to permit her the strength to rise; and she rose, and she covered him with a small lap robe he had pilfered from an American Airlines flight to Boston; and she went away. Neither loving him nor hating him. Having merely satisfied the urgent compulsion in her to return to him once more, to see him once more, to have his body once more. And there was nothing more to it than that.

The next morning, he rolled onto his back, lying there on the floor, kept his eyes closed and knew he would never see her again. And there was no more to it than that.

Two days later, he received a phone call from Anita. He had had two dates with Anita, more than two and a half years earlier, during the week before he had met Jerri and taken up with her. She said she had been thinking about him. She said she had been weeding out old phone numbers in her book and had come across his, and just wanted to call to see how he was. They made a date for that night and had sex and she left quickly. And he knew he would never see her again.

And the next day at lunch at the Oasis, he saw Corinne sitting across the room. He had lived with Corinne for a year, just prior to meeting Anita, just prior to meeting Jerri. Corinne came across the room and kissed him on the back of the neck and said, "You've lost weight. You look good enough to eat." And they got together that night, and one thing and another, and he was, and she did, and then he did, and she stayed the night but left after coffee the next morning. And he knew he would never see her again.

But he began to have an unsettling feeling that something strange was happening to him.

Over the next month, in reverse order of having known them, every female with whom he had had a liaison magically reappeared in his life. Before Corinne, he had had a string of one-nighters and casual weekends with Hannah, Nancy, Robin and Sylvia; Elizabeth, Penny, Margie and Herta; Eileen, Gail, Holly and Kathleen. One by one, in unbroken string, they came back to him like waifs returning to the empty kettle for one last spoonful of gruel. Once, and then gone again, forever.

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isolated memory. Each one of them an incomplete yet somehow total summation of the woman: Hannah and her need for certain words in the bed; the pressure of Nancy's legs over his shoulders; Robin and the wet towels; Sylvia who never came, perhaps could not come; Elizabeth so thin that her pelvis left him sore for days; having to send out for ribs for Penny, before and after; a spade-shaped mole on Margie's inner thigh; Herta falling asleep in a second after sex, as if she had been clubbed; the sound of Eileen's laugh, like the wind in Aspen; Gail's revulsion and animosity when he couldn't get an erection and tried to go down on her; Holly's endless retelling of the good times they had known; Kathleen still needing to delude herself that he was seducing her, even after all this time.

One sharp point of memory. One quick flare of light. Then gone forever and there was no more to it than that.

But by the end of that month, the suspicion had grown into a dread certainty; a certainty that led him inexorably to an inevitable end place that was too horrible to consider. Every time he followed the logical progression to its finale,

his mind skittered away . . . that whimpering, crippled dog.

His fear grew. Each woman returned built the fear higher. Fear coalesced into terror and he fled the city, hoping by exiling himself to break the links.

But there he sat, by the fireplace at The Round Hearth, in Stowe, Vermont . . . and the next one in line, Sonja, whom he had not seen in years, Sonja came in off the slopes and saw him, and she went a good deal whiter than the wind-chill factor outside accounted for.

They spent the night together and she buried her face in the pillow so her sounds would not carry. She lied to her husband about her absence and the next morning, before Kirxby came out of his room, they were gone.

But Sonja had come back. And that meant the next one before her had been Gretchen. He waited in fear, but she did not appear in Vermont, and he felt if he stayed there, he was a sitting target and he called the office and told them he was going down to the Bahamas for a few days, that his partners should parcel out his case load among them, for just a few more days, don't ask questions.

And Gretchen was working in a tour-

ist shop specializing in wicker goods; and she looked at him as he came through the door and she said, "Oh, my God, Michael! I've had you on my mind almost constantly for the past week. I was going to call you—"

And she gave a small sharp scream as he fainted, collapsing face forward into a pyramid of woven-wicker clothes hampers.

The apartment was dark. He sat there in the silence and refused to answer the phone. The gourmet delicatessen had been given specific instructions. The delivery boy with the food had to knock in a specific, certain cadence, or the apartment door would not be opened.

Kirxby had locked himself away. The terror was very real now. It was impossible to ignore what was happening to him. All the birds were coming home to roost.

Back across 21 years, from his 20th birthday to the present, in reverse order of having known them, every woman he had ever loved or fucked or had an encounter of substance with . . . was homing in on him. Martha, the latest, from which point the forward momentum of his relationships had been arrested; like a pendulum swung as far as it could go; and back again, back, back, swinging back past Jerri and Anita, back to Corinne and Hannah, back, and Nancy, back, and Robin and all of them, straight back to Gretchen, who was just three women before . . .

He wouldn't think about it.

He couldn't. It was too frightening.

The special, specific, certain cadence of a knock on his apartment door. In the darkness, he found his way to the door and removed the chain. He opened the door to take the box of groceries and saw the teenaged Puerto Rican boy sent by the deli. And standing behind him was Kate. She was 12 years older, a lot less the gamine, classy and self-possessed now, but it was Kate nonetheless.

He began to cry.

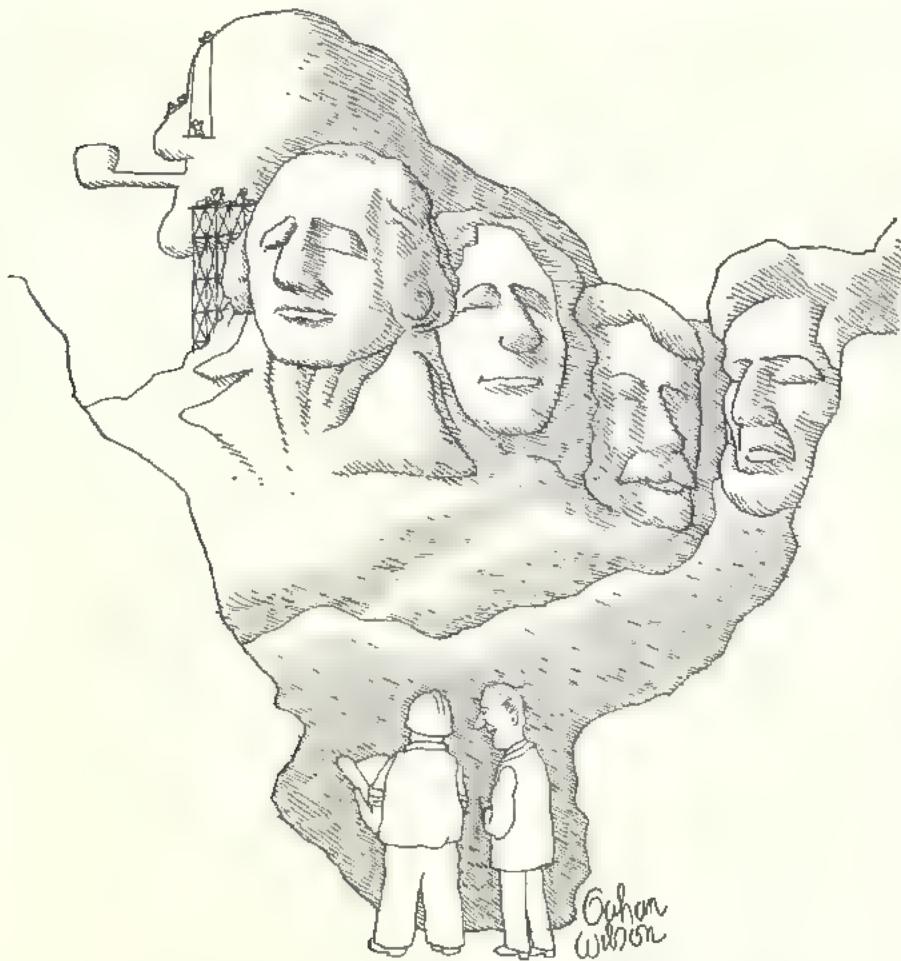
He slumped against the open door and wept, hiding his face in his hands, partially because he was ashamed but more because he was frightened.

She gave the boy a tip, took the box and edged inside the apartment, moving Kirxby with her, gently. She closed the door, turned on a light and helped him to the sofa.

When she came back from putting away the groceries, she slipped out of her shoes and sat as far away from him as the length of the sofa would permit. The light was behind her and she could see his swollen, terrified face clearly. His eyes were very bright. There was a trapped expression on his face. For a long time, she said nothing.

Finally, when his breathing became regular, she said, "Michael, what the hell is it? Tell me."

But he could not speak of it. He was



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By Jim Howell

It was my first real woodworking project. My 3-year-old daughter, Becky, had outgrown her high chair. My wife and I shopped around for a stool so Becky could sit at the dinner table. But the prices shocked us. \$40 to buy a rather skimpy-looking stool...that wasn't even finished!

So I decided to try to build the stool myself. I had just purchased a Shopsmith Mark V - a unique 5-in-1 woodworking tool and I was, quite frankly, anxious to give it a try.

Now, making a stool "from scratch" may *sound* like a simple project -- but actually, it's rather complicated. You have to drill the holes for all the legs at exactly the same slight angle, so that the legs taper out perfectly. The seat has to be beveled and sanded just right for that professional look. And you sure couldn't make nice-looking legs without having a really fine power lathe!

In short, it's a project I *never* would have dared tackle with my old-fashioned saw and a few hand tools.

Well, I finished the stool and it was absolutely perfect! It actually looked a lot more professional than the unfinished one we saw for \$40. Yet, it cost me only \$11.00 for everything -- the wood, the glue, and the finish!

My Mark V made it easy. All I did was set-up for each operation and flip the switch.

But the *real* pay-off came when I proudly presented the finished stool to little Becky, and told her I'd made it just for her. I wouldn't trade the smile she gave me for a million dollars!

My wife is so impressed with the stool, she always brags to guests who stop by. Doing the project from start to finish gave me a real sense of accomplishment. That's the best thing about woodworking as a hobby -- you get back *something* valuable for your time!

It was only a stool for my daughter. . . but you can't imagine how proud I felt when I gave it to her!

Long before I ever heard about the Shopsmith Mark V, I had always enjoyed the relaxation of working with my hands after a day on my regular job.

But there were an awful lot of "do-it-yourself" projects that I simply couldn't handle with the small, hand-held power tools I owned. Whenever I tried a project with any complexity to it, I'd really botch it up!

When I read about the world's *only* multi-purpose power tool, the Shopsmith Mark V, I learned that it contains the five most needed woodworking power tools in one single, precision unit.

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I could see how it would save me a *lot* of money, and let me tackle those really professional-looking projects and home

repairs I'd always wanted to do! So I decided to take advantage of Shopsmith's 30-day no-risk home trial...and I'm sure glad I did!

I recommend that anyone interested in a relaxing hobby -- that saves you money, and pays off in so many ways, consider setting up a *first class* wood working shop with the Shopsmith Mark V.

Note: The above is a true story. However, the names have been changed on request.

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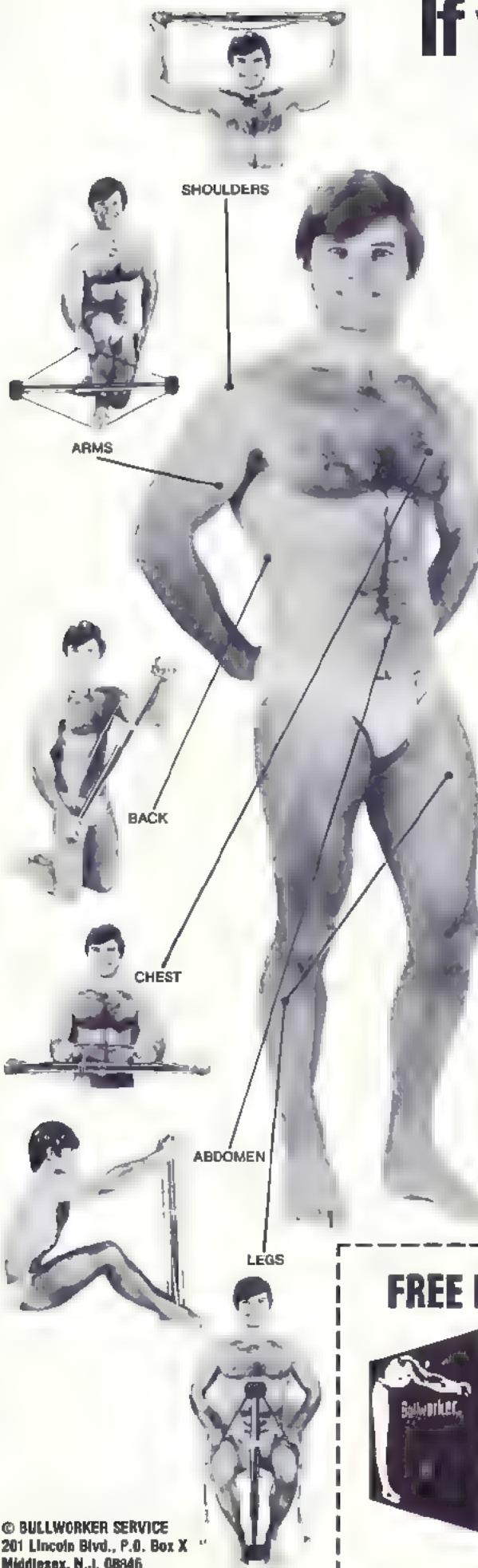
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too frightened to name it. As long as he kept it to himself, it was just barely possible it was a figment of delusion, a roving beast of the mind that would vanish as soon as he was able to draw a deep breath. He knew he was lying to himself. It was real. It was happening to him, inexorably.

She kept at him, speaking softly, cajoling him, prising the story from him. And so he told her. Of the reversal of his life. Of the film running backward. Of the river flowing upstream. Carrying him back and back and back into a dark land from which there could never be escape.

"And I ran away. I went to St. Kitts. And I walked into a shop, some dumb shop, just some dumb kind of tourist-goods shop . . ."

And what was her name . . . Greta . . ."

"Gretchen."

"Gretchen. And Gretchen was there."

"Yes."

"Oh, my God, Michael. You're making yourself crazy. This is lunatic. You've got to stop it."

"Stop it? Jesus, I wish I could stop it. But I can't. Don't you see, you're part of it. It's unstoppable, it's crazy but it's hellish. I haven't slept in days. I'm afraid to go to sleep. God knows what might happen."

You're building all this in your mind, Michael. It isn't real. Lack of sleep is making you paranoid."

"No . . . no . . . listen . . . here, listen to this . . . I remembered it from years ago . . . I read it . . . I found it when I went looking for it" He lurched off the sofa, found the book on the wet bar and brought it back under the light. It was *The Plague*, by Camus, in a Modern Library edition. He hummed through the book and could not find the place. Then she took it from him and laid it on her palm and it fell open to the page because he had read and reread the section. She read it aloud, where he had underlined it.

"Had he been less tired, his senses more alert, that all pervading odor of death might have made him sentimental. But when a man has had only four hours' sleep, he isn't sentimental. He sees things as they are: that is to say, he sees them in the gaunt light of justice—hideous, witness justice." She closed the book and stared at him. "You really believe this, don't you?"

"Don't I? Of course I do! I'd be what you think I am, crazy . . . not to believe it. Kate, listen to me. Look, here you are. It's twelve years. Twelve years and another life. But here you are, back with me again, just in sequence. You were my lover before I met Gretchen. I knew it would be you!"

"Michael, don't let this make you stop thinking. There's no way you could have

known. Bill and I have been divorced for two years. I just moved back to the city last week. Of course I'd look you up. We had a very good thing together. If I hadn't met Bill, we might still be together."

"Jesus, Kate, you're not listening to me. I'm trying to tell you this is some kind of terrible justice. I'm rolling back through time with the women I've known. There's you, and if there's you, then the next one before you was Marcie. And if I go back to her, then that means that after Marcie . . . after Marcie . . . before Marcie there was . . ."

He couldn't speak the name.

She said the name. His face went white again. It was the speaking of the unspeakable.

"Oh, God, Kate, oh, dear God. I'm screwed. I'm screwed . . ."

"Lindy can't get you, Mike. She's still in the home, isn't she?"

He nodded, unable to answer.

Kate slid across and held him. He was shaking. "It's all right. It's going to be all right."

She tried to rock him, like a child in pain, but his terror was an electric current surging through him. "I'll take care of you," she said. "Till you're better. There won't be any Marcie and there certainly won't be any Lindy."

"No!" he screamed, pulling away from her. "No!"

He stumbled toward the door. "I've got to get out of here. They can find me here. I've got to go somewhere out away from here, fast, fast, where they can't find me ever."

He yanked open the door and ran into the hall. The elevator was not there. It was never there when he needed it, needed it badly, needed it desperately.

He ran down the stairs and into the vestibule of the building. The doorman was standing, looking out into the street, the glass doors tightly shut against the wind and the cold.

Michael Kirby ran past him, head down, arms close to his body. He heard the man say something, but it was lost in the rush of wind and chill as he plowed through onto the sidewalk.

Terror enveloped him. He ran toward the corner and turned toward the darkness. If he could just get into the darkness, where he couldn't be found, then he was safe. Perhaps he would be safe.

He rounded the corner. A woman head down against the wind, jumped into him. They rebounded and in the vague light of the street lamp looked into each other's faces.

"Hello," said Marcie.



"All else notwithstanding, Jerome, you have my gratitude for validating me as a sexual entity."

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"The silence from the audience is broken only by the low, steady roar of conversation from the comics."

and doing TV commercials. And Giovanni, who is 29, has started showing up on the Merv Griffin show. He was on last May, on a show coming from Las Vegas. Merv introduced him as a brilliant young impressionist and Giovanni did six or seven minutes that included George C. Scott as Patton, Redd Foxx as Patton, Tommy Smothers as Patton. He did Columbo and he did Bilko. They loved him, and when he finished, Merv came out and summed up the dream all these guys are chasing: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "18 months ago Jim was driving a 7-Up truck . . . 18 months from a 7-Up truck to the main room at Caesars Palace. Only in America."

The others in the wall photos, including Tony himself, are the seniors on this campus. They know they could be next in line for a break, and that it comes with stunning speed when it comes. If it comes. Meanwhile, they work as opening acts for rock-n-roll groups, or at conventions, or colleges, or anywhere else they can build an act, polish it, hone it, pay their dues, collect the necessary scars.

About nine, Tony gets up on the little stage under a single yellow spot, takes the mike out of the stand and says, "Good evening Tuesday at the Zoo is open mike for comedians, and we have a couple of rules. First, you get five minutes only. We have about 25 comedians signed up already, so we have to limit your time. And the other rule is no heckling. A lot of these people are getting up in front of an audience for the first time. If you think you're funnier than they are, get up here and take a chance yourself. If you want to be an asshole, get out. We'll start the show shortly; the sign-up sheet will be at the end of the bar."

Customers at the Zoo have to pack into the stage end of the little room like stowaways in the hold of an old wooden ship. There are a few large tables in nooks along the back wall and lots of little, guinea-sized tables and chairs around the stage. All together, about 90 people can sit down; none of them is more than about 15 feet from the performer. Most of them are close enough to drag him off the stage without standing up, if it came to that.

As Tony pours last-minute beer and wine, he asks the sign-ups for a volunteer to lead off. "Everybody wants to go on early," he says as if it were ironic, "but nobody wants to be first."

The show will start in five minutes and the rumble among the comedians is rising. There's a crazy *chicano* at the bar a couple of stools down, leaning over his beer, playing a harmonica and saying, "Good night, John boy . . . good night, Grampa," then, shaking his head, apologizing to no one, "I'm sorry, I don't know why I do that, it's rotten." A collegiate-looking black kid behind me is saying to a young, long-haired white guy, "You actually wrote that? I can't believe it. That is so great, I laughed my ass off when I saw that." He's talking about a piece of graffiti in the foul-smelling men's room at the rear of the place. On the wall over the toilet, someone has scrawled a rhyme that was popular during California's big drought: "If it's yellow, let it mellow / If it's brown, flush it down." The kid with the long hair is taking credit for the tag line written just below that: "If it's blue, whadda ya do?" The black guy can't get over it. "You actually wrote that?" he keeps saying.

Tony goes onstage. "Let's have a nice Zoo welcome for . . ." There's a deathly silence after the initial applause. The kid onstage is thin, mid 20s, with a light beard, and he is talking in a Gabby Hayes voice, which isn't working. He abandons it and says he was taking a shit and the recoil blew him off the toilet. Makes the sound of exploding bowels with his mouth and jumps to one corner of the stage as if he had been blown there. But it's too soon for do-do humor. The silence from the audience is broken only by the low, steady roar of conversation from the comics along the bar. You have only a certain amount of time to get your first laugh up there, and if you don't, nothing alter that can save you. He finishes with a mental-hospital joke and exits mercifully to something less than polite applause.

The rock-n-roll club next door has just started rolling and the drum and the bass are coming through the wall. The next guy has dark hair, a big upper body and an almost baby face. "So how are all you people tonight? . . . working the early set . . . nobody drunk yet?" The audience hasn't recovered from the last act, but at least this guy is going after them. He's talking about a new California religion called Frisbeeism:

"When you die, your soul goes on top of a roofer." It's a great line, but it gets only scattered chuckles—not much against the steady chatter coming from the bar. It's making him a little angry that his

best stuff isn't getting the laughs he thinks it should, and it's put a small belligerent spark into his eyes that's destroying all pretense of ease or casualness. Now a graphic description of holding a fart in on a date . . . he's getting laughs, but they just aren't big enough for him, and he finishes by saying, "Thanks for keeping quiet during the dramatic portions of my act," and gets his best laugh, followed by appreciative applause. The mood of the room has slowly begun to rise.

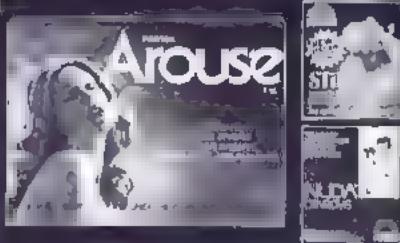
Now the young black guy who loved the graffiti goes on. "I'm a little nervous, how 'bout some applause to make me feel at home?" There is mild clapping. He has a bright look about him and has carried a lot of energy onto the stage. "And let's have a big hand for Tony DePaul for giving us young comedians a chance." More mild applause (this guy will open his act this way for five weeks in a row until Tony asks him to stop with the call for gratitude). He does a *Wild Kingdom* parody, pretty good material, but now he has spun toward the bar end of the room and told them to shut up—a quick undisguised flash of anger has leapt out of him and blown his comic persona to rags. He follows with some funny lines about taking whippings as a kid, but he's lost control. Whatever small energy was beginning to build in the room is gone again. The crowd is restless. Two pretty good comedians have been unable to dissipate whatever that first kid felt in the air.

Here comes a man who is wearing a Greek sailor's cap and has a saxophone around his neck. He starts by talking about "handling" his instrument. He's waiting for laughs that aren't coming; it's making him slow. A heckler out of nowhere, the evening's first—yells some thing and the guy on the stage loses his place. "Shut up or sign up," yells Tony from behind the bar. Now this guy is referring to his sax as "the lovely Giselle." Does a medley of *Star Wars*, *My Melancholy Hero* and *2001*. He doesn't play at all well. Now he's reached into the bell of the horn and pulled out a telephone receiver, says into it, "Oh, so now I'm a sexist pig, huh? Well, who brought you to San Francisco for your sax-change operation?" Tony moves through the crowd and squats in front of the stage. It means, "Time's up."

Next is a thin, weak looking, soft spoken, don't-bit-me sort of guy in glasses. Does an impression of wind, which is so straight and so unfunny that the audience laughs. Now he does same reaction but a little better. He's building something. His timing is bold: takes long pauses without losing any body. Now his impression of a comedian eating a pear. Pulls one out and begins to eat it. Big bites. Chews them completely. Audience tittering. A minute later, he holds up one finger, indicating 203

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"last bite," then he shoves what's left into his mouth, chews it, swallows, wipes his lips with the back of his hand and says, "Thank you." Huge laugh, the biggest so far—applause, even.

Somewhat, he's pulled it off. I saw this same guy about two years ago at another of these little clubs and he couldn't pull anything off. His timing is the only thing that's changed and it's made him funny. The crowd has loosened a notch. He does a line about a new toy to teach kids about death: "Call it What's the Matter with Granddad?" A good hand as he leaves the stage. Tony has given him several more than his five minutes because he has drawn first blood.

This next guy has been introduced as a regular from The Comedy Store. A slight young man using a tennis racket as if it were a guitar, doing a Johnny Cash impersonation. This guy has stage presence. Seems to know where he's going. "My girl is so tough she uses a Black & Decker vibrator." Pat Boone in a Mexican restaurant: "Leche, por favor." One laugh after another; he's got them going. Walter Brennan as the adoptive parent of a Vietnamese orphan: "Damn it, Gook." Now Bob Dylan . . . parody lyrics to *Like a Rolling Stone*. Dylan about Hurricane Carter: "I was only kidding." Sustained laughter. Nixon at Disneyland: "I could get on the Matterhorn with an A ticket, but that would be *wrong*." George C. Scott driving a car: "I merge with *no one*; I yield to *nothing*." He does about 15 minutes and the audience is his. The material is strong and his delivery falters and slows only now and then. And although I never heard his name till tonight, I know I'm going to hear it again. He leaves the stage to huge applause and gets his back slapped moving through the crowd. The other comedians shake his hand as he goes by.

A short break. There's a two-drink minimum per set here, loosely enforced by one badly overworked waitress. Two comedians next to me at the bar have been watching me write like fury and they've started talking about thieves. Theft, or *borrowing*, as they sometimes call it, is a way of life among comics. Berle joked about it. The young ones worry about it. They've caught Tony at the beer spigot and they're asking him what you can do to protect your material. "Nothing," he says. "You can't do a thing. Some nights there're guys in here with notebooks all up and down the bar. Whadda ya gonna do? Police every little hole in the wall club to see who's using your stuff? And, look—Richard Pryor, for instance, he doesn't have to steal jokes, he's beyond that; but there're writers everywhere stealing *for* him. He don't know it's not original material they send him. And once he's used a line or a bit, people identify it

with him. Then you can't use it anymore, even though you wrote it. It's worse in L.A. and New York." Tony shot a look over at me. I had my notebook open on the bar and my pen in my hand. I smiled. He didn't

Tony takes the stage to do a few minutes. He uses big Italian-style gestures. He's comfortable up there: Mike in one hand, leans against the stand with the other. "Anybody stoned?" Some chuckling. "People on marijuana don't laugh. They giggle. At the wrong things. You think you bombed and then you go in the bathroom and here's this stoner pissing on his foot, telling his buddy, 'That guy was *great*!'" The crowd relaxes, laughing easily. Tony is doing the work. He lets them laugh when they want to. He lets them *not* laugh and keeps going without hesitation. "I played Vegas not long ago . . . Nevada is the Indian word for *slot machine*. *Slot machine* is the English word for *stupid*. You might as well go down to the corner and play the *Chinook* rack." Most of this is one-liners. He doesn't do routines or set pieces. Now a line he says he heard from another comedian in Vegas: "An old man saying to his wife, 'You have no breasts, you have no navel,' and she says to him, 'Get off my back!'" There's big applause when he's finished. Then he introduces the next act: "This guy's not funny, but he has cancer, so give him a nice warm welcome . . ."

It's another of the senior comedians around here, Lorenzo. He helps tend bar, and onstage he has finesse, energy, direction. Talking about a mythical comedian named Joey Keno and how he handled hecklers: "Some guy yelled out from the audience, 'Hey, Joey, put an egg in your shoe and beat it.' Without missing a beat, Joey jumped off the stage and stabbed him." The guy does a strong 15 minutes and leaves them wanting more.

So it went into the small hours. I went back for six straight weeks, and some evenings the bad acts outnumbered the good ones. Some nights the comedians damn near outnumbered the audience. Now and then, a particularly mean crowd would resist all efforts to make it laugh and send the comics down off the stage looking as if they might go into the bathroom and shoot themselves. And the hecklers, of course, pretty much coincide with the phases of the moon.

Most of the comics' material runs from silly to filthy to stupid. Television and television commercials are whipped like old dead horses, although when the comics ask how many in the audience watch TV, hardly a hand ever goes up. Dope jokes are big; stories about acid trips, 'Ludes, cocaine and speed usually get at least a giggle, and the sound of someone sucking on a reefer (made by getting your mouth right down on the

Mike) always gets an easy laugh. Topical and political humor is rare. Real wit is even more rare, and never gets anything but scattered laughs. There are always too many one-liners about Billy Carter and Roman Polanski. Most of the humor is soft, and the comedians who do have a cutting edge struggle for whatever laughs they get. Most things that bring the house down tend toward the goony.

Over the weeks I was there, some of the regulars got noticeably better. Several of them did the same material over and over, and you could watch their timing sharpen. Others added new things every week, and a few of them graduated from open-mike night to the Saturday and Sunday shows that feature half a dozen of the best local comics doing 20- or 30-minute routines. Usually, about the time they made that jump, you'd hear them start to talk about going down to the exact center of the universe for comedians on the make; to L.A., to The Comedy Store, where the scouts for Merv and Johnny and the rest are said to swarm, where the thieves use fancy German tape recorders, where the competition has bused, or flown, or driven in from all over the country to get its five minutes onstage in Hollywood, the Big Avocado.

•
About 7:30 on the night I was there, one of the people in charge of the sign-

ups at The Comedy Store, Danny Mora, came out the front door, stood on a bench and yelled so he could be heard over the traffic on Sunset Boulevard. He was wearing a fatigue jacket and a beret, and although there was nothing mean in his voice, there was the unmistakable tone of a drill sergeant who is used to being misunderstood by at least half of the callow horde he faces once a week: 50 or 60 of them on a slow Monday, 100 or more other times.

"The first thing I have to say," he told them, "is that not all of you will get on tonight. I'm sorry, that's just the way it is. You only get five minutes, and when your time is up, a yellow spot will light up a portrait of Eddie Cantor. When you see the light, say good night."

By 8:30, the comedians have been herded into an alcove in the back of the club and, like the crowd along the bar at the Zoo, they set up a babble and jabber that won't stop for anything all night long. The Comedy Store seats over 200 people, and by showtime, nine o'clock, all the little tables are full. There's a chain across the doorway to the room, and the seating is supervised by two big, tough bouncers. They look like Big Ten linebackers.

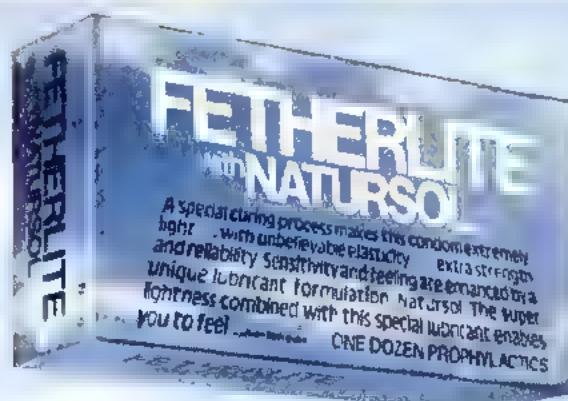
The m.c. is in his 50s, balding, horn rims, plaid sports coat. "Direct from the Purple Canker Sore in Reseda," he says, let's welcome. . ."

Polite applause gives way to the background rumble of the other comedians as a very young black guy takes the mike. He's about 17 or 18 and outside I heard him tell somebody, "You ought to try it. If you're good they'll tell ya. If you're not, you'll know it." Slow start, weak material; he's not doing too well. Stumbling one-liners. Painfully long pauses. Painfully short pauses. A few small laughs but no bursts. He has energy, but the jokes are weak. The timing is terrible.

Next is an all-American boy, suit and tie, short dark hair that falls perfectly to the left side of his head. He's having trouble with the mike, trouble with his nerves. Doing short bits that aren't getting any laughs. None. From the comedians' corner, someone yells, "Check, please." That gets a laugh. The yellow spot illuminates Eddie Cantor's prissy little smile. He doesn't see it. "Next," yells someone else from the back and the kid hurries off the stage. He joins his young wife and some friends at a table and they tell him he was great, although they look embarrassed and so does he.

Now a ventriloquist with a huge stuffed dog for a puppet. He's polished. Moves his lips, but his technique and material are good enough that it doesn't matter. Gets a big hand as he leaves.

Then a black kid who has lost his place and is actually saying: "I read a



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great book called *Yellow River*, by I. P. Daily." Then *Revenge of the Tiger*, by Claude Ball. The audience is moaning, grumbling. One of the bouncers yells, "What time does your bus leave?" Jesus! The bouncers heckle around here! "Stepping off into oblivion," says the m.c. as the kid leaves.

Next, a guy who has launched into a bit about someone he calls Minimum Audience Jones. He's been heckled by a tableful of four drunks who are just warming up. He's lost his place. Panic says to himself, "Minimum Audience Jones," now asks the crowd, "Do you remember where I was going with that?"

Laughter he didn't expect. Deeper panic. "Regarding that Minimum Audience Jones," he says to himself, as if the whole thing might unjam and blow out of him any second. This is the moment of horror. Do you want me to do some impressions?" he asks. One of the bouncers yells, "Yeah! Do Houdini!" Big

"A BIG WELCOME FOR CRAIG VETTER!"

well, you had to be there....

Good evening. As long as I have the full five minutes, I'd like to tell you everything I know about sex and religion. I guess I can't tell you everything that would take six or eight minutes—but I can tell you a lot. I can leave you with the most haunting spiritual question I have ever heard.

The reason sex and religion are all mixed up together for me is that I went to a Jesuit high school. You remember the Jesuits. They gave us Jerry Brown, and Fidel Castro, and John Mitchell. The school I went to was named after Saint Robert Bellarmine, one of the henchmen of the Inquisition. Cardinal Bob had a fierce reputation as an interrogator of heretics. He used to believe that the window to a man's soul was his fingernails: you pull out the fingernails one at a time and the soul just sort of flows out.

The Jesuits at Bellarmine were pretty tough guys themselves. They taught us Latin and Greek, and how to sit up straight, and they taught us how to tell a mortal sin from a venial sin. Generally, mortal sins last a lot longer and feel a lot better. And since there was only one mortal sin we cared anything about in those days, they concentrated on it. And pretty much all the religion they taught us in four years could be summed up in one phrase—keep your pecker in your pants. We didn't want to hear that. We were 17 and 18 years old, we'd been at an all-boys' school for four years and we couldn't think about anything else. We were the Lord's honest creatures.

And the Jesuits knew that when we got into the outside world, all sexual hell was going to break loose. So before we graduated, when we were seniors, they decided to give us one last shot, scare the mortal piss out of us about sins of the flesh. So they took us up to a retreat house in the Santa Cruz mountains, and for three days and three nights they didn't let us have any contact with the outside world—no telephones, no newspapers—they didn't even let us talk to one another. Then they brought in Father Boxer. A hired gun, a specialist.

He was a strange man. He was about 65 years old and he had a mother about 90 whom he visited constantly. He used to say things like, "You may be God's man, you may be God's soldier . . . but you're always momma's little boy, aren't you?" Strange man. But three or four times a day, when we weren't saying the Rosary, or doing the stations of the cross, or making a visit to the garden of agony, he used to take us into the chapel and tell us sexual horror stories. He told us the story about two kids good kids, been going out together for four years, never did anything dirty. They were keeping themselves pure, saving themselves for marriage. Then one night, the moon was a little weird or something, they drove up to Alum Rock Park. Up there in the hills, they couldn't stand it anymore; they copped a little feel off each other. Now, that's all it took for a mortal sin. I'll let Father Boxer pick up the story from there. "And just about the time the young man realized his shame, as he reached for the key to start the car and head home, a drunken trucker somewhere near Gilroy was swinging up into the cab of his rig. 18,000 pounds of sugar beets behind him, pulling out onto Bayshore Freeway. Twenty minutes later—plifflit—he jumped the divider and that was it. The girl was killed instantly, closed coffin, it was terrible. The boy, miraculously, somehow survived. Survived . . . in the knowledge that he had helped that pure little girl trade a few seconds of vim pleasure for an eternity of hell-fire. Of course, he didn't live long. They arrested him a couple of years later in the Tenderloin, put him in jail and he hung himself with his own panty hose."

That was the kind of story he used to tell us. He also told us facts we didn't know. He'd say, "Rock 'n' roll is the rhythm of sexual intercourse." I didn't know that. Or, "French kissing is symbolic of *the act itself*." I didn't know that, either. Turned out he was right about both those things. It's wonderful.

But he saved his very best story for last, his sickest story. He had a non-

fiction kind of style, he made everything personal; he said, "Men of Bellarmine, I want to leave you with one last story here that I think demonstrates the pathetic vanity of all our animal appetites. I have a friend named Father John Roscoe: as a young man, he was taken prisoner by the Chinese Communists. Those Bud dials already tried everything to break him, to get him to deny Jesus Christ. They drilled a hole in his nose every thing, but every morning in front of his guards, he got down on his knees and he said Mass. This is no punk, boys. This man has been everywhere, seen everything, he's worked with lepers, the whole ugly business. Well, the last time I saw Father John, he was on his way back from an assignment in Baril . . . I mean Brazil . . . Baril is just south of Brazil. . . . Anyway, he'd been sent down there to give those dirty little Indians a dose of Christianity and while he was there, a commercial airliner crashed in the high jungle forest and the search party asked him to come along in case someone had survived. Well, no one had. It took that search party three days to reach the plane, three days those bodies lay in the sweltering heat. Well, boys, he described the scene they came upon when they reached the carnage and I'm going to spare you that, because it's just too hideous. Instead, I'm going to end the story the way he ended it. He said to me, 'Al,' and he was trembling when he said this, boys, he was a big man, but he was trembling. He said, 'Al, you know me. I've been everywhere, seen everything, worked with lepers, the whole ugly business. But there was one thing I didn't know until that horrible day in the jungle. And since I found it out, I can't get it out of my head. Al, when you die . . . do you know what part of your body rots first?'

Well . . . that is the most haunting spiritual question I've ever heard. And ever since then, I've known the answer . . . and now you know. My advice is check it often for deterioration . . . and polish it.



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laugh; big brutal laugh. Kid leaves the stage before Cantor lights up.

The m.c. says, "Let's have a big hand for the Madman from Braille," and a blind *chicano* in his mid 20s is led to the microphone by a friend. He has a white cane but no dark glasses. His head rocks and bobs and his gaze goes off nowhere. *He is really blind.* "I just love daylight savings time," he says, and the place comes apart. Biggest laugh of the night. Even from the competition in the back. He's not new at this. His timing is good. The jokes are all about his blindness, and they're funny. "A lot of you think blind people are harmless," he says. "Not anymore. We have blind gangs now . . . called Knights of the Inner Darkness. We're trained in Maka Lu: the ancient Korean art of fighting with power tools." He makes the sound of a chain saw, slashes it around. Does a few more than five minutes (he can't see Eddie Cantor) and no one makes a move or a sound to hurry him off the stage. He has better control and gets more laughs than anyone else all night and he leaves to thunder and whistling.

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I remember Lenny Bruce in the early Sixties, at his obscenity trial in San Francisco, going absolutely crazy when his act was read out of a notebook, from the witness stand, by the Irish vice cop who had busted him. They had arrested him

for saying cocksucker. I was at the early show the night they dragged him off, and when he let loose with what the newspapers were calling "a ten-letter word," he brought the house down. It was the contest and the timing that made it funny. I was at the trial, too, and when the cop read it from the stand, it sounded absolutely obscene. The defense finally insisted that a tape of the whole act be played for the jury and it was. They laughed all the way through it. Then acquitted him.

Looking over the notes I'd made from the audiences at the Zoo and The Comedy Store made me feel a little like that cop. It's pretty easy work to sit out there and criticize the fool onstage who's trying everything he knows to make you laugh. It'd be a different story altogether if you got up there yourself, got right down into the smoking muzzle of the thing, so to speak. And why the hell not? What's the worst they could do to you if you were terrible? Take away your tongue?

I've performed in front of audiences before, more than a few times, though it was years ago. In high school, I was a speech contestant, was in plays and musicals, wrote skits for the rallies. I used to like to think of myself as a triple-threat man, and though all three threats turned out to be idle, the one thing I still believe, the one thing I have in

common with every comic I've ever seen is, God help me, I think I'm pretty funny. Still, the thought of standing up in front of a bunch of strangers made me feel like I had a grease fire in my chest. I liked it.

I needed some material: five minutes. I rummaged over some old humor pieces I'd done for magazines, but they were hopelessly dated and finally I knew I'd have to write something new. That left me searching back over my life for what has been funny about it. I settled on my sexual education at the hands of Jesuit priests.

For a week, I wrote. I got up in the middle of the night to make notes, I found an opening, I saluted some sure-fire knee slappers in with the subtler stuff. I practiced a big clerical voice for the villain of the piece, a perverse old Jesuit named Father Boxer. When I had what I thought was five minutes, I went down to the creek behind my house and, with a microphone-shaped stick in my hand, I began to memorize it, word for word. I did it out loud over and over again for the jays and the juncos in a bay tree, then into a tape recorder. I practiced pauses where I thought the laughs would come. I worked on switching the mike from hand to hand casually, professionally. Then, about two days before I was supposed to go on, I listened to the tape and had a horrible attack of nerves. What if there wasn't one laugh in the whole goddamn routine? It could happen. I'd seen it happen to other people, and it's pitiful: the kind of humiliation that has to ride around with you for years afterward.

I arrived at the Zoo about 8:15 that Tuesday night and the usual regulars were making their usual entreaties of Tony. I put my name on the sign-up sheet, which already had ten names on it. There would be 30 before the night was over. Tony knew it was my first time and he asked me if I wanted any warning, any notice before I got up.

"Just long enough to go into the bathroom and vomit," I said. Then I told him to surprise me. I figured that if I had time, I might vomit.

I got a white wine and sat at the bar while the club filled with audience and comedians. I took two slugs and had to stop. It was making my saliva thicker than it already was, and it wasn't doing my ravaged stomach any good, either. Somebody next to me asked if I was nervous and I said, "What in the hell do you think?" When I heard it coming out, I knew for sure how nervous I really was.

Tony introduced the evening, then the first comedian, a guy who got up and did a David Steinberg routine word for word. The crowd seemed to know he'd hit the piece and they didn't pay much attention. The other comics knew for sure what he was doing and their



babble all but drowned him. Somebody calling himself the king of punk comedy got up and did 15 very abusive and pretty funny minutes. Then there was a black girl who started so badly that she abandoned the stage after two minutes. Then half a dozen others, some funny, some not, then Tony was up again, saying, "This next guy has never been up here before, as far as I know," then he paused. "No," he said, "we're going to take a break now. I just wanted to make a couple of guys out there real nervous."

I stewed for ten minutes. People tried to talk to me, but I couldn't concentrate on what they said. I overheard someone near me saying, "You know, finally it's a matter of whether or not the audience

likes you. It's not how funny your stuff is. It all comes down to whether they like you or not." The next thing I remember is Tony saying, "A big welcome for Craig Vetter!"

You have to muscle your way through the talking comedians and walk in front of the audience to get onstage. I took the two steps up, got the microphone out of the stand and looked at the crowd. All I could see at first were the eyes, then as I adjusted to the glow of the spotlight, a few faces below me at the apron. I delivered my first line. It got a small laugh, which I stepped on with my second line, which got a laugh, which I also stepped on. Whenever I paused, I could hear the rumble of

voices and laughter unconnected to my act coming from the bar. It was disconcerting as hell. But the faces I could see in the audience looked mildly amused by this long hair and beard up there telling them that sex and religion were all mixed together in his life. I had a little trouble with the mike at first, but when I got it figured out, I walked them back with me into the garden of agony. Father Boxer had taken me through, just before he asked me if I knew what part of my body was going to rot first when I died. I didn't need to hear any questions like that back then, but now well, now I need to laugh at those times. Over the years, I've spun tales for my friends about Father Boxer and the

ROBIN WILLIAMS: ESCAPE FROM THE ZOO

Watching Robin Williams perform is like being entertained by a repertory company: Several dozen characters flash in and out so quickly that you don't want to take time to laugh for fear you'll miss something. Dialects break into falsetto, then into something that sounds like a gang of pirates, then trail off into wicked impressions or a babble of machine sounds. The temptation is to call Williams a fine actor, but he's more like 15 or 16 actors and a couple of actresses. And behind all of them is a wit faster and sharper than a Veg-a-Matic.

Williams is currently starring in the ABC-TV series *Mork and Mindy*, a thin sitcom that's saved from horrible mediocrity only by Williams' huge improvisational talent, which the producers, to their great credit, have let him use extensively. In a way, his presence on the show resembles a race horse hooked to a beer wagon, but it doesn't matter. Not even television can tether this crazy.

As we talked one Sunday on the terrace of his beach apartment north of Los Angeles, Williams gobbled vitamins and drank fruit juice and made himself laugh as he remembered the "old days," all of two and a half years ago, when he and a handful of other apprentice comics were scrambling around the Bay Area, playing anyplace they could find an open microphone.

"I was trained as an actor," he says. "I was at Julliard, doing Shakespeare and Chekhov, and after my third year, I came home to Marin County and fell in love with a Mill Valley girl, and just never went back."

"The first club I worked in was The Holy City Zoo. I did just what you did. I went Mondays and Tuesdays to the open-mike nights, and that was much better than the workshops, because it was a full-fledged audience."



For the next several months, Williams and his friends Tony DePaul and Jim Giovanni and a few others worked wherever they could find warm bodies to listen. "We had some bizarre times trashing around back then," Williams says. "We played two or three places a night sometimes. There was a club in Berkeley that was really strange. It was right off Telegraph Avenue, so you got the real burnouts hanging around—guys yelling, 'You gonna die, and your balls gonna rot in your mouth.' For some reason, I remember a lot of people in motorized wheelchairs in there. You'd be onstage and from the back of the club you'd hear 'Mmmmmeeeemmmmm,' and you'd see these guys wheeling around. The place eventually closed when the owner shot someone who asked for change."

"Tony put together an improv group called Papaya Juice and we used to work everywhere. One time we did a show at a Chinese Y.M.C.A., and

there were all these old Chinese out there who didn't speak a word of English. I miss it sometimes. There was a real camaraderie beating your brains out together like that."

About four months after he started, Williams got his first date at The Boarding House, one of the best music clubs in the city—the place that gets credit for launching Steve Martin. "I remember one crazy night opening there for Vicki Sue Robinson, the disco lady," says Williams. "It was a gay disco night and those people didn't want to hear comedy. They didn't heckle, they just talked . . . mondo blasé. Tragically hip people. They just sat there and looked at me—it was comedy hell."

But Williams apprenticeship didn't last long. Just six months after his first try at stand-up comedy, the producers of the new *Laugh-In* saw him and signed him to a contract. It ended in a legal fracas a year later with Williams in court trying to disentangle himself ("Ah, yes," he says of success. "First three-piece suit, first lawsuit"). He won, which freed him to do *Mork and Mindy*, which put him where he is today.

As for his TV series, Williams has—well—a kind of guarded faith. "We didn't have a pilot," he says, "so we've had to learn the characters right on the air, kinda like combat training. The scripts have to get better. I mean, we can have a million episodes of me sitting on my face, but that's bullshit. At its best, the show could be a dynamite commentary on the way we live, the way we act—like Mark Twain's *Letters from the Earth*.

"I have hopes for it, despite the gravity of television: It keeps pulling you down to mediocrity. But I've got incredible freedom on the show, and it's up to me to keep breaking the bounds."

—CRAIG VETTER



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three days I spent as his prisoner at a retreat in the Santa Cruz mountains, about the sexual horror stories, the garbage he loaded into my tender mind, and I usually leave them choking and weeping with laughter. I'm always stoned when I do this, always in friendly circumstances, so the stories just sort of roll out of me before the editor in my head can mess around with them.

But I was straight when I took the stage at the Zoo, and when I took that highly written, memorized script up there, the spirit of the thing didn't go with me. The audience laughed, some pretty good laughs, too, but I never quite had them. The closest I came was a mistake. I mispronounced Brazil. It was one of those nervous tics that make you lose motor control of your tongue for one beat and I said "Baril." When I heard it, I backed up and said, "That's just south of Brazil." And they roared; not because it was a brilliant ad lib but because the timing of it was accidentally perfect. It winked at the script. It was the most unexpected thing that happened in the whole five minutes and the laugh it got was more spontaneous than any of the others.

There were, however, a couple of long stretches without any laughing that raised a small, quick sweat on the back of my neck. Worse than that, there were several times when I expected a big laugh that didn't come, and that will blow the crap out of your heart and get some of that electricity down out of your brain and into the spine. Because performing is an adrenaline sport. Fear pretty much runs the show when you're up there. Failure onstage is a horrible thing. Performers call it dying for a very good reason.

I didn't die up there, but neither did I kill them, and I think what I found out is that the two go together. For me to reach the place where my timing was right and my material strong would take 100 hours onstage, maybe more. I'd have to suffer hecklers and thieves, and other comedians, and myself saying the same lines over and over, for years, maybe, till I either hit or went crazy. Or both. When I wonder why anyone would put himself through it, I remember the one real laugh I did get. There's a feeling of power there, and we've all had a taste of it, usually with friends. You get somebody laughing so hard he *hurts*, he begs you to stop, and then, just about the time he's calmed down, you hit him with another line, roll him on the ground as if you were beating him with a stick. Imagine what it would be like to do that to an auditorium full of people. Imagine what it would be like to be paid thousands of dollars for doing it.

If only you had the heart for the work.





"Sir Galahad, you're a bastard."

"I have come to feel that no matter what you do, or what you try to give, you just can't win nohow."

to help people to the degree I can afford, especially those in Africa who desperately need assistance of many sorts. Donations to the foundation, along with others last year, amounted to well into six figures. Beyond that, if I tried to supply even half of the funds for which people have asked, I'd very shortly be needing someone to help me. When my replies to money appeals have tried tactfully to explain this, as often as not a return letter merely requests a smaller amount, and when that isn't forthcoming, subsequent letters call me names among which "insensitive" and "stingy bastard" are not uncommon, until I have come to feel that by and large, no matter what you do, or what you try to give, you just can't win nohow.

On the other side of the ledger, I've received many offers of money—sometimes a great deal of money—for the use of my name on commercial endorsements, as a sponsor of this or that. Enterprising entrepreneurs have sought the rights to depict me, Kunta Kinte and other *Roots* figures on enough different kinds of products to fill a pretty thick catalog. When I've respectfully declined, they've expressed amazement that I'd have such bad judgment as to pass up profits they knew would exceed my wildest dreams. They ignore my own explanation that I'm proud of what *Roots* has come to mean for a very great many people, and not for any sum would I be likely to host commercial exploitations with their inevitably cheapening result.

If the mail I receive is any evidence, people *everywhere* have been reached by whatever it is that *Roots* has to say. After all this time since the book was published, I still get almost 500 letters a week from all over the world—in every one of the 21 languages in which translations have appeared and most of them express variations of the same message: They want to tell me personally how *Roots* has changed their attitudes, even their lives, in a positive way.

Once in a while, of course, I'll get an anonymous letter—this kind always is—that lets me know how far we still have to go before the millennium finally arrives. A typical one, which I received the other day, read: "Dear Haley: Now that you have found out who your ancestors are, why don't you go back there and take the rest of your kind with you?" End of letter. That sort of thing would discourage me if there weren't so many more like the one that came in the same mail. It was a deeply touching note from a little boy in Nebraska. From his printing,

I'd guess he was about ten years old. He wrote: "Dear Alex Haley, I am sending you some money to put on Kunta Kinte's grave. I'm sorry about what happened to him. Yours truly . . ." And beneath that, there were 22 cents in coins he had Scotch-taped to the page. The contrast between those two letters was so diametrical, so emblematic, that I had them mounted side by side and hung them in my study, in case I need to be reminded, as I sometimes do, that neither good nor evil has quite triumphed in this world.

For me, though, it's still a problem to find the time and the place to buckle down to my craft. Once my phone had been changed the first few times, and my office was discovered, I finally had a friend rent for me—in his name—a little one-room efficiency studio clear across Los Angeles—to become my "hideaway." But I was soon spotted getting out of my car in the communal garage, whereupon the word circulated, and before long, I'd arrive to find sundry notes shoved under the door, usually asking for appointments to discuss writing or other problems, or large manila envelopes containing manuscripts, along with their authors' notes of confidence that if I'd spend only a little time in a reading, and perhaps some rewriting, then surely my contacts could get their work published and they'd share with me as much as half of the proceeds. I mean—you know? The hell of it is that those were genuinely nice people and I hated having to return the manuscripts untouched, especially since they did sorely need at the very least a radical rewriting—precisely as my own writing efforts once did. The trouble was, as, that I just haven't the time to give—even as I wish that I could to my own work. I've gotten another hideaway now, and this sounds awful—it embarrasses me to admit it—but the garage is equipped with one of those electronic things that opens the garage door from down the street. I make certain when I arrive that no one's watching, circling the block, if necessary, then pressing the button. I drive in quickly and the garage door closes behind me. In the connected apartment, I will usually have written well into the wee hours, and often past dawn, before I leave.

One of the most unpleasant surprises about "success" is that time, whether spent at a typewriter or doing whatever else, costs so much more than it did before. The worth of an hour gets highly dramatized when you find yourself so pressured with work that you must decline invitations you'd give your eye

teeth to accept, including some from the world's heads of state. At the moment, I've several state invitations as rain checks awaiting only when I can find the time clear to visit. Among the many lessons I've learned as a result of *Roots*, having to make choices like that has taught me how deep is my commitment to writing. I like to think it's unshakable.

But I badly miss just sitting and chatting with friends as I used to do, just running my mouth, or listening to them run theirs. It *hurts* to hear from friends and relatives whom I really love, who let me know that *they're* hurt, feeling that I've turned big-headed and cast them aside. I'll bet that last summer at least 50 old friends, new friends and relatives visited Los Angeles, rightfully expecting that we'd at least share one evening of dinner and reminiscing. But multiply one evening by 50! With me under the pressure of writing another book, assisting in the making of the *Roots: The Next Generations* 11-hour TV miniseries, not to mention all of the daily etc. of business, I just couldn't handle it. I spent as much of the summer as I possibly could working in seclusion at a friend's lodge at Lake Arrowhead. I just couldn't afford to stay home.

In another area, ironically, I've found I can't afford *not* to stay home. For years, during my *Roots* writing, I supported myself, and financed my continued writing on it, by lecturing all over the U.S. about "My Search for Roots." In fact, I did so much lecturing that many friends prophesied that I'd spend the rest of my life *talking* a book that I'd never finish writing, and I began to think they were right. I loved public speaking, and I still do—the travel, the contact with people, hearing their responses. But after *Roots* finally did get written and published, I simply had to quit lecturing, except in rare instances.

It bothered and embarrassed me to be surrounded by security guards as we'd move through crowds of people clamoring to say something or shake hands. I remember one night in Kansas City, a cluster of male fans accosted me standing at a urinal, demanding that I sign autographs for them right then and there. Another time, at a college in San Diego, I arrived so completely beat that I literally *fell asleep* standing before the microphone with a big audience sitting in front of me, awakening with a start, I wondered, What the hell did I just say? And how long ago did I say it? But they'd apparently thought I was just taking a long thought between sentences or something; at least I was jolted wide-awake in my embarrassment, so I managed to keep talking and finished the speech."

But what actually precipitated my quitting the scheduled lectures was that one day my office received a bitter letter from someone saying that while I hadn't even



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bothered to acknowledge his group's request for me to lecture, I'd add insult to injury by turning up to speak recently at another place nearby. By that time, there were unopened canvas bags full of mail piled about the office; I'd never seen those folks' request, and neither had my cousin, Jennie Haley, who runs my office. Feeling terrible about hurting somebody's feelings in that way, and not wanting it to happen again if we could help it, I told Jennie and her assistant to drop everything for one day, go through all of those bags, sort out every lecture invitation and promptly answer them. And do you know what we discovered? By the end of that day, we'd stacked into piles atop desks 802 lecture requests—for projected dates roughly within the next six months. That was the day I knew I had to quit. There was no way even to begin to satisfy people's expectations. Even if out of the 802 I had selected a priority job, to do one each day for a year, I'd have left those other hundreds of places calling me names, as often happens when requests simply can't be met. In any case if I were to lecture for 365 consecutive days—even for the \$5000 fee I'm offered now—the relentless traveling involved would sooner or later see me among some cemetery's more affluent remains.

I lecture now only once in a while, most often at high schools or grade schools; I love those kids. And now and then, when I can, I'll speak at a prison. Almost every time, I come away feeling very depressed that so many of our sharpest folk—minorities, in particular—are behind bars somewhere. Those, of course, are appearances I make without asking for a fee. I wouldn't ask for one even if I needed the money. And I don't.

You have to ask yourself: How much is enough? No matter how much you have, you can eat but one meal at a time, drive but one car at a time, live in but one house at a time, sleep in but one bed at a time, with but one woman—well, I've heard of multiple-bedmate situations, but one remains the limit of my own experience. Money cannot buy you one extra hour of life. Assuredly no amount of money can buy you one single true friend. The primary worthwhile thing that it can buy you is the freedom to quit worrying about money any more—but you can be certain that it will also bring you brand-new money worries of sorts that you never dreamed about before.

I feel pretty well qualified on both sides of the subject by now. For many years, I was deeply in debt—hopelessly in hock to family, friends, banks, the "friendly loan" firms, the credit-card firms; in fact, anybody at all from whom I could borrow a few dollars to keep me going for a while longer. For long periods, the lack of money haunted me, haunted me, dogged my trail, seemed almost to paralyze me with guilt, frustration and a sense of hopelessness. On more

than one occasion I came close to despair—and once the depth of my debts was a factor in my literally contemplating doing myself in. But I hung in there, and finally, incredibly, the book was finished. And even more incredibly, it was a huge success. Was it worth the struggle? Absolutely. But not for the money.

All I'd ever previously dreamed for, materially, was to be comfortable. I'll change that: really comfortable, with some financial cushion available, should I ever need it. But I tell you the truth: for some reason I needed to. I believe that I could return to my one room in a Greenwich Village basement tomorrow and be quite content. Most of the trappings of success available to me now, I find, not only hold no intrigue for me but often even embarrass me. When I must ride in a limousine someone has hired to get me around, I tend to sit way back; I wouldn't want anyone I'd known before all of this happened to maybe spot me in there. And I really prefer eating good home cooking, or some small, quiet restaurant, to booth number one in some chic bistro with a maître de whose instincts have told him even before I finish ordering that my discernment among wines is still not much past the muscadine and persimmon wines that Grandma used to make and bottle every fall.

It wasn't long ago that I was still considered a bit of a square—and rightly so—even in the way I dress. When all of this started happening, I always wore the corduroy suits I already had and liked so much because they seldom needed pressing; they just wore and wore. My friends began telling me tactfully that I needed new clothes, and I'd ask, "Why? What do you mean? These suits are fine. I haven't got shiny yet." Then, during an "Alex Haley Day" at Harvard University, I was walking along with a friend of mine, a beautiful dresser, and the television cameras were rolling. That night, I happened to see us on the evening news, me in my baggy corduroys and my friend looking as if he'd just stepped from a fashion magazine. The next morning, I called my office and said I needed some new suits. When I got back to Los Angeles, in my living room was this tailor waiting for me, practically bowing along side this rack he'd brought with maybe 20 suits hanging on it. Right in my house! I'd never even imagined such a thing as that. But they were nice suits, so I decided to get a few. Suits I'd previously bought had ranged up to maybe \$150, so I figured I could easily afford about six of them, for around \$1000. I picked out six, the smiling tailor duly marked them and left, and by the next noon they were delivered—along with the bill. Well, my eyes just about fell out! The damned things had cost upwards of \$600 apiece; and since they had been altered, I couldn't take them back. I've yet to wear one of them. Foolish I may

be about it, but I just can't escape feeling that the suits symbolize something that makes me acutely uncomfortable. I guess my small town upbringing is still a part of me; I still wear chinos and jeans whenever I can. For better or worse, I'm just more interested in what I am than in what I can put on me.

Much more recently, I was given as a present a truly beautiful Swiss wrist watch, described as "the ultimate in time-pieces," thin as a silver dollar. I admire it, of course. I just don't need a wrist decoration that could easily pay someone's college tuition for a year.

There's one fringe benefit to success, however, that I cheerfully confess is an unmitigated joy. It has opened for me a magical door to a world of fascinating and powerful people I'd never dreamed I'd ever meet—except, perhaps, in my previous capacity as a journalist. It's a heady experience to enjoy luncheon or backstage chitchat with such personages as Henry Kissinger and President Carter. At one White House luncheon, Queen Farah of Iran invited me to Teheran; our next conversation was in her palace. In general, this aspect of experiencing success—particularly with the accompanying world-wide recognition that both the book and the television series I have brought me—is rather like an *Arabian Nights* fantasy come true.

You want to try guessing how it feels to have ladies such as Lena Horne and Leontyne Price hug you and tell you that they love you for what you've written. You want to imagine being kissed on both cheeks by Elizabeth Taylor, and right in front of her husband, John Warner, the former Secretary of the Navy. You want to know how it felt having him say, "Can we have lunch?" to a former U.S. Coast Guard mess boy who used to deliver trays of coffee?

Speak of thrills, Dick Gregory telephoned me, saying that his friend Marlon Brando had asked for my home phone number. Then Brando did call, saying that he held such a high opinion of both *Roots* and my first book, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, that he wanted to ask, "Is it possible I could play some role in the new *Roots* series?" I mean, maybe the world's highest paid actor volunteering his services? It practically put me on the floor, you can be sure we didn't waste any time offering him several parts to choose from.

One bond I've discovered I share with practically every other public figure is a feeling of kinship and compassion for anyone who finds himself or herself abruptly thrust into the harsh glare of the media spotlight. Celebrity status in this country, particularly in show business and the arts, renders one fair game for the press. But I have been luckier by far than a great many others I know of. The relatively few critical blasts of *Roots* didn't really bother me, except when I

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felt that a particular critic seemed to have gone out of his or her way to cut me unfairly. Some of my keenest critics, in fact, got longhand notes or telephone calls from me, thanking them for the caliber of their comments. The most that one can ask—even when criticized—is that the writer conduct himself with sincerity and with a sense of responsibility to portray his subject as fairly as he can.

I've had only a couple of really unfair media experiences, but they're the kind that give some credence to the old adage about the press putting people on pedestals so they can point out their clay feet. One popular national magazine's first major article about me was absolutely beautiful, but in the next piece, the editors seemed to feel that some "new" side of me should be presented, and the quotes attributed to me made me sound as if I were some jive-talking, finger-snapping pimp. In another case a writer for the *London Times* published an article about *Roots* that was laced with inaccuracies, innuendoes and outright distortions. I was incensed that the article, which gained swift world wide circulation, attempted to cast doubt on the authenticity of *all those years* of the most painstaking and meticulous research efforts. But what really upset me most was that, also, by implication, it clearly sought to impugn the dignity of black Americans' African heritage. But by now, I've come to view it philosophically, as a

part of the rites of passage that *Roots* must endure if posterity is ever to declare it truly a literary landmark, which many are already saying that it is.

Far more troubling than any media brickbats has been the costliest product of success: Like so many who've made it big—financially as well as professionally—I've become a sitting duck for lawsuits. Six have been lodged against me since *Roots* came out. The week preceding this writing, three of the suits were dismissed by Federal judges. Two of those suits had alleged that I had copied major portions of *Roots* from another author's books. The complainant in the fourth lawsuit alleged that in *Roots* I wrote not my own story but his story, for which grievance he sought from me the sum of, I kid you not, \$100,000,000! Two other suits, also alleging plagiarism on my part, are still awaiting resolution. No matter how unfounded, each and every lawsuit has to be fought—at an enormous cost, in money, in time and in psychic wear and tear. Believe me, there is something terribly hurtful about believing that you've tried your best to live your life as a reasonably decent person, working hard, trying to accomplish something worthwhile, and then finding yourself in a witness chair, being grilled day after day by a hostile lawyer with questions loaded with insinuations that at the very least you're some scheming thief.

I don't dwell on these unhappy inci-

dents in order to ask for sympathy. No one who's been blessed with the incredible good fortune I've been lucky enough to enjoy has any right to bitch about what it cost. I just wanted to share with you a complex and extraordinary experience that has befallen few people in our time on such a scale. Perhaps it will serve as a reminder that our great god "success," with its omnipotent trinity of fame, wealth and power, is something we should learn to respect rather than to worship—lest it enslave us.

One moment in my life always comes back to me when I feel the pressures of my own success closing in on me, and it always makes them easier to bear. A friend of mine called me late one night and said he hated to wake me up, but he couldn't sleep and he had to tell me what he was thinking. He said, "I can't explain it, except that I just believe that when Kunta Kinte told his daughter Kizzy all about himself, he wasn't really talking to her, he was talking to you, across the centuries, so you could write what he had to say for all the world to share. And what he had to say was I lived. And it mattered." That thought alone makes all the years I worked on *Roots*, and all of the difficulties I've encountered since, more than worth it.

A major apprehension among those who've known me for a long time, since before *Roots*, is: Have I changed? I don't think so. As I think I've shown you, my circumstances have certainly changed—in some ways for the better, in some ways otherwise. But my friends tell me I'm the same person I was before, and that makes me happy. It feels like I've passed an examination. But the fact is that I agree with them. I was at peace with myself before *Roots*, and I'm at peace with myself now—even amidst the crush of burdens and responsibilities that sometimes threatens to submerge me.

Once that crush begins to lighten—after *Roots* *The Next Generations* is aired, after I've finished writing *Search*, my journal of the 12 years that went into the making of *Roots*—my life is going to change again. I'm going to start accepting some of those invitations I've held in abeyance, and catch up with my old friends, and live at a more leisurely pace. I may even allow myself the luxury of sleeping as much as six or seven hours every night.

But I guess my great dream is still that down the line, not too far in the future, I ought to have the things I've got to do pretty well in hand, and finally be free to enjoy the rest of my years doing the things I *love* to do. Like see the world. And with time to do it right I want to see the Yangtze River. I want to see Morocco. I want to see Kilimanjaro. I still want to see the Pyramids. And, come hell or high water, someday I'm going to ride that camel.



"I've called you in here, Brodie, because the way you've been dressing lately seems a little too casual for the comptroller of this firm."

SNAPPING

(continued from page 59)

"Cultism can destroy families. In some outposts, religion in America has turned into terrorism."

their capacities to think, feel and make choices for themselves. To us, that seemed to indicate that they had sustained some kind of physical damage to the brain and the nervous system.

A former Divine Light missionary told us that after he was deprogrammed, it took months before he was able to think normally again. "After I finally broke the reflex of meditating," he said, "I found I was going through a stage where my thoughts were like a very weak telephone signal. Normally, when you're thinking, you're with your thoughts; they're right where you're talking from. In this case, however, my thoughts were, like, way off over there, way out yonder, very faint. I really had to pay attention to hear them at all."

A young woman from the Way International, a Christian cult, had similar trouble after almost two years of speaking in tongues. "When I got out of the group," she told us, "it was still going on in my mind. I couldn't go to sleep without saying it. When I tried to stop myself from speaking in tongues and couldn't, I knew I was in trouble. Finally, I developed my own way of breaking it. When I listened to someone talk, I formed his words in my mind. I'd make mental images and spell the words out to keep from straying. It took me a good six months before it was completely gone."

Before long, we were forced to confront the possibility that what we were looking at in the cults was a new form of mental illness. In our book, we term what we believe to be a new form of mental illness *information disease* which we define as a mental and emotional disturbance caused not by drugs, germs or physical force but by information in the scientific sense of the word. In our opinion many cult members in America have become mentally ill from the suggestions and commands of their leaders, from extended hours of chanting in Sanskrit or meditating to the sound of their own breathing, or simply by spending an arduous weekend in the country, listening to incessant lectures in Korean.

It is not the words alone but the entire experience that carries cult members over the line that separates religious belief from information disease. For our research suggests that the intense physical, emotional and intellectual ordeals cult members undergo in the course of their recruitment and conversion have

the power to alter and destroy fundamental information-processing pathways in the brain. This so-called wiring in the brain forms the structure of our individual personalities, and it is this wiring that the cults' mind control techniques appear to manipulate. To accomplish this, most of the larger cults first isolate the individual from the everyday world his nervous system has grown accustomed to from birth. Then they change his diet, his daily regimen, his name, his appearance and every sight, sound and smell in his environment. Next they pour in new information, in the form of straight indoctrination, intense ritual experiences or both. In a very short time, this comprehensive assault may produce lasting changes in the way cult members perceive the world, in their level of awareness, their ability to think and feel and, most importantly, in their ability to make choices and take action on their own. It appears to us that many do become, for all practical purposes, the robots they are often called, for at that

point, they may be so vulnerable to suggestion that, on command, they would kill others or themselves—as we have seen in Guyana.

It is in that sense that all Americans are now being forced to confront the threat of cult techniques. Cult leaders have at their disposal a new technology of mind control: Eastern rituals of chanting and meditation, methods of behavior modification and newly refined therapeutic techniques such as marathon encounter groups, psychodrama and guided fantasy. Virtually any combination of those techniques can be packaged and patented in the name of religion.

The hard part for most people is grasping the significance of what has taken place. The events in Guyana may precipitate a major cultural shift. We have seen the manner in which this new religious cultism can destroy families, and in the future it may split political parties and test other traditional loyalties as well. In at least some outposts, religion in America has turned into terrorism. In others, it appears to be turning into a new form of mental illness. These are not pleasant thoughts, but they are prospects that may increasingly dominate the news and our daily lives.

What can we expect in the coming decade? In our opinion, the face of the Eighties may well be one of con men and



"Try not to make so much noise. Remember, the children are hibernating."

megalomania. Powerful techniques of persuasion, conversion and mind control may be broadly disseminated and subtly employed in every area of our daily activities: politics, education, business and industry and the practice of mental health care. From every indication we can expect more violence as well. The potential exists for the United States to change from a country that is predicated on an informed citizenry capable of self rule through open, unfettered public debate and elections to one in which masses of zealots compete to "outautomate" one another.

Perhaps the best example of the complex problems that face us can be found in the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation organization, a group few of us are likely to have even thought of when discussing "the cult situation." Six million Americans have studied the TM technique, which has been acclaimed in best selling books as a safe, instant, nonchemical tranquilizer for the relief of nervous tension. Our research confirms that while the product itself is little more than a Hindu meditation ritual mass marketed in the language of Western relativity physics, the majority

of casual TM practitioners do experience some short-term benefits with few negative side effects.

But we talked with a number of advanced meditators and TM instructors who, to our surprise, painted an entirely different picture of the technique, its long-term effects and the TM movement as a whole. A veteran TM teacher who declined to be identified told us a hair-raising tale of how after meditation ten hours a day for several months in order to become a TM teacher, he became trapped in the state of mind the Maharishi calls cosmic consciousness. According to him extended periods of meditation caused his entire personality to "dissolve," leaving him withdrawn and detached from the world around him and subject to hallucinations.

"I'd be driving a car and all of a sudden my arms would be holding on to the steering wheel and I'd be sitting back, watching it happen. My body seemed more like part of the car than part of me. I was sensing all kinds of telepathic things. I would see energy surrounding people, little thin auras of different pastel colors and bigger egg shaped ones made out of huge spirals. It was weird trying to associate in the ordinary world when you're seeing all these things happen around people."

Now we have learned that the Maharishi has established a World Government for the Age of Enlightenment at TM headquarters in South Fallsburg, New York. According to multiple reports, the Maharishi has sent out advanced TM teams to areas of social and political turmoil in 108 countries, to "resolve outbreaks of conflict and violence" and to create a dramatic and soothing influence in the atmosphere." His most recent announcement is of a plan "to bring invincibility to Israel," a direct appeal to American Jews to travel to Israel for a special two-month TM course in levitation—at \$2500 per person. The program is an intense meditation regimen that purports to give "mastery of the laws of nature." It claims already to have graduated 5000 Americans, many of whom have told us and others that they have gained the ability to rise off the ground and "fly."

It is that type of delusion and vulnerability to suggestion that we find alarming about groups such as these and the techniques they use, along with the possibility that large numbers of people in other countries may be laid open to mind control at the direction of self-appointed religious, social and political leaders. Yet almost no one talks about these vast international cult operations. They seem to have grown too big to confront and, when pressed, they are able to present in their defense some of the wealthiest individuals and families in America, some of the biggest celebrities

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in the public eye and some of the most powerful political leaders and government representatives in the country.

Where will it all end? It's hard to say. There may be no stopping it at this point. The sensitive issues these groups raise have come upon our society at a time when the rate of change has become so rapid that our basic decision-making systems and institutions have fallen behind the events and the crises. In our view, there is an urgent need for a broad and independent Governmental investigation of the major religious cults and mass therapies in this country. That investigation should be conducted in full public view, for in the current climate, such an inquiry could pose real dangers to groups and individuals who are legitimately exercising their freedom without endangering the rights of others. Now, more than ever, we must beware of witch-hunts and inquisitions, but we feel it is, indeed, possible to conduct a rational, responsible investigation. Potentially destructive cults can be distinguished from legitimate movements by examining their methods of recruitment and conversion and identifying those that use techniques that may impair, make captive or destroy an individual's freedom of thought. However, having observed the response of most Government agencies to almost any question that touches on religion, it does not seem likely to us that that approach to the issue of mind control will be pursued.

Barring that, in the Eighties, we may find ourselves surrounded in our daily lives by great masses of Americans under one form or another of mind control: people driving on the highways, people in public office, people in the upper echelons of business and industry making decisions about what we eat, what we buy and what we do in our spare time. To those of us familiar with the ways of the cults, it doesn't take much imagination to envision a world where you cannot get a job in certain professions unless you have first taken "the training," or where you cannot run for office unless you have accepted Jesus Christ as your personal savior. In many arenas, that already appears to be happening.

Then what choice will the rest of us have when those runaway religions and mass therapies pop up at the helm of our society? In this decade, millions of Americans have already surrendered their minds, their wills and their human freedom in exchange for the revelations, the instant cures and the "happiness" the cults dispense. Already, the shift into the Eighties has begun, and the future may not promise happiness. We can only hope that the last choice each of us makes will not be to pick our poison.

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TED PATRICK (continued from page 88)

change, and sees all his property being handed over, and the other criteria I've mentioned, he should be able to obtain—cheaply—a conservatorship. That just means that the parent has the right to have the child under observation by a psychiatrist or proper authority for, say, 15 days, to determine whether the person is acting free of mind control that would protect both sides of the First Amendment.

PLAYBOY: We're not so sure it protects the First Amendment, but let us put it to you another way: If you happen to be wrong, what's to protect people from someone like you?

PATRICK: Nothing. Under the justification law as I said a mistake is a mistake if it's well intentioned. And, considering the alternatives, having the opportunity to prod someone into thinking for himself can't be too bad a mistake. We have a lot more laws right now protecting the guilty than laws that allow us to protect the innocent.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of legal remedies, what about another appeal to President Carter?

PATRICK: He isn't going to do anything. I'm more pessimistic than ever on that score. Hell, Jimmy Carter's sister is one of the biggest cult leaders in the nation. Ruth Stapleton uses all the same techniques they do. She's nothing but a cult leader.

PLAYBOY: Why is she a cult leader if Billy Graham isn't?

PATRICK: Because she programs people. I've seen her do it in meetings, and she's got a mailing list like you wouldn't believe. I also have reason to think she's using the same technique on members of the Government. I saw one Cabinet member on TV talking about how he was born again through Ruth Carter Stapleton. He looked just like a Moonie, glazed eyes, the works.

PLAYBOY: Which Cabinet member?

PATRICK: I honestly don't recall. It was a news show, on CBS.

PLAYBOY: That seems like an irresponsible accusation, especially since you've repeatedly admitted that many people and institutions may use techniques of persuasion similar to those used by the cults. Almost no one would doubt that Ruth Stapleton is using her techniques for benevolent purposes.

PATRICK: All right, I'll grant you that she may be a good cult leader, but that's what she is, nonetheless. She uses hypnotic techniques in her faith healing and many of her followers endow her with godlike powers. More so than the followers of Oral Roberts or Billy Graham.

As far as I'm concerned, Larry Flynt of *Hustler* is a good example of what Ruth Stapleton can do. She had Flynt looking and talking like a Moonie. I think Flynt would have done anything for her.

PLAYBOY: Come on! She couldn't even get Flynt to really change his magazine, which is what he announced he'd do, much less do the kinds of things you're suggesting.

PATRICK: They shot him before he could. And even before the shooting, his wife showed her distress at his conversion.

PLAYBOY: What have you proved, though? You haven't said anything that would suggest Ruth Carter Stapleton—or any of the other religious figures you mentioned—has used those techniques for anything but benevolent purposes.

PATRICK: But that's my point. All the cult leaders who have gone bad started with benevolent purposes. Jim Jones was a highly respected political and social activist, and who knows when he started using his techniques to enslave his followers. Certainly not his followers, who were in no state to be able to judge for themselves.

Jim Jones wasn't a behind-the-scenes cult leader like the Krishnas or Scientologists have. He was more the TV type

"All the cult leaders who have gone bad started with benevolent purposes. Jim Jones was highly respected."

of cult leader, visible and wise to the media. He started out as a public figure in San Francisco before he took his people to Guyana. He was like Oral Roberts in terms of his style, which is why he was able to get those endorsements from everyone from Rosalynn Carter on down. Although I don't believe Oral Roberts could ever become as warped as Jim Jones, I'm just saying we should know about those techniques and crack down on them when there is evidence that they are being misused.

PLAYBOY: Are you still pessimistic about the Government's doing anything about the situation as you see it?

PATRICK: I think it will do a *little* something—and then let it ride. There are too many Congressmen and elected officials involved in it all—directly or indirectly—for anything more than that to be done.

PLAYBOY: One impression we can't help having is that you're as much a zealot about your beliefs as those you say you're combating. Looking back at the past eight years, have you ever had any qualms about what you've been doing?

PATRICK: There was one real moment when I had to look at the price I'd pay. Here I was, a tenth-grade dropout, making three times more money than I'd

ever expected. When I had to decide whether or not to stay with this movement, I had to face the fact that I could get killed, my house could be bombed, my family could be harmed, I could lose everything I had, I could be arrested and thrown into jail, I could be hated and crucified in the press. That was the price, and I've paid most of it. And the fact that I accepted the challenge means I've accepted the price.

PLAYBOY: But what about the issue of the ends justifying the means? Haven't you ever felt any doubt as to whether or not it was right to break the law, no matter how good your intentions?

PATRICK: Maybe to some people I have broken the law, but I prefer to think that I am performing a service, a public service, which no one else is willing to perform. It's hard to find other areas of the law where there aren't perfectly feasible alternatives to taking the law into your own hands, and anyone who thinks I enjoy all those legal battles, the convictions, the jail sentences, must be crazy. But I know that the only way to develop blueprints for legislation to govern the cults is to produce evidence about what is happening inside them. No law-enforcement agencies will launch an investigation because of the First Amendment. A dog won't run from the smell of a skunk the way a politician will put his tail between his legs and take off at even a hint of controversy in the religious area. Believe me, before I started taking kids out boldly, I tried everything. I went to the governors, the Congress, the attorneys general, the Speaker of the House, the President. All I ever got were sympathy cards.

But it's not just the cowardice of Congress and so-called experts that protects the cults. The churches of America have to shoulder the blame. A lot of clergy men of various faiths have sat in on my deprogrammings. They've seen firsthand what is going on, yet they refuse to take a stand. There is a moral vacuum in some churches of this country, and I think it's this vacuum that the cults are rushing to fill.

PLAYBOY: Does it matter to you that a lot of people who read this, and may sincerely be concerned about the dangers of some cults, will nevertheless dislike what you've been saying and quarrel with the generalizations you've made?

PATRICK: Most people aren't going to believe me, anyway. Until it happens to them, they aren't going to pay much attention. I don't really care if people refuse to believe a lot of what I've said in this interview. If they've read it, at least, then someday when they're confronted with the cult phenomenon in their own lives, a lot of what I've said will flash through their minds. And it may help protect them.

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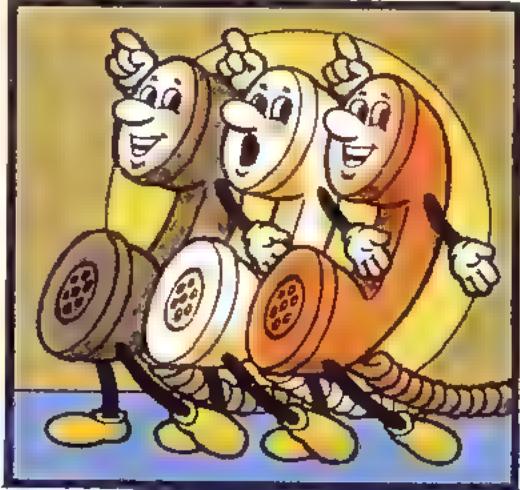
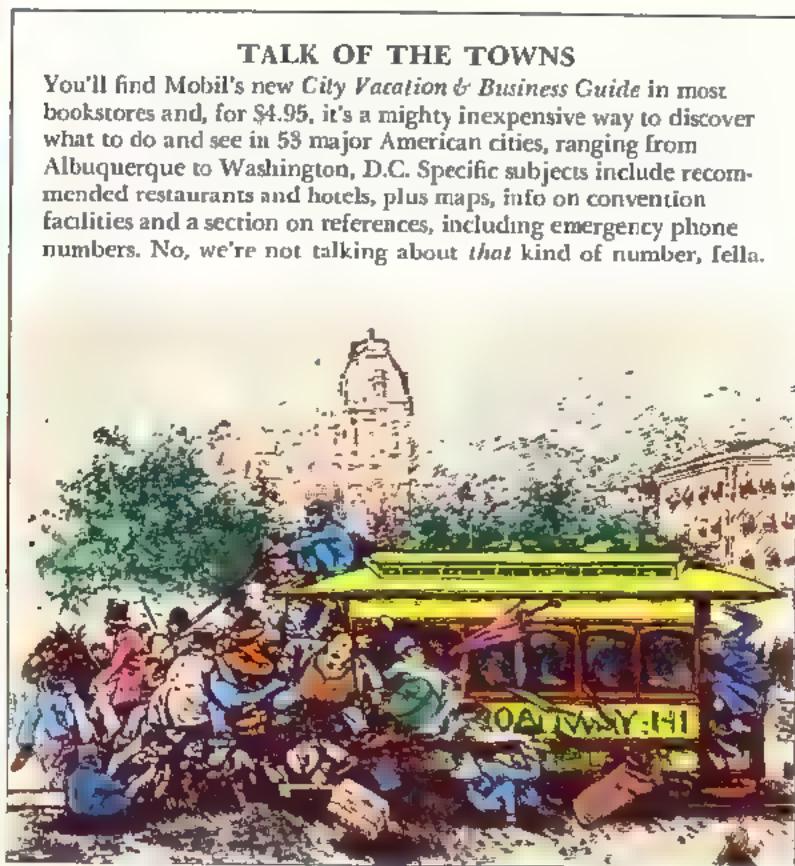
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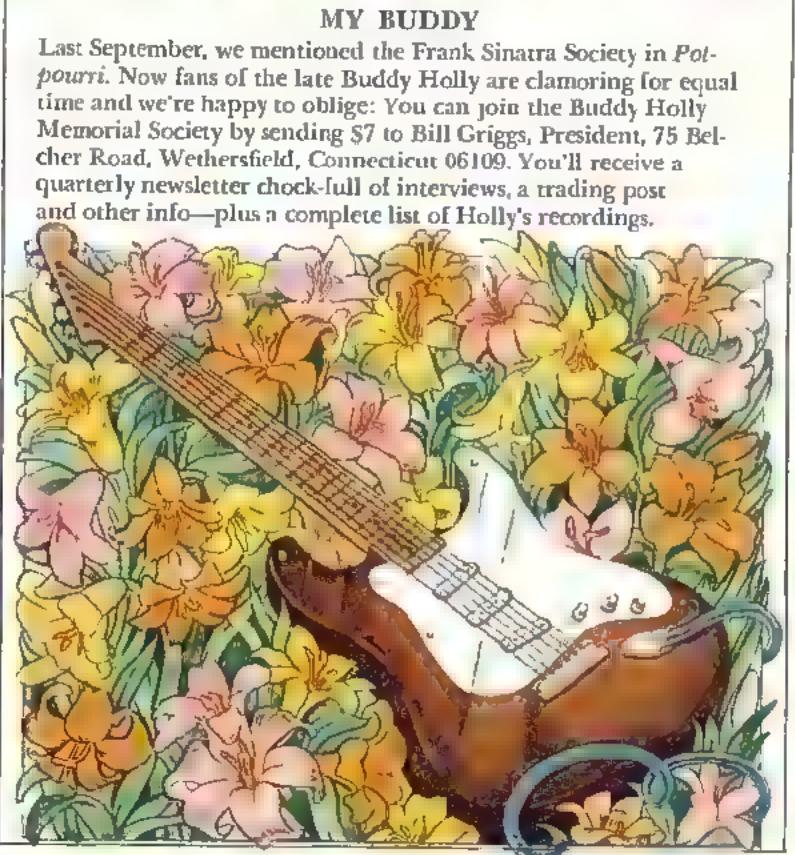
WASP NEST

To most of us, the letters WASP stand for white Anglo-Saxon Protestant; but to the few who subscribe to *WASP*, a four-page newsletter published every month or so out of Box 443, Hohokus, New Jersey 07428, they stand for Women & Strength Periodical. *WASP* is for people who dig muscular chicks posing in bathing suits. And by muscular we're talking about 110-pound ladies who can lift their own weight. A year's subscription is \$12, don't buy unless you're a hard-core muscle freak.



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There are plenty of telephone-answering-machine cassettes around with voices on them mimicking Humphrey Bogart and John Wayne, but if you'd like a customized message for your machine done by people who are professionals in radio and TV commercial work, write to R-W Productions, P.O. Box 640, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017. They'll send you back a detailed questionnaire and information about prices, which begin at \$75 and escalate.



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You'll find Mobil's new *City Vacation & Business Guide* in most bookstores and, for \$4.95, it's a mighty inexpensive way to discover what to do and see in 58 major American cities, ranging from Albuquerque to Washington, D.C. Specific subjects include recommended restaurants and hotels, plus maps, info on convention facilities and a section on references, including emergency phone numbers. No, we're not talking about *that* kind of number, sella.



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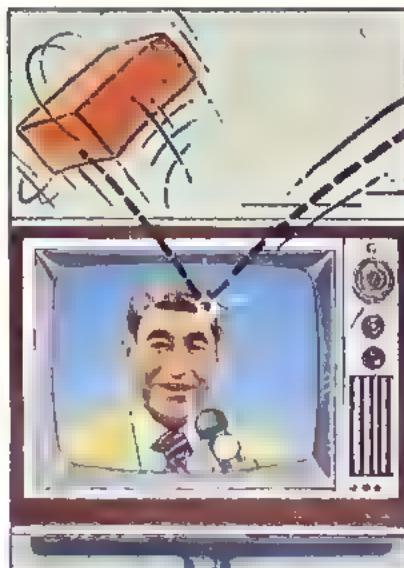
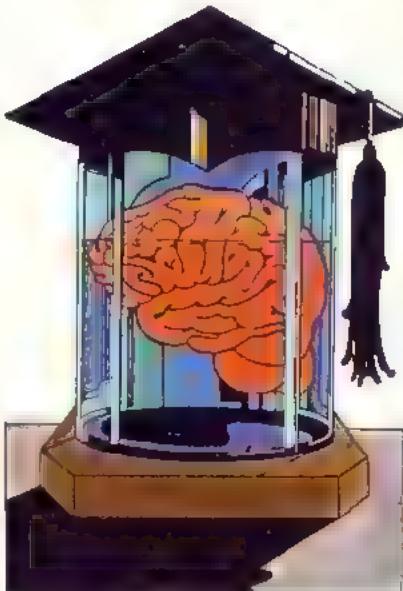


CREEPY CREEPERS

Some people dig dangerous animals, others choose poisonous snakes, but James and Patricia Ann Pietropaolo of Peter Paul's Nurseries, Canandaigua, New York 14424, have their own interest—carnivorous plants. In fact, they like hungry vegetation so much they've written a book, *The World of Carnivorous Plants*, available from them for \$6.30, postpaid. Or write for their plant price list. They love to ship their, heh, heh, friends by mail.

HAVE YOU GOT BRAINS!

Remember *Donovan's Brain*, the famous horror flick in which the brain of the evil Mr. Donovan lived on after he died to wickedly control the deeds of other men? Well, the Carolina Biological Supply Company, 2700 York Road, Burlington, North Carolina 27215, is selling—yes, you guessed it—a real human brain with most of the cranial nerves intact, mounted in a clear acrylic museum jar with a removable screw top. The brain can be all yours for only \$148.50, plus postage. Order one, and the next time you get into a nasty argument with your wife or girlfriend and she asks you if you've lost your mind, tell her no, you haven't, and prove it.



TV PITCHMAN

The average television set in America is turned on six and a half hours each day and how many times during that period have you wanted to pitch a brick right through the screen, putting Howard Cosell, Jerry Brown or Gloria Steinem permanently out of his or her misery? Throwing a brick at a TV screen, unfortunately, can be rather costly. But not when the brick is the feather-weight foam replica that Creative Solutions, P.O. Box 656, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California 92007, is selling for \$4.95, postpaid. You just wing it and wing it again, with no harm done. Fire when ready, Gridley.

CLEAN UP YOUR ACT

Hindus regard the mouth as the gateway to the body and, until early in this century, a curious ritual called tongue cleaning was practiced by most civilized and primitive societies. Now oral hygienists are rediscovering the importance of tongue cleaning; not only does it freshen the breath but there's also evidence that the practice helps eliminate cavity-causing bacteria. B. P. Products, P.O. Box 255, Madison Heights, Michigan 48071, sells the metal tongue cleaner pictured at right for \$1.50, postpaid, or you can order two plastic strip tongue cleaners from Sakool, P.O. Box 512, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44222, for just \$1, postpaid. Say "Ah."





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Congressional Cookie Jar

(continued from page 106)
intention to vote against the treaty next Tuesday."

I was totally unprepared for Carter's response.

Now, Jim," he said, "if you ever have trouble sleeping at night like that again just call me up. You can always talk to me if something like this is bothering you."

Suddenly, I was no longer angry and I heard myself start to laugh. The President was shouting over my laughter which I was unable to control.

"No, no, I'm serious," he broke in. "That's a great line," I said, while he still protested it was not a joke. I suddenly realized that he was sincere about it.

Even though his remark took the edge off my anger, I was still determined to use whatever leverage the Panama-treaty vote gave me to try to bring the President around on the natural-gas issue. Carter, Tate, Schlesinger and I intermittently negotiated on the gas issue right up until the time for the treaty vote. After getting an agreement of sorts from Tate to curtail Schlesinger's wheeling and dealing, I tried a little persuasion of my own. I told Tate, who stayed in my office all afternoon to "babysit" me, that I would cut cards with him: If I lost, I would vote for the treaty; if I won, Carter would have to castrate Secretary of Energy Schlesinger, who, I thought, was, and still is, the world's most arrogant elitist. For the first time in a week, Tate managed a smile.

The oil lobby has generally avoided me during my time in politics. I suppose at first the oil industry didn't feel it had to concern itself with an obscure Senator from South Dakota; but, following the gas shortage of 1973, when I started making speeches and introducing legislation designed to break up the oil companies, I soon became the object of their attention. The industry apparently took a dim view of my public contentions that the gas shortage was contrived by the oil companies in order to increase their prices—and their profits. Consequently the American Petroleum Institute sent its South Dakota lobbyist, Gene Stearns to visit me in Washington in 1973, apparently to find out what would quiet me down.

Stearns sat down in my office, gave me a big smile and began his conversation with, "Now Jim, I know you don't really mean what you've been saying lately."

"About what?" I asked.

"About the oil industry," Stearns answered, still smiling.

"But I do mean it," I said. "What makes you think I don't?"

That went right over his head. Judging from Stearns's attitude, it was apparent to me that oil lobbyists are



buck brown

*"Gosh, ma'am, when y' look out over this big land
and think of the great country it's gonna be someday, it makes
everything else seem kinda insignificant, don't it?"*

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accustomed to getting their way with politicians.

"Well, I just *know* you don't mean it," Stearns repeated.

"Bullshit!" I said more firmly. "I mean every word of it."

That got his attention. He looked totally stunned, and after a few stammering minutes, he excused himself and left my office, muttering to himself.

Stearns's visit was by no means my last contact with the oil boys, however. Whenever I attended a dinner at one of the Arab embassies, I was inevitably seated near an oil or gas executive, or the spouse of one. This seemed to reflect a kinky sense of humor on the part of the Arab ambassadors, who were well aware of my politics. But as uncomfortable as I felt at being thrown into the midst of that crowd, I learned that the oil people were even more distressed than I was. And often they exposed emotions similar to those that Stearns had expressed in my office.

My first contact with an honest-to-goodness real live oil tycoon came in September of 1975. It was at a Washington dinner to honor the Saudi Arabian foreign minister, Prince Saud Al-Faisal.

As I stood talking to a group of people, a large man came toward me, drink in hand and wife in tow. His Texas drawl was so heavy that I thought for a moment he was putting me on.

"Senthal Abourezk, mah name is Maurice Granville and this heah is Missus Granville."

"Happy to know you," I said. The name meant nothing to me. "Where are you folks from?" I asked.

"Well, Senthal, you may not know who I am, but I know who you are. I'm chairman of the board of Texaco."

I had a klong! (A klong is a medical term that denotes a sudden rush of shit to the heart.) I had no idea what to do or what to say next. My bill to break up the oil companies had just been offered on the Senate floor as an amendment to the 1975 natural-gas-deregulation bill. I was the sworn enemy of this man and all he stood for. But he solved my problem with his next utterance.

"What are you-all in the Government gonna do to get awl out of the ground for the American people when you-all get done puttin' us outta business?"

He was referring, I believed, to my amendment to break up the oil companies, which had nearly been passed by the Senate not long before. While this divestiture amendment would force the oil industry to give up control of its vertical operations, it would by no means put anybody out of business. In fact, it would put *new* people *into* business, while taking away the big companies' power to withhold oil in order to raise prices.

I thought, You son of a bitch, but I

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said, "Well, if we put you out of business, I assume you'll be looking for work. So we can hire you, right?"

For a dedicated capitalist free enterpriser, he took that fairly well. He didn't vomit. He didn't blanch. He didn't run. He merely said that there was "no way" he was "gonna work for the Government."

Now he began to look at the cigar I was smoking. It was a Coluba that I had picked up in Cuba during a private visit I'd made there just a month earlier.

"You know, I'm a cigar man myself," Granville said, with a great show of recovery ability. "Why don't I just send you along a box of good cigars—the kind I get on special order?"

Taunting him had been fun, so I thought I'd try it again.

"No, thanks," I said, holding up my cigar. "I have a lot of Havanas, so you needn't bother. As a matter of fact, I just came back from Cuba last month, and I saw one of your old refineries down there."

That wasn't true. I hadn't really seen any refineries and, in fact, I didn't know whether or not Castro had actually expropriated any Texaco property; but the opportunity was too good to pass up.

"They're taking good care of it," I went on. "They're keeping the fittings shined up and the whole place painted."

His lips turned white. I knew I had scored. "Yeah, those sons a bitches cost us more'n sixty-two million dollars," he lamented. Granville spent the next 15 minutes or so following me around, trying to convert me to his point of view and offering to come to my office to educate me on the tremendous problems facing the "awl" companies.

No controversy has ever generated or sustained more animosity in the Western states than the one that has raged between environmentalists and sheep ranchers on the subject of coyotes. Out in the Great Plains of the United States—more specifically, in the ranch country of South Dakota, Wyoming and Montana—a huge fight has developed over the issue of controlling coyotes, wild animals that, to put it simply, kill sheep and eat them.

Without talking to a sheep rancher face to face, it is difficult to gauge the depth of the bitter emotions inspired by the economic losses that ranchers suffer from coyotes' killing their sheep. Environmentalists maintain that ranchers exaggerate their claims and that, in any event, the importance of a few sheep killed by coyotes is far outweighed by the importance of maintaining the coyote as a living species.

Thus, when Richard Nixon signed Executive Order 11613 banning the use of the coyote poison 1080, because of its residual effects on other animals and bird life, the environmentalists were delighted

and the sheep raisers outraged. The burden of explaining the 1080 ban fell upon Nixon's Secretary of the Interior, Rogers Morton. When Wyoming Senator Clifford Hansen was deluged with constituent demands for some kind of weapon to control coyotes, a meeting was arranged in Washington between a group of Wyoming sheep raisers and Secretary Morton. The Secretary brought along an Interior Department biologist to explain the Government's coyote policy.

Following the introductions, the governor of Wyoming asked Morton to explain to his angry constituents exactly what the Government intended to do to help them fight the predatory coyotes. Morton passed the buck to his biologist. The biologist stood up and began citing the reasons for the ban.

"It was," he said, "the residual effects of 1080 poison on eagles, as well as other birds and animals, that forced the Administration to outlaw its usage. As an

alternative, however, we are now working on a chemical that will sterilize male coyotes. This sterilization chemical will avoid the residual damage on other wildlife, since it affects only the coyote."

Suddenly, an angry rancher stood up, interrupted the biologist and addressed himself to Morton.

"Mr. Secretary, you've got this thing all wrong. Those coyotes ain't fuckin' them sheep, they're eatin' 'em. Sterilizin' 'em won't do a damn bit of good."

Anyone not practicing self-deception would have to admit that Israel has had a massive propaganda edge over the Arabs among the American public. But the Arabs are learning, however slowly, as is indicated by an experience of mine.

In late 1973 and early 1974, not long after the October war, I traveled to several countries in the Middle East. My first stop was Beirut, where I had made arrangements to meet and speak with



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At the appointed time, according to instructions I had received, I waited for a telephone call in my room at the Phoenicia Hotel. When the call came, I was instructed to drive to a certain street corner in Beirut, where I was to wait to be picked up by a P.L.O. car and driver. I did what I was told. Not long after I was dropped off by my own driver, a small Volkswagen pulled up and the P.L.O. driver asked me to get in. Although unfamiliar with Beirut, I could tell we were taking an extremely circuitous and confusing route to our destination. After winding through a great many narrow streets, we finally disembarked in a high-rise-apartment area.

Both around and above us, on the balconies of the two apartments flanking the P.L.O. headquarters, stood hundreds of Palestinian guerrillas with automatic weapons carelessly slung over their arms and shoulders. I was taken into the building and literally had to push a submachine gun aside in order to get into the elevator. I was led to a fourth-floor apartment, where Arafat was waiting, along with other members of the P.L.O. Executive Council.

It was an impressive event. Our serious political discussion, however, was interrupted by a loud burst of automatic weapons fire just outside the apartment window.

I jumped out of my chair. "What's that?" I asked.

The interpreter grinned sheepishly. It was probably a wedding party, he told me.

A few minutes later, the telephone rang. Arafat answered and began shouting excitedly in Arabic. The interpreter turned to me and said that there was a report that Israeli helicopters were circling the area, looking for Arafat in an effort to assassinate him. (The story was credible, since not too many months earlier, Israeli terrorists had landed on the tourist beaches of Beirut at night, climbed into cars rented by Israeli agents and assassinated four Palestinian leaders.) Although nothing more came of the telephoned threat, the incident remained sharply engraved on my mind.

Later in 1974, I arranged for Senator Adlai Stevenson, who was traveling to the Middle East, to also meet with Arafat. When Stevenson returned to Washington, I asked him about his trip and particularly about his meeting with Arafat.

"Fascinating," he said. "It was kind of a James Bond arrangement where I had to switch cars and move all over Beirut to find Arafat's headquarters. I was finally taken to an apartment-building complex full of Palestinians. During my meeting with Arafat, there was a lot of gunfire outside the window. It was ex-

plained to me that it was a wedding party. Not long after that, Arafat got a telephone report that Israeli helicopters were circling the area, searching for him."

I never told Senator Stevenson about my earlier, remarkably similar encounter, although he probably would have understood; and events both before and since our visits to Beirut bear out the reality of danger to the Palestinian revolutionaries. But the moral of the story is that even revolutionaries will find a way to get their point across.

It is hard for anyone in my age group to forget the bitter animosity that existed between the United States and the People's Republic of China between 1949 and Nixon's visit to China in 1972. If one accepted the views of the China lobby and most American politicians, a "yellow peril" lurked off the shores of the U.S., waiting to devour us. We were consistently told we had to build our defenses in the event Communist China attacked us. However, that attitude was largely dispelled by Nixon's visit and the subsequent public knowledge it brought about China's attitudes and military capabilities.

In 1977, I was asked to dinner at the embassy of the People's Republic of China. I gladly accepted the invitation, since I was, at that time, attempting to get a visa to visit China. I hadn't had much luck obtaining the visa, so the dinner invitation was a hopeful sign.

After the meal, I sat down to talk with one of the Chinese political attachés and the subject of Cuba arose. "I met Fidel Castro in 1975," I said. "I found him to be a rather likable and very charismatic person."

The political attaché drew back from me in horror and shouted, "What? Don't you know that he's a running dog of the Soviet Union?"

After that outburst, he calmed down somewhat and eventually, in an attempt to normalize our conversation, he asked how I usually voted on the military budget. I responded by saying that I generally voted to hold down military spending; my view was that the Pentagon tends to wastefully overload the budget with unnecessary weapons systems.

"Do you include the cruise missile as unnecessary weaponry?" he asked.

I said that, at that point, I did not know a lot about the cruise missile, but early indications suggested to me that its production would be destabilizing, and perhaps would heat up the arms race.

The attaché then caught me totally off guard. "How can your country possibly defend itself against the Soviet Union if it doesn't have a cruise missile?"

I urge you, Senator, to support the cruise missile program and do everything you can to get it into production."

My political struggle with the Israeli lobby has been fiercer and more prolonged than my battles with any other lobby in Washington, including the oil lobby. Those who direct the Israeli lobby are tough, smart, well organized and have terrifically long memories. For one who likes political combat, as I do, they are ideal opponents, because they also love to fight.

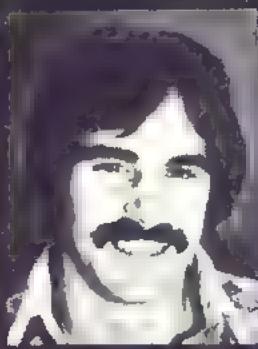
However, in 1975, when I decided to campaign for a seat on the Senate Judiciary Committee—in opposition to the late Senator James Allen, who was senior to me and who had applied for membership to the committee long before I had—I sought help from everyone I could. I contacted civil liberties groups, labor groups and every other organization that had an interest in Judiciary Committee legislation. I knew that, while most Jewish groups agreed with my positions on civil rights and civil liberties and opposed those of Senator Allen, my Middle East position would make them reluctant to lobby other Senators in my behalf.

Nevertheless, almost on a whim, I approached Dave Brody, the B'nai B'rith Anti Defamation League lobbyist, to ask for help. "Dave," I said, "if I fail in my fight to get on the Judiciary Committee, I intend to try getting on the Foreign Relations Committee. I suspect I won't be refused for that if I get turned down for Judiciary."

Success was imminent. Brody immediately agreed to do what he could to help me win the Judiciary Committee seat. Although I had no real interest in the Foreign Relations Committee, it turned out that Brody and his people did not want to take any chances on my influencing Middle East policy and joined the campaign to get me on Judiciary.

Most of us will probably never know the details of all the lobbying that goes on in Washington. "Koreagate" may only have scratched the surface of money payoffs, or it may have exposed most of the graft that exists.

One thing I am convinced of, however, is that politicians represent the country fairly accurately. Congress has its proportional share of crooks, angels, weaklings and persons with great strength—much the same is our total population. I have found, however, that the public is much better off when government conducts the public's business in the open. The more that is done in secret, the less chance there is for the public's interest to be protected.



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"The absolutist family will be replaced by what has been termed the family of limited liability."

volunteer work and political activity. The charge that America is a cultural wasteland is refuted by the large number of men who devote their leisure to reading, to the arts and to continuing education.

But any conclusion to this study must focus to some degree on the vanguard thinkers and doers of society—in this instance, today's Innovator male. For it is the Innovator who points—through his values and behavior—to where society as a whole may be heading. To understand the Innovator of today may prove useful in anticipating our future. Among the Innovators, a new system of values and a new lifestyle are taking shape. Whether or not Innovators will continue as a sizable minority, whether or not their particular style will take hold and at what pace among the rest of the male population can't be predicted with certainty. But it's safe to suggest that some things Innovators embrace will endure to become a more permanent part of our culture. These men tend to be individualistic, self-centered and pleasure-oriented in their approach to life. The Innovator doesn't do things out of a sense of social or moral obligation. He's willing to participate in all the institutions of American life—marriage, family, work—but he wants reasons for doing so that appeal to his self interest.

Today's Innovator doesn't represent what used to be called the counterculture—the dropouts and radicals of the Sixties. In the arenas of work and politics, he's indistinguishable, for the most part, from men with other social-change orientations—the Traditionalists, Conventionalists and Contemporaries. The Innovator is a rather effective participant in the system, judging by the fact that he tends to be more affluent and better educated than those in the three other groups. Even in his use of leisure, he's not significantly different from other men.

But it is in the most private, most intimate aspects of his life that the Innovator distinguishes himself. A man's social-change orientation appears to be most influential in determining attitudes toward love, sex, marriage, the family, religious and philosophical beliefs and personal adornment. The Innovator attaches less importance to family life than most other American men do. He isn't as swayed by the time-honored reasons for marrying. In a mate, he seeks a woman with admirable qualities of her own, rather than someone who'll assist and complement him. He places a higher

value on sex—and is more dissatisfied with his own sex life—than men in other groups. He prefers a small family and wouldn't remain in an unsuccessful marriage for the sake of the children. He considers individual growth to be a factor in a successful marriage and places a lower premium on sexual fidelity than does the Traditionalist. The Innovator is generally more likely to favor sexual relations outside marriage.

The Innovator goes beyond other American men in his acceptance of such controversial items as long hair, jewelry for men, hair transplants, designer clothes, hairpieces and plastic surgery. He's more likely to be an atheist (although a majority of Innovators do believe in a Supreme Being), is less likely to give credence to an afterlife and is unlikely to attend a place of worship regularly.

If society as a whole does move in the direction of the Innovator philosophy—and it's by no means a foregone conclusion that it will—that doesn't mean the disappearance of the family, as some social prophets have proclaimed. It will mean the continued evolution of the family toward a less confusing, less permanent, less all-embracing model: The absolutist family of earlier generations will be replaced by what has been termed the family of limited liability.

Perhaps more than anything else, *The Playboy Report on American Men* underscores the diversity that's inherent—and still emerging—in the American male in his prime years. In all his values, his ways of relating to his loved ones, his personal appearance and his attitudes and responses to other areas of everyday life, the American male shows variety along the entire spectrum from traditional to innovative. As a manifestation of a pluralistic society, there is not just one American male but many—and this variety may be our best hope for the future.

During the interviews, the researchers pulled some 400 separate "items" of information from the respondents—in categories as varied as family life, love and sex, money, religion and psychotherapy.

MEN AND THE FAMILY

In responding to the poll's basic values, 84 percent of American men said that family life is "very important" to them for a happy and satisfied life (see "Basic Values of American Men," page 92). Clearly, most Americans will continue to live in family units.

But the idea of family life today attracts different levels of support. Two thirds (66 percent) of Traditionalists—compared with two out of five (42 percent) Innovators—rate family life as one of the two or three most important things for their personal happiness. There's less commitment to family life among single men, those from broken marriages, the young and the poor. But regardless of age, social class or marital status, Innovators—and, to a lesser extent, Contemporaries—consistently assign a lower value to family life.

The family today is burdened with more major social responsibilities than any other institution. Its range of responsibilities runs from the mental health of its individual members to the survival of the species. In the future, the family will perform fewer of these significant functions, and the focus of what's important for the family will subtly shift from an emphasis on meeting social obligations to a greater emphasis on personal needs and satisfactions.

That shift is already obvious in the reasons the men gave for getting married. Of 14 frequently given reasons to marry, just two were rated "very important" by clear majorities of men: "having another person to share one's life" (74 percent) and "to have someone to share important life experiences with" (62 percent). Two out of five men (43 percent) cited children as a very important reason to marry. A "steady sex life" was mentioned by one out of four (28 percent).

The differences between Traditionalists and Innovators were most marked in pointing to "having and raising children" and "having someone to grow old with" as reasons for marrying—with far fewer Innovators regarding those as "very important."

But once the question Why get married? has been answered, a tougher one pops up: What makes for a successful marriage? Given a list of 18 features of marriage—from "having children" to "religion in the home" to "husband and wife spending most of their free time together" to "husband sharing household chores"—men were asked to state how important each is for a successful marriage. Ten of the features reflected what women's magazines used to call togetherness. The percentage from each group citing five or more togetherness features as "very important" breaks down like this: Traditionalists, 71 percent; Conventionalists, 60 percent; Contemporaries, 48 percent; and Innovators, 34 percent.

The lesser value of togetherness coupled with greater emphasis on individual development among Innovators suggests that this group has developed a perspective on marriage that's relatively new in our society. According to the togetherness ethic, marriage joins two incomplete individuals. In such marriages, each partner

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hopes to find in the mate the qualities he or she lacks. The support among Innovators of individual autonomy and growth within marriage also implies that these men don't view marriage as compensating for their own inadequacies or those of their mates. Rather than regarding personal growth as secondary in a marriage or as a menace to marital solidarity, these men would be more likely to feel that the stronger each partner is in a marriage, the stronger the marriage is.

MEN, LOVE AND SEX

When questioned about love and sex, nearly all men (99 percent) said they consider love important for their happiness—and 85 percent declared that it's "very important."

Traditionalists and Innovators, however, tend to differ in the qualities they consider most important in a lover (see "Looking for the Ideal Lover," page 93), but both agree they prefer "someone to be totally open and honest with." Traditionalists are more concerned than Innovators that their ideal lover be unconditionally accepting of them. Among Innovators, though, there appears to be less emphasis on loyalty and acceptance—suggesting that the men in this group want to see their ideals as equals: women who are intelligent and who can be relied upon to really share in their lives.

Twice as many Innovators (32 percent) as Traditionalists (15 percent) place their highest value on a woman who is sexually exciting, yet all groups ranked "someone to fulfill your wildest fantasies" as the least important quality in an ideal lover.

To questions about the importance of sex in their lives, slightly fewer than half (49 percent) of American men in their prime years describe sex as being "very important" for their own personal happiness. And from a list of factors commonly linked to happiness in adulthood, 17 percent of men report that sex is among the *least* important. Naturally, Contemporaries and Innovators generally place a higher value on sex than do Traditionalists and Conventionalists. Post-married men (57 percent) are more likely to regard sex as important than are men who have never married (15 percent). Among married men, half (50 percent) say that sex is important for a happy, satisfied life. Surprisingly, only about half the men in the survey said they were "very satisfied" with their sex lives. It's the Innovators who express the least satisfaction, while also placing the most emphasis on sex.

MEN AND RELIGION

In the matter of their spiritual life, eight out of ten (82 percent) American men in their prime years say they believe in a Supreme Being—but fewer than a third (30 percent) of American men today say that they regularly attend a place

of worship. Religious attendance is predictably highest among Traditionalists (56 percent) and lowest among Innovators (ten percent). One in three married men goes to church regularly, as compared with one in four single men and one in eight among the previously married. Regular religious attendance is lowest among the lower class (23 percent) and increases steadily to about 37 percent among upper-middle-class men.

Only two men out of five (41 percent) say that religion is "very important" to them personally. But when those who rate religion as "somewhat important" are combined with those who call it "very important," the result is a majority (69 percent) with positive feelings toward religion. Still, American men rank religion next to last on a list of 11 values that promise happiness and satisfaction (see "Basic Values of American Men," page 92).

Researchers found a wide variance in support between Traditionalists and Innovators regarding those belief systems that aren't considered traditional in American society. Those alternative systems—the various new therapies, self-help strategies and religious movements—apparently do attract significant minorities. More than two out of five (41 percent) American men believe that at least three of the belief systems—other than organized religion—are useful. Support for alternative belief systems rises with class position: Men of higher education and income appear more likely to entertain competing systems of ideas.

The tendency of the young, the affluent, the Contemporaries and the Innovators to support alternative belief systems suggests that a fundamental shift may be under way in the time-honored American conceptions of self, religion and society. In the context of older American ideologies, resignation to life's trials and following through on necessities and responsibilities provided the primary and perhaps only approved route to happiness. Now "letting it all hang out," "getting in touch with yourself" and "doing your own thing" have all become part of the American idiom—and of a new American lifestyle.

MEN AND DRUGS

Another part of that new lifestyle is the widespread use of drugs—though no single drug has the approval of a majority of American men (see "Drug Use by the General Public," page 93). They give the greatest support to the use of tranquilizers, sleeping pills and marijuana. Only one man in 50 (two percent) approves of the use of heroin by the general public. In recent years, drug use has been found in virtually every American community. At the same time, there have been marked changes in the kinds of people who use drugs, in the varieties of

drugs available for "recreational" use and in the reasons for using drugs. The search for self-understanding or expansion and for better ways to relate to others has led many to seek chemical solutions. For some, drugs serve as a palliative for failure in life, and for others, they have become a luxury-pleasure to be enjoyed by those who have "arrived." Cocaine, for example, has become a very fashionable recreational drug among some members of the upper middle class. While heroin remains predominantly the drug of the alienated poor, some use of recreational heroin among the affluent is occurring.

Permissive attitudes toward drugs seem to decline with age. But men's responses today reflect a unique period in our cultural history: Only those now in their 20s and early 30s have directly experienced the period when drugs rose to new prominence. Men now over 40 represent, in effect, a more sober and remote generation. It's possible that the 40-year-olds of the future will have more favorable attitudes toward drugs than the comparable group today, although studies show that with age, attitudes tend to grow more conservative. A majority (58 percent) of American men approve of *some* recreational or self-prescribed drug use.

MEN, MONEY AND JOBS

If money is the root of all evil, it's also the root of *some* happiness to almost everybody. Ninety-seven percent of the men questioned ascribe some importance to money for their personal happiness, with two out of five (39 percent) declaring it "very important." And yet a significant minority of men—totaling 15 percent—feel that money isn't particularly important to them for their personal happiness. Obviously, considerable ambivalence toward money exists among American men. Fewer (39 percent) point to money as "very important" than to any of the ten other basic values (see "Basic Values of American Men," page 92). But money rises dramatically—from last place to fifth place, after family life, health, peace of mind and love—when men are asked to choose three of the basic values that are most important to them.

That isn't surprising. Along with the affluence of the Sixties came a general recognition that once people satisfy such basic needs as food, clothing and shelter, they discover other needs and problems that were previously ignored.

Among the basic values, money reveals the greatest discrepancy between "importance" and "satisfaction." While two out of five men (40 percent) say money is "very important" for their happiness, fewer than half that many report being "very satisfied" with their incomes. Age doesn't alter men's attitudes concerning the importance of money for happiness, but satisfaction with income does increase with age.

While the importance of money may

be open to debate, the intrinsic importance of the work that produces that money seems much more clear-cut. Nearly one man in five (19 percent) points to work as one of the two or three more important things in his life (see "Basic Values of American Men," page 92). Virtually all men (99 percent) say that work is important to them in some degree. And three out of four men (76 percent) would continue to work even if guaranteed an adequate income. The view that work is important is shared equally among men, regardless of age, marital status or class. As with men's attitudes toward money, there seems to be little difference among Traditionalists, Conventionalists, Contemporaries and Innovators on questions related to work.

Considering the importance men attach to work, though, it's surprising that a relatively small percentage of men (36 percent) find work a major source of satisfaction. One in five men (21 percent) admits that he's dissatisfied on the job. Work apparently produces far less satisfaction among men than most of the other basic values.

Of course, some groups of men report higher levels of satisfaction with work than others: Married men, for example,

are more likely to be "very satisfied" with their jobs than either singles or the post-married, and older men tend to derive greater satisfaction from their jobs than younger men. There's also some evidence to suggest that satisfaction with work increases as the rewards and, presumably, the challenges of work increase. By two to one, upper-middle-class men indicate higher levels of job satisfaction than lower-class men.

Naturally, men seek different things from their jobs. Is there any kind of consensus? When asked to evaluate 27 aspects of their jobs—including economic, social and emotional rewards, as well as intrinsic satisfactions—majorities of men chose 15 as "very important" (see "Evaluating Job Rewards," page 94). Intrinsic work satisfactions are obviously of paramount interest to American men. Five of the 15 items ranked "very important" relate to rewards to be found on the job itself. "A chance to use your mind and abilities" ranks the highest, with four out of five men (79 percent) stressing its importance. Similarly, "doing meaningful things" and "a chance for personal growth" are rated third and fifth, respectively, with two men in three describing them as "very important." Interestingly,

"not having to work too hard" ranks 26th out of the 27 job rewards.

Second in over-all importance are the economic returns from work. Seven out of ten men (70 percent) report that "job security" is "very important" to them. Majorities of men also endorse "a good salary," "a chance for advancement," "a good pension plan" and "fringe benefits."

But though important, monetary rewards in themselves aren't overriding. Ranked 29th on the list is "an opportunity to make a great deal of money," with one in three men (36 percent) regarding it as "very important." Rewards that are social and emotional in nature have a high place in men's thinking about their jobs: "Friendly people to work with" ranks fourth and is cited by two out of three men (67 percent) as "very important." Similarly, "working for a company you respect," "appreciation for a job well done" and "having the respect of the people you work with" are regarded as "very important" by at least three men out of five. While social and emotional rewards appear to be less significant than intrinsic and economic rewards, work remains predominantly a social experience for most men. The quality of interpersonal relationships and the recognition accorded a man by others on the job are central to his satisfaction within that social experience.

But again—as with questions regarding the importance of money—priorities surface when men are pressed to select the four or five job rewards that are most important to them. Economic aspects, which before were secondary to intrinsic work factors, now become the most important group of job rewards for American men. "A good salary," "job security" and "a good pension plan" place among the top five on the list (see "Evaluating Job Rewards," question 11, page 94). Men agree strongly on only two values associated with job satisfaction—salary and security. Both are based on economics. Equally significant, "a good pension plan" rises from 13th to fifth place.

The predominance of economic values when a man takes a hard and balanced look at what's really important to him in a job may reflect an unstable contemporary economic situation. In a period of economic uncertainty, men don't always demand of their employment what it may not be able to provide, such as engaging or growth-enhancing work. During uncertain times, income and job security become the major concerns.

In any case, work is essential to a man's sense of identity and to his masculinity—it's the aspect of his life he takes most seriously.

MEN AND THE ISSUES

What are the dominant national concerns of American men these days? Given a list of major problems confronting America, men generally assign the highest



"You want equality? Next time we'll do it on your desk!"

priorities to those of a purely domestic nature (see "Rating Our National Priorities," page 94). Nine out of ten men (90 percent) point to the reduction of crime as a leading national priority, a judgment shared equally by men of all ages and classes. Following crime are five issues viewed as "very important" by at least 75 percent of American men. Three of those—eliminating corruption in government, promoting world peace and eliminating energy shortages—are cited by almost equal percentages of men, regardless of age or class. The two others—reduction of inflation and unemployment—are economic issues attracting greater interest among the less affluent.

Asked about the "hot issues" of the day, the men responded as follows:

Two out of three (68 percent) American men favor capital punishment, with the lowest levels of support coming from the young and those in the lower class. Support for capital punishment is generally interpreted as a conservative trend indicating increased punitiveness and moral rigidity, but that interpretation may be inadequate today. The shift in favor of capital punishment may reflect a general sense of frustration among Americans, exacerbated by rising crime rates and a criminal justice system that seems unable to cope with this problem. Interestingly, a clear majority of men (56 percent) favor greater control of handguns, with support for gun control strongest among college students.

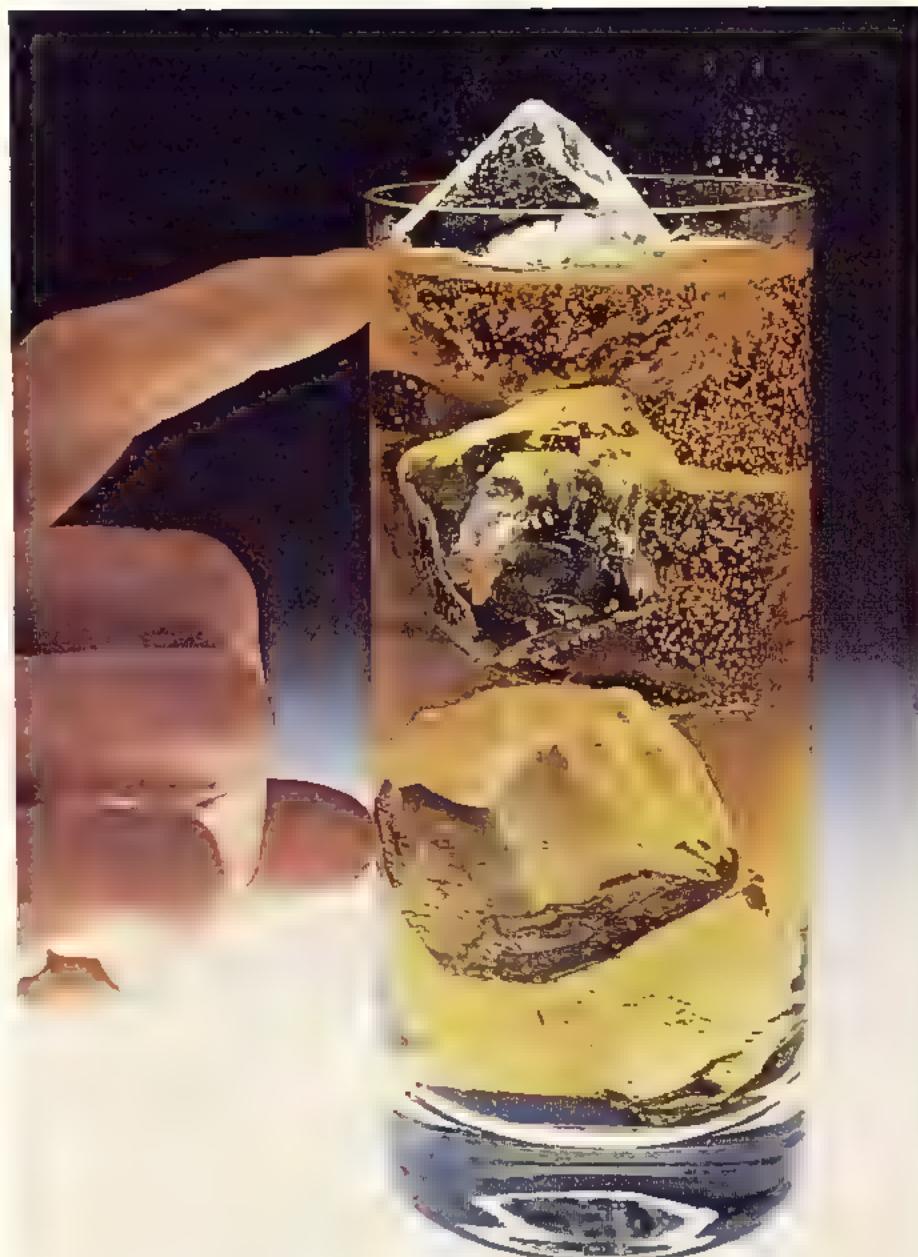
Decriminalization of marijuana is supported by half (51 percent) of all men. As might be expected, men under 30 are far more likely to support marijuana-law reform than are older men. That is true of both students and non-students. In terms of class, students and more affluent men express greater support for reform than do the other groups.

As for legalized gambling and prostitution, more men (57 percent) support the legalization of gambling than support legalized prostitution (45 percent). The strongest opposition to legalized gambling and prostitution is found among lower-class men—those least able to afford such pursuits—while upper class men lean more toward legalization. Overall, the substantial support for decriminalization of victimless crimes implies a general weakening of the hard-line, law-and-order position where morality is concerned.

MEN AND LEISURE

The American male contemplates national issues or relaxes from the job during his nonworking hours. But we found that he plays a lot, too.

One man in four (23 percent) says he has more than 40 hours of leisure time during an average week. That means that for a quarter of the men in America, leisure time exceeds the hours of the



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FROM A
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conventional work week. Another three out of ten men (28 percent) say they have between 26 and 40 hours of leisure time in an average week.

The 40-hour work week has been part of the American scene for only about 50 years, so the availability of large blocks of leisure time is a relatively new development in our society—a development that brings new opportunities and new problems as well.

More than half (54 percent) of American men are satisfied with the leisure time they now have. That appears to be generally the case, regardless of age, marital status or social class. One in three men (35 percent) feels he would like more leisure time, while one in ten (11 percent) says he has too much free time. Family responsibilities apparently take up a good portion of after-work hours for American husbands and fathers, so those men are more likely to say they don't have enough leisure. For some single and postmarried men, though, the greater availability of leisure time poses some problems. Satisfaction with leisure requires knowledge of how to use time and, in a great many instances, the money to get what one wants. Where those elements are lacking, leisure can become less enjoyable.

When asked to name two or three of the most important purposes of leisure, more men agreed that "to have a good time with the people closest to me" is uppermost. Men who've never been married are more apt to stress the importance of keeping in shape and doing new and exciting things than either married or previously married men. Among men in those categories, about

one in four says that keeping in shape and doing new and exciting things are important. Developing new relationships is an important leisure-time goal for three out of ten single and post-married men, while only a handful of married men—one in 12 (eight percent)—see this as important.

Which specific leisure activities do men actually participate in? From a list of 21, ten are pursued by majorities or near majorities of men. Some of the most popular pastimes among men are watching television, listening to music at home, listening to the radio, social activities such as dining out, going dancing, giving or attending parties and reading. One man in two (52 percent) regularly engages in outdoor activities such as hunting, fishing, boating or hiking. Watching television and listening to music or the radio are private activities, and the high consensus in those areas is indicative of men's needs to escape from the trials of the workday.

Given a list of 22 sports, men are most likely to participate on a regular basis in outdoor activities, such as hunting, fishing, camping, hiking or backpacking. In addition, a third (32 percent) of the men swim regularly. Developmental sports, such as jogging and weight lifting, also attract large numbers of men. Competitive sports remain very popular, with softball, tennis and football the three most frequently cited games in which American men take part regularly. What might be called experiential sports—such as skiing, scuba diving, motorcycle riding or car racing—also generate a good number of male enthusiasts. In such sports, the quality

of the experience, sometimes centering on risk, is the dominant motivation.

Increasing attention to leisure is reflected in the growth of industries serving the leisure market, as Americans continue to invest more and more of their income in sporting goods, vacations and admissions to cultural and sporting events. Leisure attire, once of interest only to the rich, now is part of the standard wardrobe for every class.

The vacation—and the vacation away from home—has become a conventional aspect of American life. An impressive 71 percent of American men say that one vacation a year is a necessity, while another 18 percent indicate that two vacations a year are necessary. Although not a necessity in the traditional sense, the vacation has become so customary that not having one, or not going somewhere on vacation, is considered a significant deprivation. Class differences aren't very evident in the broad categories of leisure activities men choose (in 14 out of 21 categories, class differences weren't substantial). But differences do surface relative to the kinds of experiences enjoyed during leisure time. Both rich man and poor man may be equally committed to outdoor activities, for example—but one may fish in the Caribbean while the other trolls from a rented rowboat on a local lake. The ability to fill leisure hours with meaningful or pleasurable activity isn't something that follows automatically from the availability of time or money. Men are still searching for fulfillment in leisure. For some, creative use of leisure may await the development of new values, competencies or self-conceptions; for others, it may require a further shift in lifestyle. The varied responses of men suggest that cultural activity in America is diverse and dynamic, with large numbers of men reading, supporting the arts and, to a lesser extent, participating in the arts. Each percentage point in this survey is equal to approximately 480,000 men, which means that 10,000,000 men regularly attend theater, music or dance performances and over 6,000,000 regularly actively engage in some artistic pursuit.

Those are just some of the findings—and possible interpretations—of *The Playboy Report on American Men*. In his work, his political positions, his leisure activities and other interests, the American male today exhibits a wide diversity of responses reflecting the influences of age, marital status and position within the class hierarchy, among other things. Yet, taken as a whole, the results of the poll draw a useful profile of the American male—a profile that should provide observers of our society with new and valuable insights.



"Actually, he has the gout."

Newport

Alive with pleasure!



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?



Warning. The Surgeon General Has Determined
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You'll find that Puerto Rican white rum martinis are
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

HABITAT

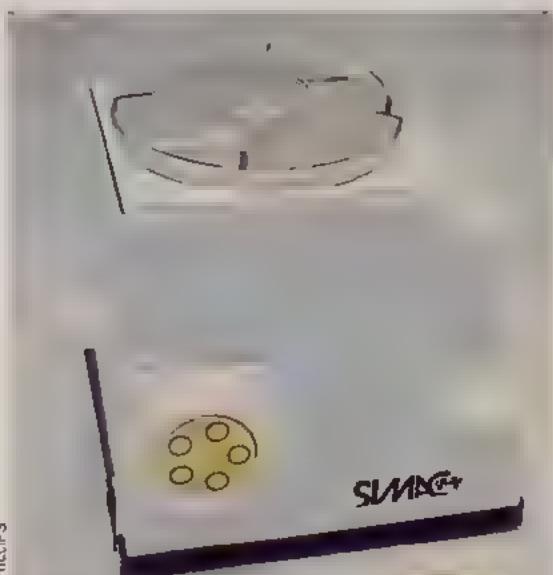
GORUMET GADGETRY

Ah, those magnificent men and their cooking machines. If you've had an itch to get into the kitchen, there's no excuse not to now. These appliances make food preparation a snap while freeing you to spend more time at other pursuits. A warning, though: some enthusiasts have found cooking this way so much fun that they make too much and are forced to throw a party



Not a tempest in a teapot but a windstorm in an oven. That's the Cuisinart Air Surge Oven. Moving hot air makes it more efficient and you can cook on both shelves with no transfer of flavor. The glass oven sections are dishwasher-safe, by Cuisinart, \$300.

Just 13 minutes is all you need to make a pile of pasta with the Simac Pastamatic. Pour the ingredients into the top and the pasta, from rigatoni to lasagna, comes out the side. There are four cutting disks included, at Macy's, \$175.



NED PHILLIPS



Sturdy and portable, this tabletop grill (above) features porcelainized heavy-gauge steel and leak handles, by Weber, \$48. Krups All-in-One Cooking System (right) is just that. It grills, roasts, stews, bakes and more, using ceran glass technology for infrared cooking. A rotary grill is optional, from Krups, \$220.



CHARLES 1701



A three-course meal takes about 30 minutes using the Steam Chef (above), a pressureless steam cooker. Cooking bowls double as serving bowls, all go in dishwasher, by Waring, \$49.

The Rose's Gimlet. Four parts vodka, one part elegance.

The elegance, of course, is Rose's Lime Juice. Which is the essential ingredient for turning any vodka into the most elegant of cocktails.

That's because Rose's Lime Juice has an uncanny way of stimulating the taste of vodka, gin or light rum



without overasserting itself.

To make the Rose's Gimlet properly, simply stir 4 to 5 parts vodka, gin or light rum with one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks

Taste a little elegance tonight.
Have a Rose's Gimlet



GADGETS

NEW NOTIONS FOR YOUR CAR

We don't know what kind of car moves you—a hot-shot Ferrari 308GTS, perhaps, or a sporty new Sprint or Omni—but we do know that your motoring pleasure will be increased if you supplement your four-wheel selection with one or more of these automotive products. They range from an inexpensive rear-window defroster/demister that plugs into your cigarette lighter to a sophisticated push-button mobile phone with a memory unit that recalls the last number dialed.



Left, top: The On-Board computer, by Prince, provides readout data on miles to go, miles per gallon, etc., \$449. Left: The Pulsar II Mobile Telephone system with push-button dialing, by Motorola, about \$3000. Above, top: Model 101 page system warns if your vehicle is tampered with, by Page Alert Systems, \$189.50. Above: Travelin' Time 2 electronic quartz clock tells hours, minutes, date and driving time, by SparkOMatic, \$34.95.



Above: Rear-window defroster that plugs into car's lighter, \$11.95, and a car vacuum with tool compartment, \$19.95, both from Dynamic Classics. Right: Koss HV/IA stereophones with hear-through feature, \$54.95; and, for great sound, Car-Fi 4000B equalizer, \$59.95, and 6100 80-watt amplifier, \$130.



GRAPEVINE

Below the Belt

Actress CARRIE FISHER poses with her hefty advance for the *Star Wars* sequel, while rock star ROD STEWART demonstrates for reporters the revolutionary technique he's developed for learning to play soccer. The patent is pending.



Strawberry Cheesecake

Actress/model KATHRINE BAUMANN was caught between assignments noshing in the shower, which, as far as we can ascertain, is not dangerous. But it is sexy. *Strawberry fields forever!*



Say Something, Galatea!

Led Zeppelin's lead singer, ROBERT PLANT (right), did a little cosmetic work on Zep's road manager, giving him brand-new breasts (dinner rolls and cherries) but botching the rest of the job. What do you do when there are no attractive groupies around? Make your own, of course.

Are We Not Men?

DEVO is a group of refugees from Akron (in the galaxy Ohio) who play and sing what could be called petrochemical rock; you know, the we've-seen-the-future-and-we-don't-think-much-of-it kind. The gentleman in the middle is shown here performing a little bit of self-Devotion. You may find the music vastly amusing, but after seeing this photo, you may not want to shake his hand.



LYNN GOLDSMITH © 1978

Name That Tuna

Did the Divine Diva, BETTE MIDLER, clean up her act, now that movie stardom is on the horizon? No way. Her movie *The Rose* is scheduled to open later this year, but the live act is intact. Midler's recent European tour included a triumphant gig at the Palace Theater in Paris, where, dressed to the nines in glitter and fish net, she did her famous Charlie the Tuna imitation.



J. LATAY/SYGMA



Actress Clicks

MELANIE MAYRON, like her character in *Girl Friends*, takes pictures, with books upcoming on canines and ladies' rooms. No, her work isn't going to the dogs or in the toilet.



LYNN GOLDSMITH © 1978

Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance

When FRANK ZAPPA hosted *Saturday Night Live* last fall, there was one rehearsal highlight that all those Mothers fans didn't get to see—Frank singing to his date. But then, neither did she.

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

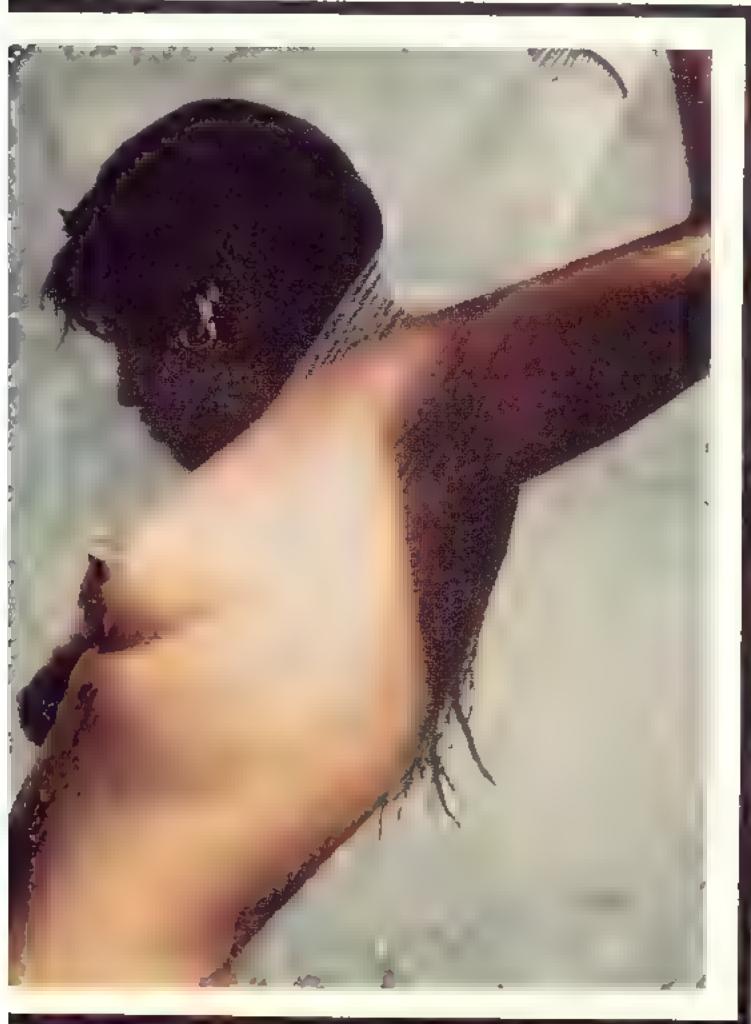


More Nudes Are Good Nudes

Before he decided to become an artist, Hilo Chen was an architecture student in Taiwan. It shows in his latest series of paintings. Just look at the attention to detail, the grasp of color in the black bathtubs, the fascination with fixtures. Ah, such architecture! Chen, one of New York's most promising photo realists, achieved



recognition in the early Seventies for his lifelike re-creations of sun bathers at Jones Beach ("Beach Series") and household nudes ("Bedroom Series"). These are from the "Bathroom Series." Today the john, tomorrow the world.

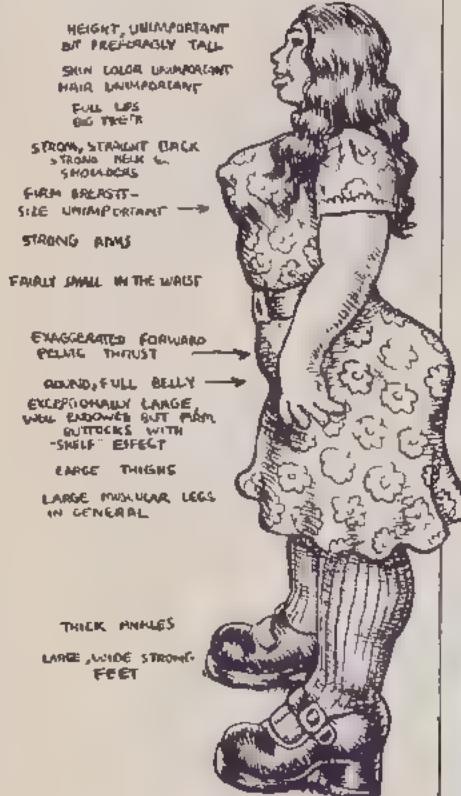




MATCHMAKER PART ONE

Sociologists at the University of Utah have come up with a computer program that could put *The Newlywed Game* right out of business. The program, called Matesim, figures out odds for a successful marriage. First, the prospective spouses answer questions in 108

The Perfect Female Body ACCORDING TO THE PERSONAL OBSESSIONS OF R. CRUMB



Remind you of your favorite flame? Then you're ready for *The R. Crumb Sketchbook* (\$27.50), from Belier Press, P.O. Box C, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

categories, covering such diverse subjects as television viewing habits and sexual values. The answers are then fed into a Univac 1108 computer, which compares the responses with standards set by a panel of marriage counselors as to what makes a marriage work. In addition, would-be mates are compared for how much they fulfill each other's ideals and how closely they share each other's values. The Univac then digests the data and evaluates the chances for survival. Couples with conflicts in 50 percent or more of the areas should reconsider marriage plans, according to the Univac. The creators of Matesim have already begun to distribute the program to other universities and non-profit groups.

MATCHMAKER PART TWO

More on the binary-sex circuit: Ohio State University's Date Match computer

now sets up dates for homosexuals. Gays fill out the same questionnaires as their heterosexual counterparts, indicating their gay preference in the appropriate spot. The dating service has added gays to be consistent with the university's code of student rights, which prohibits sexual discrimination. If Date Match uses the same computer that handles our American Express account, its clients could be in for a big surprise.

Magic or not, this charm puts the message across. It comes in sterling silver (\$27.50) and 14-kt. gold (\$64.50). Some high scorers string a dozen on a chain. They are called aces. Order from Million Dollar Baby, Box 742, Rockville, Maryland 20851.

INFERTILITY BLUES

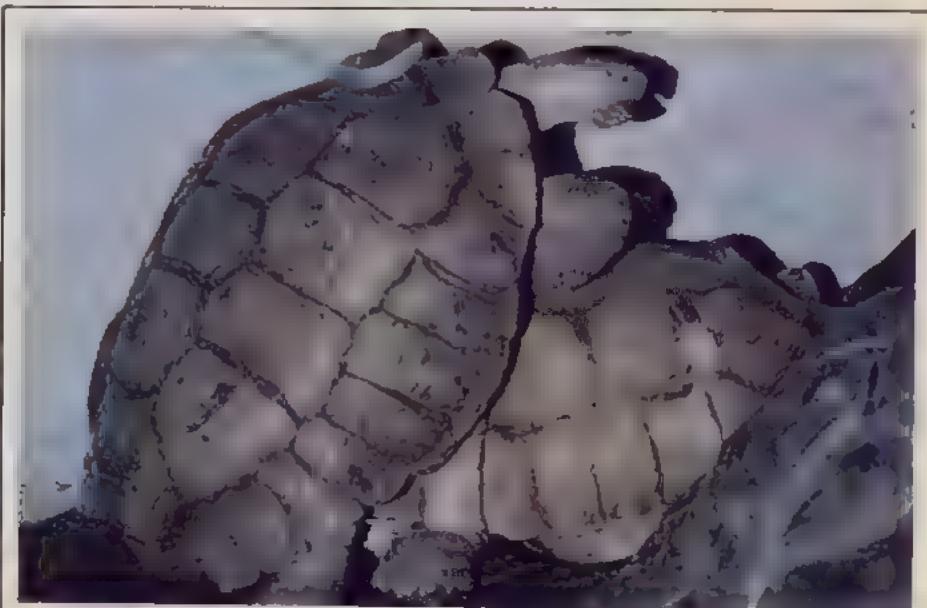
Those who personally pursue zero population growth welcome infertility. However, for those who want to have babies and can't, infertility is a serious and widespread problem. One expert reports that almost 15 percent of newlyweds have problems conceiving and of those, one third to one half can blame male infertility. The extent of the problem prompted the American College of Surgeons to hold a seminar on the subject at its annual congress. Reports given there listed causes and possible cures for infertility, including surgical correction for varicose veins of the testes. One researcher announced that surgically undoing a vasectomy is now successful close to 60 percent of the time. Another paper linked alcohol abuse to male infertility. Previous evidence had concluded that infertility

TUBULAR BELLES

Looks like bad news for Mr. Crumb (see illustration, left). A study by retail giant Sears, Roebuck indicates that women's bodies now are less hourglass shaped than they were found to be in a similar study in 1940. A Sears official said that waists have increased an average of one inch, with no corresponding increase in breast size. Sears's research attributes the new tubular shape to changes in diet and more exercise.

SUGAR SUGAR

Scientists in Scotland are testing a nonhormonal contraceptive for men. The substance, a chlorinated sugar compound, has been 100 percent effective when tested on rats and marmosets. Better yet, the small oral doses apparently produce no bad side effects

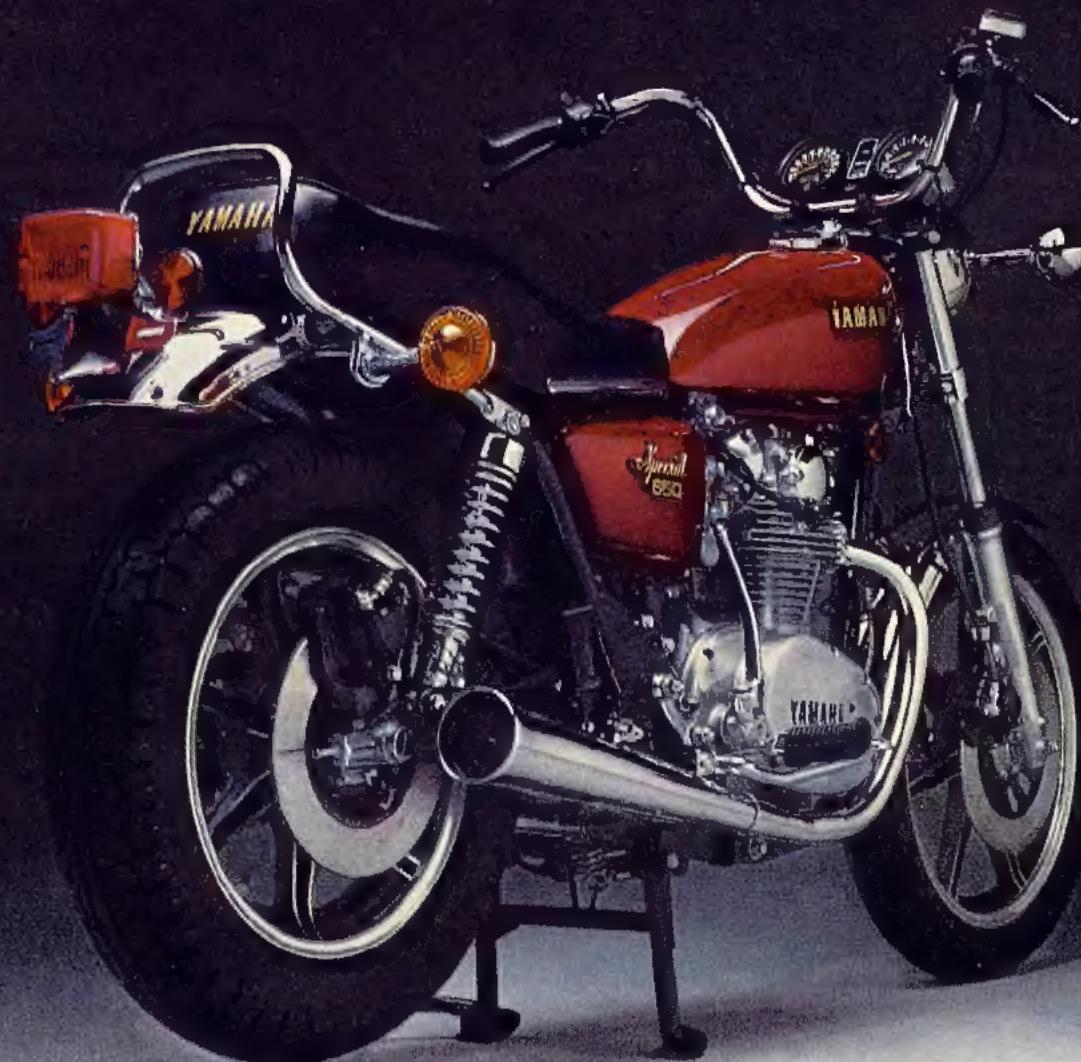


Tortoise-shell spectacle? "Sex News" snapped these two mad-with-desire turtles at a Frankfort, Kentucky, zoo. For more detailed giant tortoise "Sex News," see *Playboy Funnies* on page 175.

and are produced cheaply. Researchers suspect that chlorinated sugars keep spermatozoa from converting glucose into energy. The sperm cells die from exhaustion before fertilization can take place. Human testing will probably begin in about a year and—here's the catch—will extend for an estimated ten years.

was a by-product of liver disease, but University of Pittsburgh Hospital School of Medicine data demonstrate that, at least in rats, alcohol inhibits production of the male hormone testosterone. In yet another report, researchers said that some infertility may be caused by zinc deficiency. There was no word, though, on how zinc affects sperm. 

MAKE PEOPLE TALK BEHIND YOUR BACK.



A funny thing happens when you ride past on a Yamaha Special. People notice.

And the one they notice most often is the one you see here. Our XS650 Special.

It's not our largest, or our most expensive. But it has something about it, a certain "rightness," that has made it our most popular street bike. And possibly the most popular motorcycle in America.

Like all of our Specials, the 650 is designed to be ridden in a more natural, relaxed position. The seat is a little lower. The handlebars come back a little

further. So you sit back. And you look as relaxed as you are.

The mellow throb of those megaphone exhausts does nothing to change the impression.

It's the sound of a twin. The classic vertical twin engine. Narrow and lean, it's also wonderfully simple and reliable. With a wider range of power than a four of the same size. So it pulls like a freight train without you pumping the gearbox.

How well does it handle? Even the experts were amazed. "Incredibly," wrote *Motorcyclist* magazine, "we found the huge

rear tire and the altered geometry on the 650 Special made it even more neutral and precise than the already fine handling standard."

And how does it look? The sleek teardrop tank, the special paint, chrome in just the right places, and that clean, classic profile all say one thing.

Style.

So when people talk behind your back, you won't have to worry about what they're saying.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

COFFEE, TEA OR VIVARIN?

There are times when nothing beats sitting down and having a cup of hot coffee or tea. Particularly first thing in the morning. It tastes good and gives you a lift.

But if, as the day wears on, you sometimes find yourself having a cup of coffee or tea just for the lift, you should know about Vivarin.

Vivarin is a gentle pick-me-up. The active ingredient that makes Vivarin so effective is the caffeine of two cups of coffee squeezed into one easy to take tablet. And a Vivarin tablet is more economical than two cups of coffee, and requires no preparation.

So when you want a lift, take Vivarin. It's convenient, inexpensive, easy to take, and it really works.



Read label for directions.

NEXT MONTH:



CHICAGO SEX

LOTUS LAND

FOREIGN BEAUTIES

"THE BURGER COURT: SUPREME MISFITS?"—YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE RID OF RICHARD NIXON, BUT WHEN HE CLONED THE HIGH COURT IN HIS IMAGE, HE MOVED US ONE STEP CLOSER TO A POLICE STATE—BY ROBERT SHERRILL

"GOOD AS GOLD"—IN OUR SECOND EXCERPT FROM THE FUNNY NEW NOVEL, OUR HERO LEARNS, TO HIS DISTRESS, ABOUT THE COMPLICATIONS OF JUGGLING A WIFE AND THREE MISTRESSES IN MEXICO—BY JOSEPH HELLER

"SEX IN AMERICA: CHICAGO"—IN A TOWN WHERE THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS ALWAYS BEEN EVERYTHING, TERRITORY IS STILL IMPORTANT, BUT ORAL SEX IS GIVING IT A GOOD RUN FOR THE MONEY. PART TWO OF A SURVEY OF THE SEXUAL CLIMATE OF U. S. CITIES—BY WALTER L. LOWE

"FOREIGN SEX STARS"—A PHOTOGRAPHIC TRIBUTE TO AN INTERNATIONAL ARRAY OF UP-AND-COMING QUEENS OF THE CINEMA ABROAD, WITH TEXT BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

"AN UHFUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE TOP"—GEORGE KIRBY WAS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING COMICS. SO WHY DID IT ALL COME APART?—BY JOEL DREYFUSS

"CAPTAINS OUTRAGEOUS!"—THE FRENETIC SAGA OF ANTI-GUA RACE WEEK, THE GREATEST ANNUAL BINGE IN SAILING TODAY—BY REG POTTERTON

"AESTHETIC TRUCKIN'"—ON THE JOYS OF BEING A FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE DILETTANTE—BY DAN GERBER

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '79"—EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SUBJECT, INCLUDING A SPECIAL SALUTE TO 25 YEARS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL AND THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS OF PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL MUSIC POLL

"TOUCHING BASE WITH BUCKY"—THE NEW YORK YANKEES' BUCKY DENT HAS A CLASS ACT ON AND OFF THE DIAMOND. A LOOK AT HIS LIFESTYLE

"LOTUS LAND"—IN AN AGE OF CONGLOMERATES, COLIN CHAPMAN STANDS ALONE AS A CREATOR OF EXQUISITE VEHICLES FOR ROAD AND RACE COURSE—BY BROCK YATES



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